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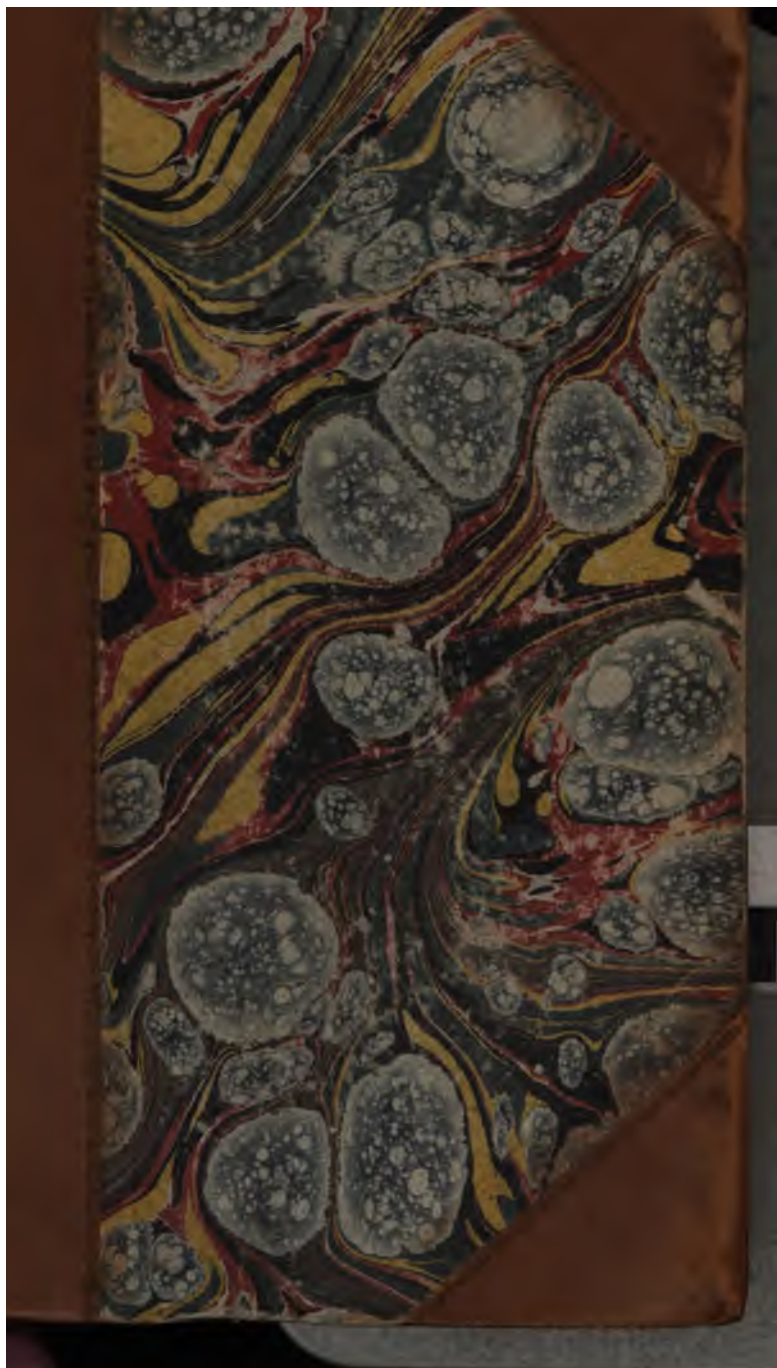
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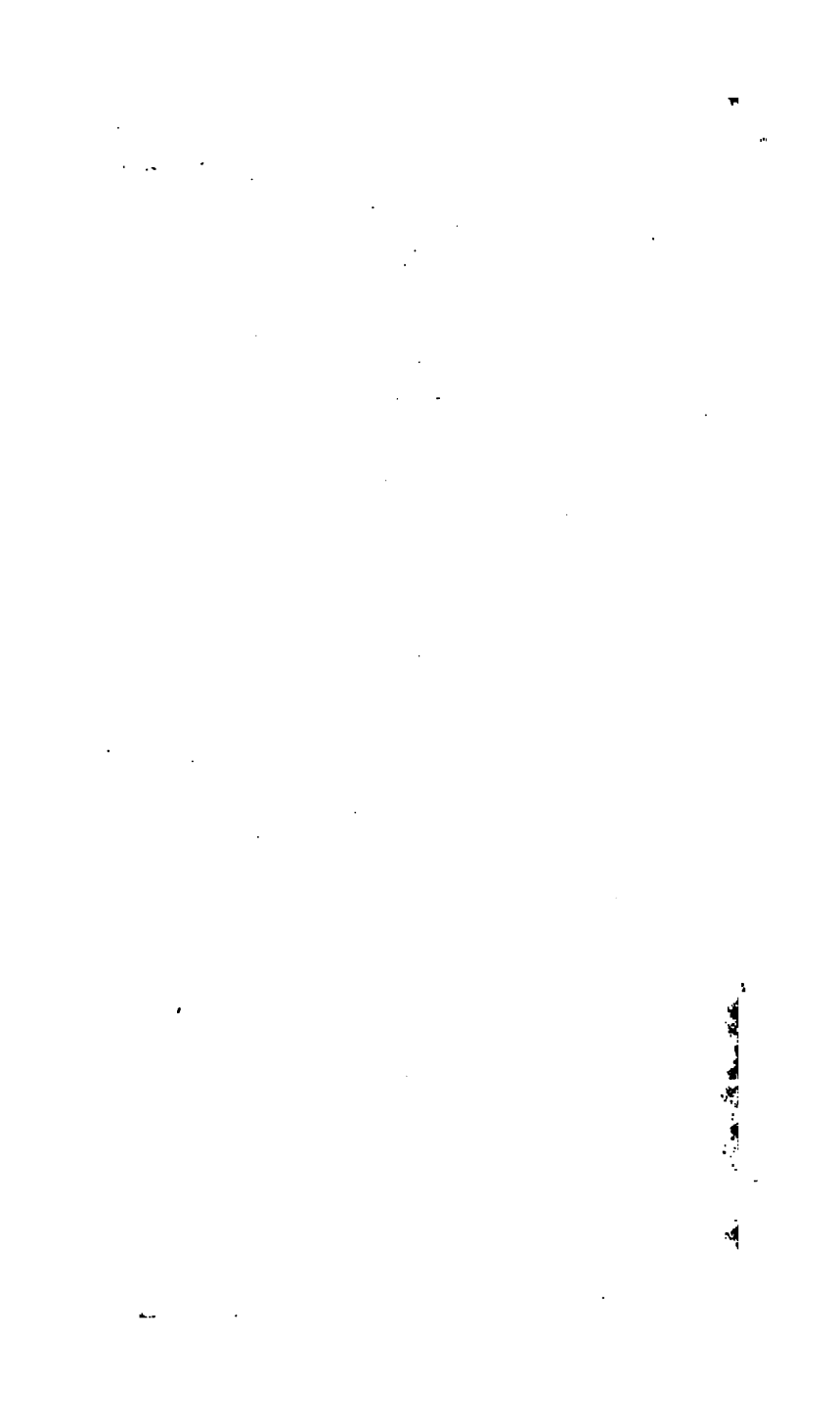
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AN  
AUTUMN DREAM:  
THOUGHTS IN VERSE,  
ON THE  
INTERMEDIATE STATE OF HAPPY SPIRITS.  
TO WHICH ARE APPENDED, COLLECTIONS FROM  
VARIOUS AUTHORS,  
ON THE  
"SEPARATE STATE,"  
AND ON THE  
IMMATERIALITY OF MIND;  
WITH A DISSERTATION  
ON THE OPINIONS CITED CONCERNING THE MIND OF THE  
LOWER ANIMALS.



---

BY  
JOHN SHEPPARD,  
AUTHOR OF "THOUGHTS ON DEVOTION," AND "ESSAYS FOR  
CHRISTIAN ENCOURAGEMENT," &c.

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532.



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TO THOSE  
WHOM A SACRED CURIOSITY INCLINES,  
OR  
BEREAVED AFFECTIONS IMPEL,  
TO  
INQUIRING CONTEMPLATION ON AN UNSEEN  
STATE,  
THESE THOUGHTS  
ARE  
INSCRIBED.



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## INTRODUCTION.

---

THE following piece was meditated, and, after more than one suspension, brought to a close, from feeling the topic to be of deep and ever-augmenting interest. We are fast going out of this world, and it would be marvellous if thoughtful minds were not often and earnestly inquiring about the *next*.

Failure, indeed, more or less, is in such an attempt inevitable : but it may be better to contemplate the great subject, and assist others to contemplate it, even thus imperfectly, than not at all.

These thoughts are expressed in verse, because it seemed not appropriate, and indeed not very practicable, to express them otherwise ; as a lower style would ill accord with the scene

and the society in which they are supposed to have been uttered or conceived. This, if they be worthy of utterance, affords the best excuse for producing them in the poetic dress, even with a thorough consciousness of *mediocrity*;—a term which, notwithstanding the ancient poet's exclusion of it, seems in many modern instances the most applicable; nor would any, it may be presumed, without some hope of generally reaching the position which it indicates, venture on such attempts. It is fully felt, nevertheless, that not a few of these pages may exemplify the danger of "sinking" beneath that position;—a danger obviously increased by the elevation and difficulty of the subject.

No small hesitation, indeed, has been experienced on the question of offering them to the public; among various causes of which I will only mention these,—that the subject is in several respects open to controversy,—and the treatment of it to satire. But, if the object be good and important, these liabilities should not be much regarded; and, perhaps, on Christian principles it were scarcely justifiable, (at least, not commendable,) after an expenditure of time and thought, to withhold the result from others, provided it appear likely to be profitable to any,

and if we may entertain the hope that it will be mischievous to none.

In a piece which is essentially meditative or didactic, and in many parts devotional, there cannot justly be expected, (notwithstanding the introduction of characters and incidents,) that kind of complex and progressive interest which is termed dramatic.

The notes may be thought too extended; and sometimes superfluous. But illustration or explanation may on different points be acceptable to different readers respectively; while some of the notes, like the appendixes, are chiefly designed to justify the statements or opinions advanced. It is of course not wished that any should be read till *after* the piece to which they are annexed. As the subjects of them are various, and as miscellanies, periodical or otherwise, engage in our day so much of time and favour, this portion of the volume may perhaps plead for acceptance under such a character.

Whatever be the faults and defects of the pages in metre, or the redundancies of the notes, something worth possessing, it is hoped, must be found in the appendixes. Collections of the judgments of wise and good men on the state of "separate spirits," and on the great



general question of the *immateriality of mind*, cannot be without value for those who care about futurity. Nor would some of those which are here presented be likely to come under every reader's eye.

It will probably be asked, by some confirmed and devout believers in Christianity,—why collect arguments for an immaterial nature in man, on grounds of reason? Our faith in the immateriality and immortality of man rests on the Scripture; our faith in his identity and accountableness on the Scripture jointly with intuition.—But such must be reminded, that there are meanwhile, those, who professing to receive the Scripture, yet maintain the theory of materialism: which they affirm to be compatible with religion and moral responsibility; and this opinion, sometimes very confidently expressed, may lead many to think that it involves no great danger to these principles. It has however been usually, at the least, accompanied by a renouncement of doctrines, which a great majority of professed Christians hold to be of the essence of their holy faith;—especially the cardinal doctrine of ‘atonement’ and ‘sacrifice.’ Indeed the theory seems to have been welcomed, if not expressly adopted, by some, *on account* of its tendency to extirpate

what they deem "corruptions," in Christian theology. But,—which is far more surprising, and I suppose proportionably infrequent,—I have lately read, from the pen of one who avers his complete belief in the Divinity and Atonement of Christ, the following assertions ;—  
—"For all purposes of practical religion, a sleeping soul is a nonentity."—"The word of God is explicit. It does not represent the dust as an accidental accompaniment of man's being ; but as the very man."—On which I shall merely say—the peculiar temperament of the learned writer forbids his seeing, in all this, and much more,—any thing tending to undermine theology, scriptural or natural. But other minds, and of a high order, have not so viewed materialism. They have judged it, not merely to be absurd in itself, but the open gateway to atheism, fatalism, and the subversion of all moral distinctions.\*

Not to speak at present of its bearing on the first and greatest of these points, it appears to me that a consistent materialist must hold his own consciousness of personal identity, and his own consciousness of moral obligation, to be 'strong delusions.' So strong, no doubt,

\* See Appendix III. pp. 255—6, &c.

that they will be often refuting and mastering him in spite of himself, (or rather in spite of that which is really affirmed to be *no* self,) and teaching him intuitively that ‘there *is* a spirit in man.’ For, although we may quite well and rightly conceive of spirit which has *not* self-consciousness or accountableness, it appears impossible steadily to conceive of mere matter which in *itself* has consciousness and accountableness; and equally impossible wholly to root out the intuitive sense of *these* qualities from the human mind.—But yet so far as, by a subtle philosophising, the materialist *can* hold to his system, it will ever be warring against, confusing, weakening those intuitions; as well as the concurrent testimony of revealed truth, both as to God and man; which, in order to be at all adapted to such views, must in various and most weighty respects be modified and forced to yield.

On the contrary, if we adhere to what reason and Scripture demand,—the truth that the mind of man is an immaterial agent, having self-consciousness, volition, and real accountableness—then is the true foundation laid for our feeling the real need of Divine forgiveness, and welcoming earnestly the best and greatest discoveries of the gospel. Nothing therefore,

in the whole compass of human investigation, is in my view so important as the argument against materialism : inasmuch as it lies at the very foundation of all moral truth. My motive for going so largely (by the collections and remarks forming the last appendix) into that fundamental part of it which regards *the lower animals*, will be best appreciated by reading the passages cited (more especially from Howe,\* Prichard,† Bentley,‡ Sir Matthew Hale,§ Warburton,|| Cudworth,¶ &c.) which relate to the principle of life in sentient creatures.

The mention of these names, together with those of Clarke, Butler, Leibnitz, and Wesley, who have all more or less differed from the vague and common notions on this subject, will have far more weight than any request from myself, in checking a hasty condemnation of peculiar views concerning it, and of their being here introduced.\*\*

But it may be objected, that these philosophical and theological collections are injudiciously combined with a poetical attempt; the

\* p. 167. † pp. 262—3. ‡ p. 279. § pp. 285—6.

|| p. 292. ¶ pp. 302—3.

\*\* Any however who may incline to shun these as questionable fancies, have only to pass over some two hundred and fifty lines, (pp. 43—53) with a few notes, and the last Appendix.

latter and the former being adapted for distinct and dissimilar classes.

It is answered that the collections are, in great part, desirable, if not requisite, to vindicate or more fully develop opinions which have been offered, but sometimes only glanced at, in the piece that precedes. If now uninviting, they would have been far more so, as *mere* collections, disunited from it.

And those who will be most interested by *such* a kind of poetical attempt, must possess that inquiring and excursive turn of thought with regard to 'the invisible,' which I think will induce a willing attention to *some* at least of the discussions annexed.

Should any, on the other hand, examine these last *only*, passing over the piece to which they are appended, (whether from disinclination to poetical reading in general, or any distaste in this case,) the writer will not be at all dissatisfied with *that* sort of partial perusal. It is his hope and prayer that the collections may contribute to preserve or recal some minds from theories which destroy every permanent and exalted hope; and that the piece with which they stand connected may both conduce something to that end, and to the solace and incitement of Christians under the loss of friends

and kindred, or in the experience of other trials, and the anticipation of the last. In "Essays for Christian Encouragement and Consolation," little was said, specifically, on the subject of bereavement. By some parts of the present volume, that omission may be supplied.



# AN AUTUMN DREAM.

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## PART I.

THE STAR.—THE GUIDE.—THE MATRON.—THE  
POET.—THE NIGHT.



Introduction—Scene in which these thoughts took rise—Writer's reverie—Approach to another orb—Interview with one of its inhabitants, Sophanio, who explains the writer's privilege and the mode of his trance—Reveals also his own character and name—They ascend a glen—The locomotion and apparel of those inhabitants described—They meet three others—One of these, a native of France, guides the writer towards a lake—Sweet music is heard—A train of children appear who utter it—A matron, one of the three, finds her own among them—The writer is joined by the matron's guide, once a Christian poet of Germany—He speaks of the languages, climate, and diurnal changes of that orb—The writer witnesses the brilliancy of the night—The poet refers him for other teachings to those whom they shall meet.

## AN AUTUMN DREAM.

---

READER,—is youth still yours ? or have you seen  
Like me, life's waning autumn ?

I forespeak

Your pause and comment, at those ominous words ;  
Boding my failure, if not your distaste.

—The spring of life (you deem) is poesy's reign :  
With youth, too surely, her most vivid fires  
Have faded, past rekindling. And I see  
Your manly lips compress'd with smile severe,  
Or rosy ones with playful smile disjoin'd,  
That I should wake this thought.

For who but knows

Youth the poetic season ; vernal youth  
In all its dew-bright freshness, with new hopes,  
Quick fancies—loves—affections—all awake  
And ardent ?

True ; for passionate lays,—or soft  
And jocund cadence of the madrigal,

While cowslips ope, or "loves in idleness"  
 Empurpled blush—true, for the strophe fir'd  
 With patriot zeal, or when the epic muse  
 Quickens the stirring breath of enterprize,  
 War, or discovery—youth perchance for these  
 Is the sole time.

But yet, if the true Heavens  
 Be harmony's true home ;—if poetry  
 Sit there as in her natal palace thron'd,  
 While this trite jangling world hath prose enough  
 For her own rugged dowry,—then, I ween,  
 As toward those other holier worlds we move,  
 With noiseless but accelerated speed,—  
 When youth is vanish'd, and autumnal years  
 Grow brief and briefer, meted by the past,  
 That lengthens still,—when earth seems half detach'd,  
 Or sinking from the long-accustom'd foot,  
 Whose step now wavers,—when the western suns  
 Preach of our own near setting,—and soft clouds,  
 Gilded and melting at the horizon's verge,  
 Look more than erst like avenues to the hall  
 And Father-land of love,——

is this no time

For poesy ?—for meditations calm,  
 That float or sail, not on strong wings or swift,  
 Yet with a broader and more tranquil sweep  
 Through the pure vault, owning a spirit there,  
 Whose blest inbreathings wait for chasten'd hearts  
 And humbled ?

Must poetic fervours die,  
Quench'd as we' approach that moment, strange, yet  
near,

When earthly dreams all perish,—and the immense,  
The eternal, ' the not seen,' the ne'er conceiv'd  
Bursts on the unprison'd spirit ?

Not for us,  
O Christians ! is that thought.

Nor will ye scorn  
One that would try, with hallow'd fancy's glass,  
To roam the unvoyag'd deep ; albeit his harp  
Yield its dark saying faintly, and his touch  
Presage the feebler and the colder hour.  
Nay, though sometimes unskilful, wild, or false  
The tones, forgive them, if inculpable  
His aim.

But rather Thou, sole Judge, forgive  
The stains to mortals viewless, each distinct  
In thy pure sight whose aid my soul implores :  
Nor suffer these poor day-dreams to instil  
One error that shall warp the reader's heart,  
Or e'en delude his reason !

Three swift years  
(How precious, how irrevocable each,)  
Are stolen away, since at the evening hour,  
On a gray fragment, by the topmost bend  
Of sheer and ivied cliffs, beside whose front  
Deep Avon winds, in pensiveness I lean'd,

Watching the' opponent steep of wood-crown'd  
heights

And their still foliage. Not a faded leaf  
Dropp'd—nor the yellow poplar's lightest spray  
Shook in the quiet air.—One rocky dell,  
Down which night's minstrel trills her frequent song,  
Was rich with summer verdure, all unting'd.

Yet was it autumn : and each twisted shrub  
That cloth'd the summits or the southward brow  
Of those fair heights, told autumn's saddening tale.  
So did eve's early shadows, calmly dusk  
At the quick sun-set.

Then was seen a star,  
A lonely star, of pale yet lucid beam,  
Which o'er the darken'd outline of those woods  
Hung glimmering.

I admir'd its silent light,  
And mus'd on the departed : but the while,  
Some lulling influences of that mild hour  
Wrapt me in gradual slumber ; and a scene  
Of blest though strange enchantment straight possess'd  
My wakeful spirit.

Seem'd the lonely star  
Grown vast in the dark firmament ; while I,  
By some mysterious but auspicious power,  
Was wafted towards it : till at length appear'd  
(As aeronauts discern our native world

At their descending) its wide hemisphere,  
Like a new earth beneath me ; where the vales,  
Precipitous peaks, broad forests, far-spread lakes,  
Slept as in clearest moonlight.

Or as when  
A traveller,—by that deep rock-girdled lake,  
Where gleam'd erewhile the spears of Winkelried,  
And flew the shafts of Tell,—upwinding slow,  
All the still hours of a soft July night,  
Hath reach'd some castle in the mountain air,  
Stateliest of Lucerne's unhewn fortresses,  
Far frowning ; and hath watch'd the gentle flood  
Of day, which, from his heaven-ascending urn,  
The giant sun upon five hundred alps  
Pours sudden, kindling with a magic touch  
The dim gray chaos to a roseate wild  
Of heights, that cast their glowing homage back  
To greet his re-appearance ;—so I saw,  
In that sweet eve-tide dream, the star's expanse,  
Her heavenly alps, and vales, and slumbering lakes,  
Stretch'd in calm lustre 'neath my wondering eye ;  
Only that softer and less florid light,  
Paly, not roseate, tinctur'd them.

Ere long,  
Seem'd I to alight upon the shining soil  
Of that unearthly region, and to stand  
Midst open glades with verduous groves embower'd :  
When a bright shape, swift-gliding as the foot  
Athletic darts o'er firm and brilliant ice

Of Elbe or Neva, towards me flew, then stopp'd  
In gentle greeting.

I had felt as yet  
Less terror than amazement; and now spake  
Confidingly, though in respectful sort,  
Saying;—O friendly spirit, (for I bode  
Nought adverse from thy gesture thus benign,)  
Tell whither am I brought; what happy realm  
Receives me?—Mortal stranger, (he replied,)  
Thou art come to the departed; to that blest  
Sojourn, where souls that lav'd their every stain  
In Love's redeeming crimson, now repose  
In tranquil joy; expectants of a sphere  
Holier, and forms more heavenly, where that Lord,  
Whose presence here delights them, shall be more  
Perceptibly' and inseparably theirs.\*

I heard; and gladdening thoughts,—like the quick  
streams

Of that aurora which the mariners watch  
Northward, swift dancing thwart the midnight sea,—  
Rush'd all diffusive through my buoyant soul.  
Meseem'd, that exaltation, to the seats  
Of spirits blest, e'en should it transient prove  
And unsubstantial, might betoken yet  
A heavenly grace, a clemency supreme,  
Prelude of boundless blessings,—e'en to me—  
Inconstant, dubious, half-despondent me!

\* See Appendix I.

So, in the luxury of that hope, I stood  
 Some instants mute ; but with my brow uprais'd,  
 And lips disparted, in the lowly act  
 Of grateful invocation ; as of yore  
 The cup-bearer in Shushan, ere he made  
 His suit to Persia's Lord, inaudibly  
 ' Pray'd to the God of heav'n.'

For none, save Him,  
 My soul invok'd : no " genius of the place ;"  
 No ministering angel ; none beside  
 The omnific Spirit who pervades all place  
 And time ; creates and renovates all forms  
 Of borrow'd being ; gives all bliss ; unrolls  
 The ceaseless poem of the universe,—  
 And stirs all hallowing thoughts and ardent words  
 In those that feel its glories and His own.  
 Him I invok'd that hour. Him may I still  
 Invoke, with the same vesper orison,  
 Feeble, yet not devoid of earnest awe  
 And trembling gratitude, and hope divine.

O Thou that gav'st my spirit, and forgav'st  
 Its wanderings ; Thou who giv'st a heavenly life  
 Through thy dear Son, uphold and bless me now !  
 Whether in real or ideal scenes,  
 Still my sole guardian : be it on thine earth,  
 Or in the untravell'd maze of thy wide heavens,  
 O Sovran Spirit, lead me : superintend  
 All fancy's flights, " all memory's fond records :"



Give light, grace, love ! Be my eternal Sun,  
My Shield, and my Restorer, and my all !

That prayer was all voiceless ; even as now,  
When my soul proffers it for this new task,  
And my pen notes it.

But the countenance  
Of that good welcomer, ere again mine eye  
Had well met his, intelligently smil'd ;  
And, Think not, mortal visitant, said he,  
Thy thought, thy prayer, unknown. Thou' art  
privileg'd

To assume awhile our form, through which the soul  
Speaks visibly, though audible sign be none ;  
Nor need, nor ask we here, a veil to hide  
Thoughts and emotions of the social hour  
From mutual introspection.—Thy glad hope,  
Stranger, was not presumptuous. If thou walk  
In lowly watchfulness and fervent prayer,  
Even unto death, still humbly ' holding fast'  
Thy ' confidence,' then surely shalt thou come  
With us to wait, with us to ascend, with us  
To dwell, in mansions of our Father's home.  
For thou rever'st the Holy One ; thou plead'st  
The mighty sacrifice which Grace devis'd,  
With self-accusing penitence : thou seek'st  
The Perfect ; inly thirsting for his pure  
And sinless joy ; though vex'd by many a feud  
And deadly, till He break thy " mortal coil."

But now (for a space only) art thou made  
 Percipient of the later scenes, vouchsaf'd  
 To him that first was 'rapt to the third heaven ;'  
 And then, from loftiest, briefest glimpses there,  
 Was borne within this lowlier 'paradise'  
 To hear the' 'unspeakable.'\*

Nor be perplex'd

(Much less with despicable pride elate)  
 At this small portion in the lot of one  
 Immeasurably thy greater. Visions, such  
 As his, ideally, to many are given :  
 To few, perchance, in sleep, as now to thee ;  
 Or, if given, seldom are their forms retrac'd.  
 By waking memory : but not to few  
 In death's embrace, who witness the new joy  
 Ecstatic, when of vocal power bereft,  
 With heaven-lit glance, and holy smile that floats  
 On their seal'd lips, while all the mortal dies.'

As he so spake, "I was all ear :"—intense  
 Desire to learn, amazement, gladness, awe,  
 Met in my aspect ; scann'd at once by him,  
 Who thus resum'd :—

I mark the questionings

Which thy voice uttereth not : thou dost inquire  
 'Abide I in the flesh ?'—or of that garb  
 Is my free spirit uncloth'd ?—Nor can we solve  
 Thy doubt so clearly, but thou still shalt feel

\* See in Appendix I.—Bishops Bull and Taylor.

As Paul did, that 'he knew not.'—In the phrase  
Of mortals, I might tell thee, here thou art  
'*Out of the body*;' since its visible mould  
Terrestrial, on that far earth whence 't was form'd,  
Sleeps, lull'd by' autumnal airs, a tranced sleep.  
Yet,—to profounder and more accurate sense,  
Still art thou '*in the body*;' for that rare  
Vitality, divinely interfus'd,  
Like fluent tissue exquisitely wrought,—  
And, though it radiate from the seat of mind,  
Yet permeating all the grosser frame  
With subtile co-extension,—the' inner form,  
Which seldom aught but the chill touch of death  
May extricate,—is now in this thy trance  
Awhile set free, and doth thy spirit invest,  
Even as when soon thou tak'st thy happier way  
To join us deathless, and to part no more.\*

Nor marvel at its tenuity. The shape  
Which thy soul actuates here, resembles most  
Those substances which chemic art evolves  
Or else explores; elastic, agile, pure,  
Impassible; and only less refin'd  
Than when, at length, transmuted and sublim'd  
Above all earthly likeness, it shall be  
'A spiritual body,' glorious as its Lord's.  
But of that theme, hereafter, other tongues  
Perchance shall more unfold. Meantime this frame

\* See Appendix II.

Which thou scarce feel'st, midst all its subtilty  
 Attenuate, half-ethereal, is no shade  
 Intangible ; as to thy doubting sense  
 Let my warm greeting prove.

With that he clasp'd

And held my hand in cordial amity,  
 While my pleas'd touch the gentle pressure own'd.\*  
 Till with new calmness, and a mood where fear  
 And admiration yielded to delight,  
 I thus replied :—O my celestial friend,  
 For thine informing words I thank thee much ;  
 For thy kind greeting most. But more I crave  
 To know, where so much is as yet unknown,  
 And all so wondrous. Tell me therefore, first,  
 How shall I deem of this thy converse, held  
 In Britain's purest accent, as if my  
 Maternal tongue were thine ; and thou couldst still  
 With 'native ease its various cadence frame.  
 Say, can it be, that in thine angel form  
 I commune but with one of Adam's race ;  
 And more, with one that own'd my parent isle  
 His birth-place ; trod fair England's breezy hills,  
 And lov'd her noiseless glens, her sounding shore ?

It is even so : (he answered ;) thou dost speak  
 With one, appointed thus to greet thee here,  
 Whose rural thoughts, in desultory verse  
 Given to his much-lov'd country and thy own,  
 Were (as I learn from those that knew thee best)

\* See Appendix II.

To thy first years of youth familiar;—one  
Who, from the crowded stage of public toil  
And din of halls seceding, tun'd his reed  
“Fast by the banks of the slow winding Ouse;”  
And at Heaven's prompting, midst incumbent woes,  
Now by Heaven's glorious grace annull'd for aye,  
Did utter lays which, though in feebleness  
Indited, somewhat serv'd (as was their aim)  
Heaven's philanthropic cause.

For thy first guide

In this our domicile of sacred rest,  
Accept of me; whom here our countrymen  
Sophanio fondly name; with whom thy youth  
Held mental converse: if thou wilt, thy friend.

He paus'd; while I the kind announcement own'd  
With eye delighted; and, in sooth, before  
His words, some pre-emotion of my heart,  
Some instinct indefinable, but deep,  
Spake him not alien from me.

For with minds,

Whose winged thoughts exalted, fervent, pure,  
(Bright self-biography which none can forge,)  
Excite our love,—we do acquire, unseen,  
A virtual kindred; and, not seldom, shape,  
Of such, ideal portraits; fain to see,  
To hear, to commune with the spirits, whose life  
Hath warm'd, exalted, solac'd, purified  
Our own.—And if my wakeful heart may trust

Those best presentiments which most accord  
 With these her airy visions, Heaven shall not  
 That hallow'd yearning frustrate, but fulfil.  
 —For me, it *was*, or *seem'd*, fulfill'd. I mark'd  
 The changeful lights on his expansive brow,  
 Those living traits of individual mind  
 And deep poetic feeling ; that quick stream  
 Of fine discursive fancy, which had flow'd  
 In playful windings through his devious "Task,"  
 Which sparkled in his most unstudious page  
 Of friendship, and his converse oft adorn'd.  
 But on that brow, with nobler beam impress'd,  
 Shone holy Truth, and heaven-born Charity,  
 And Hope on earth obscur'd, now all serene,  
 And ever glancing towards her upper skies ;  
 While the dim traces of all suffering past,  
 Shaded, but yet to' enhance, those lights of joy.—  
 I look'd on him, and spake, as it was meet,  
 Reverent and tender words ; but which not here  
 Behoves me to record.

Meanwhile we mov'd,  
 Scarce conscious of ascending, up the ascent  
 Of that steep glen, border'd with leafy wealth,  
 Till near its out-gate.

There Sophanio stopp'd,  
 And smiling said,—Not such the toil as when  
 I reached the "peasant's nest."\* Thou feel'st that  
 here

\* Task, Book I.

We climb unpanting : these ærial forms  
The will propels as easily, as on earth  
It moves the first quick footstep unfatigued,  
Or hand once rais'd.<sup>3</sup> Thou shalt be witness soon  
That the light steps which scarce impress the blade  
Of our luxuriant greensward, can achieve  
The graceful fiction of a Maro's verse ;  
Flit, like his Volscian, o'er "the unbending ears,"  
And on the limpid waves up-buoyant, sweep  
Our glassy lakes.

Nor let it move dispute,  
That in these realms of truth we realize  
What seem'd all fabulous in heathen song,  
But was full often from the ' sons of God '  
Deduc'd, by communings with angels erst  
In Eden ; given to Adam's progeny  
In legendary words, which soon assum'd  
A mythologic guise, by priest and bard  
Embellish'd.

Even now dost thou behold  
One of those classic limnings verified,  
By the unwrought vestments, which envelope all,  
In this our Eden. For the fleecy dews  
Exhaling from our streams and verdant plains,  
By some conceal'd affinity, involve  
Us with their rarest particles ; which wreath—  
To mock the luxury of India's looms—  
In folded gossamer round us : each new morn  
Lending the pearled vest which Nature wears,

Fresh from her secret treasury.—Thus they feign'd  
Apollo's tunic of the snow-white cloud ;  
And Pallas' purple garb.

The while he spake  
I mark'd the flowing grace of his attire,  
Till then scarce seen. Within that shining stole,  
Impalpable and yet opaque, his form  
Was veil'd decorously ; the head alone  
And hand discover'd ; while that gleaming light  
Play'd on the drapery. As in those fair groves  
Where gushes from his urn the crystal Stour,  
A sculptured Livia stands, round whom of yore  
Some Attic hand the yielding marble threw  
In simulated pliancy,—so stood  
The poet in his unbought robes ; so mov'd  
Toward the near summit.

Nor till then I cast  
A downward glance upon my own array,  
And found the same strange mantle's falling folds  
About my unincumber'd steps ; which now  
Had reach'd a level, screen'd by mossy rocks.—  
Here met two verdant paths, receding each  
Into the fragrant forest's deeper shade ;  
And from the nearer, three slow-moving forms  
Advanc'd. On one of these an ampler fold  
Of vapoury raiment—gather'd gracefully  
E'en o'er her thoughtful brows—bespake her sex ;  
And fear upon her cheek (as late perchance



On mine) the astonish'd stranger. With her walk'd  
One whose benignant words seem'd bent to soothe  
That palpitating bosom. The' other mov'd  
Somewhat apart; a slender shape, with mien  
Of innate unassum'd nobility;  
And the pale pensive bliss that dwelt on it  
Told of long griefs and vigils: yet the eye  
Quick lightening there, needed to quench its fire,  
And did so oft, in radiant drops of love.  
The polish'd air of courts in him was join'd  
Not with their wiles, but with the cloister's meek  
And erudite sadness.

As he slowly approach'd,  
The view recall'd his portrait; and I felt  
'Twas Cambrai came.<sup>4</sup> With him Sophanio spoke,  
And then to me,—I leave thee now awhile  
To nobler conduct.—So beneath the copse  
Which edg'd our winding way, the bard retir'd.  
When,—in his own more flexible speech of France,—  
As some good hermit charitably greets—  
A pilgrim, errant amid pathless woods,  
The great and good address'd me.

Come, my son,  
And mark a scene which shall acquaint thy soul  
With Him that gave thee being. Hast thou look'd  
Upon that matron's tender earnestness  
Who doth precede us? Thou shalt quickly share  
In her access of joy.—No more he spoke;

But them we follow'd silent, where a flight  
Of natural steps, scaling the massive rock,  
Wound upward; and encounter'd speedily  
Upon the crown of that romantic ledge  
A group of white-rob'd strangers.

One of these  
The matron knew; and with rejoicing gaze  
And gentle query for a moment's space  
Each own'd the other: then that new-found friend  
Show'd her a new descent: whom, silent still,  
Following, we mov'd with unimpeded pace  
Down a like rugged vista, but more deep,  
More lengthen'd, more magnificent, enclos'd  
With vast catalpas and the cedar's shade;  
Till from that screen emerging, op'd at once  
On us a narrow plain of velvet green,  
Starr'd with all Flora's treasures; and beyond,  
A little lake, as tranquil, clear, and smooth  
As Grasmere, when inverted mountains dip  
Their towering heads from her opposing marge.

Here paus'd the matron; and her eye quick  
glanc'd  
Around that stilly scene; when, lo, sweet notes  
Of heavenly music touch'd her ear and mine,—  
More sweet and joyous than if all the soul  
Of vernal harmony were centring there;  
While words like these (yet unlike, marr'd, alas!  
In my poor version) floated with the strain.

Happy,—all happy ones,—here, in his paradise,  
Bless we the Prince of all kindness anew ;  
Praise ‘ the good Shepherd’ who tenderly carried us  
Lambs, through the desert, and brought us to you.  
Praise Him each floweret wild,—  
Praise Him each holy child—  
Sweetly that blooms in this day-light so pale ;  
While o’er the sleeping lake  
Anthems responsive wake ;  
Hail to our Shepherd King! Hail Him, all hail!

Happy,—soon happier ;—since to our paradise  
Wend other happy ones, seeking for you :  
‘Scap’d from earth’s desert, which homeless and  
arid is,  
Eager to clasp you—and bow to Him too !  
Join then our infant lays ;  
Lend your parental praise,  
Walk by our fountains that never can fail :  
Still o’er the wave shall fly  
Voices as blest, that cry,  
Hail to the Prince of Peace! Hail Him, all hail !”

At the first audience of these notes, we saw  
No utterer ; and their sweetness stole on us  
Like wood-notes of the bulbul, warbled deep  
Within the bosky sides of Libanus ;  
Warbled at spring-tide. But the secret long  
Endur’d not ; for as now that chorus rose,

A glittering train beneath the dark green arch  
Of solemn cedars issued; and we watch'd  
Their airy steps, harmonious as their song.  
One 'little maid,' of alabaster brow,  
Led forth a fairy thousand of her sex;  
Some in tall childhood, more in the first bud  
Of infant loveliness. Promiscuous thus,  
And hand in hand, the gladsome thousand came,  
And those to these as if 'their angels' seem'd;  
Though elder guardians mov'd the troop beside,  
Rejoicing in their joy: and still that strain  
Mellifluous rose, as o'er the sward they glid,—

Aid ye our infant lays,  
Blend your parental praise,  
Roam by our sacred founts, never to fail;  
Hark, to our minstrelsy  
Voices as blest reply,  
Hail to the Shepherd Prince! Hail Him, all hail!

The matron stood entranc'd—then gradual sank  
Kneeling, and forward stretch'd her hands—and  
scann'd  
With swift intensity of searching love,  
That lengthen'd train. No guardian of the train  
Had proffer'd guidance; and no signal met  
Her eager eye; but soon I mark'd it fix  
On a fond pair in that sweet company  
Close-link'd. The one of them methought had told

Six winters ere she left our wintry world ;  
 Her sister-likeness could not more have seen  
 Than two brief summers. Scarce the matron's  
                   eye

Had seiz'd them,—or their fluttering bosoms own'd  
 The blissful fascination,—when she flash'd,  
 Like a bright arrow from a Parthian string,  
 And three were clasp'd in oneness.

Nor saw I

More of that rapture ; for the shining band,  
 Matron and infants, and angelic guards,  
 Were sudden gliding o'er the silver flood,  
 Which in their wake scarce rippled ; as when wings  
 Of swallows glance upon a sun-bright rill :  
 While from the forests of its yonder shore  
 Still undulated back their softer lay,—

Praise him each floweret wild—  
 Love him each faultless child—  
 Sweetly that wakes in our daylight so pale ;  
       Hence o'er the wave we pour  
       Strains that last evermore ;  
 Hail to the infant's Friend ! Hail him, all hail !

Judge then, O parents, with what sympathies,  
 Earnest, yet mute, I hearken'd, till that song  
 Died on the dying breeze.<sup>6</sup>

Nor until then

Thus spake the saint :—

O, how that choir, my son,  
Should raise and waft thy languid love to Him,  
Donor, for these and us, of all things : Fount,  
Daily, of new salvations and new joys ;  
Him that creates, conjoins, redeems, renews,  
And re-unites for ever ! Seek, my son,  
And feel in each new scene of this fair land  
More of his primal loveliness !—I go ;  
But we shall meet ere long, in nobler sort,  
Again to praise Him.—Thus he kindly spake ;  
Then 'twixt the cedars' mingling pyramids  
Mov'd slowly from me :—but the gentle guide  
From whom that matron parted at the sight  
Of her two blessed infants, now drew near,  
And in that Teuton speech by untaught ears  
Deem'd harsh, but which his free Germanic lyre  
Could boldly modulate, and softly frame  
To many a classic rhythmus,—hail'd me thus :—  
My friend, the voice which greets you, is the voice  
Of Meta's spouse : the heart which welcomes you,  
Is that which thrill'd at " Midnight Thoughts" of  
Young ;<sup>7</sup>  
Is that which sang Messias, and which now  
Exults to serve Him where those faint essays  
Of earthly hymning would be but as weak  
And broken babblings of a childish song.

I joy'd to own that bard of lofty zeal  
Who sang of the Redeemer ; nor delay'd

To speak my veneration and my love :  
Then added,—Honour'd Klopstock, it hath mov'd  
A pleasurable wonder, thus to hear  
Each whom I meet in this enchanted land  
Uttering his natal tongue ; that several tongue  
Which, from the soul's best monument and shrine,—  
The silent, eloquent page,—hath reach'd mine eye,  
But spoken, charms mine ear. And yet the words  
Of those fair infant choristers were more sweet  
Than thine, and e'en than Cambrai's mild farewell.  
Such words as theirs, I ween, to earthly lips  
Were ne'er vernacular ; whom yet I heard  
With promptest understanding, and the thrill  
Of one who, though no poet, owns a heart  
For poesy and song ; heard tremblingly ;  
And marvell'd that this earth-born ear could drink  
The tones and meanings of celestials so.  
To this he smiling,—Marvel, not my friend,  
If much be here intuitive, which once  
Might foil the midnight student.

Here each speaks

And loves the best, his own maternal tongue ;  
Yet all each other's know, and welcome most  
From all ; nor less though unacquir'd on earth.  
For how should vocal signs (though yet unheard)  
Be foreign, when the utterer's speaking eye  
At every glance interprets ? And we love  
The exotic varied melodies, of voice,  
And intonation, which no human speech—

Not e'en the speech of man unciviliz'd,—  
 Is found to lack, enrich'd and soften'd here.  
 So in our frequent happy colloquies  
 Alternate or successive,—and in hours  
 When one delights the many,—each employs  
 His native language; with a choice so prompt,  
 A flow so sweet, an emphasis so just,  
 Not one would change it for what all will choose  
 If he in turn shall speak.

But when we join  
 Many or few, in strains of choral praise  
 Making high harmony, then must we needs  
 And “nothing loth,” in loftier speech combine,  
 Heard erst in paradise; nobler than aught  
 Breath'd in earth's turbid air, since flaming swords  
 Wav'd on the gate of Eden. That blest speech  
 —Where sound, obsequious to seraphic lips,  
 Gives a pure magic symbol of the sense,  
 Nor asks the aid of vision, nor the toil  
 Of gradual apprehension,—thou didst hear  
 And learn, and feel on the instant, as the choir  
 Of those fair infants greeted us. They too  
 Have learn'd with us to utter it, in strains  
 For them prepar'd. But still, my friend, the free  
 Spontaneous shaping of that heavenly speech,  
 Is of no swift attainment. They that long  
 Have reach'd our high abodes, and they that rise  
 In purest flights of all-inspiring zeal,  
 With unpremeditative warmth at times



Conceive it—and we raptur'd listeners learn ;  
As Paul, who once but heard, though now he speaks,  
Their angel tongue ; a glowing denizen  
Of that blest temple where the wondering saints  
Hang on his accents.

While he thus discours'd  
Oft toward the east he turn'd : then said,—Albeit  
A welcome friend, thou art a stranger yet :  
For not one day hath clos'd on us, since first  
Thou didst admire with unaccustom'd eye  
The soft effulgence of these day-light hours  
Perchance by thee deem'd moonlight ; but in truth  
Liker to that nocturnal summer-day,  
Which the scarce couchant sun at midnight casts  
On Iceland's mountains, or Lapponia's wilds.<sup>8</sup>  
Now, while its beams are waning, let me tell  
Why such their aspect. Dream not our fair orb  
Is sunless, though its skies no sun reveal.  
Round your own dazzling solar light it rolls  
Betwixt Mercurius and the beauteous star ..  
Phosphor by turns and Hesper : but eludes  
The eagle gaze of science : for that Power  
Almighty who unveils remoter worlds,  
With equal ease the nearer can conceal  
From man's unwearied search.<sup>9</sup> This lesser orb,  
Like your own moon, with axis scarce inclin'd,<sup>10</sup>  
In its diurnal revolution meets  
A *changeless* radiance, But that radiance, e'en  
From the first dawn till sun-set, still attracts

O'er all its zones a light and luminous mist,  
 Which, in our upper air suspended,—like  
 Some half-translucent vitreous canopy  
 O'ershades us,—yet permits the gentle beam,  
 Fit daylight for this region of repose  
 Contemplative, in which the pious dead  
 'Rest from their labours.' That same lofty veil  
 Which intercepts yet not bedims his rays,  
 Tempers their torrent glow : thus all our clime  
 Is equable and genial : but when sinks  
 His unseen splendour, then the aërial screen  
 Sinks also, by the cooler hour condens'd ;  
 And night succeeds.<sup>11</sup> Thou hast not seen our night,  
 But, while I speak, it comes. Watch now i' the  
 east

Where yonder woodlands, of light foliage, fringe  
 The pale horizon. There shall night begin.  
 —I turn'd me as he bade : but deem'd the while  
 Night *had* begun ; for the soft shadows fail'd,  
 And swift-wing'd darkness hovering o'er the sphere  
 Sail'd gloomily : when sudden, through that screen  
 Of birchen boughs, a queenly satellite  
 —'Clear as our sun, fair as our moon,'—more broad  
 Than Luna rises with faint reddening brow  
 Melting through haze of autumn,—like a fire,  
 A beacon-fire upsprang, and straight effus'd  
 Its level streams, which checquer'd all the plain  
 With endless mingling shadows.\*

\* See *Linnaeus*, in Note 8.

Scarce that disk  
Shone full,—surmounting all the feathery grove,—  
When now a sister, as majestic, rose  
Betwixt its pensile branches; then a third,  
Another,—yet another,—each diverse  
In amplitude, and tint, and brilliancy,  
As Mars from Cynthia, or mild Hesper's gleam.  
—Nor ceas'd that glorious retinue of Night,  
Till twelve were number'd; climbing their bright way  
In "mystic dance" up the dark steep of heaven,—  
Illuming all that visionary land  
With new profusion.<sup>13</sup> Daylight it was not;  
But (though comparison from mortal art  
Degrade the splendour,) it sometimes recall'd,  
Winandermere, thine hills and fair expanse  
When summer morn is on the glowing flood,  
Seen through an amber tint-glass, mellowing all  
The zenith's glory.

Thus I watch'd the train  
Of lunar lights; and thus the landscape's gold;  
Till Klopstock, smiling at that orient spell,  
With friendly whisper ask'd—What of the night?  
How deem'st thou, watchman, of a night like ours?  
True, in that region—'far above all heavens'—  
Which light and love's commingling majesty  
With orbless boundless plenitude illumines,  
There can be 'no night;' but with this our first  
And shadowy sojourn, where the blessed cease  
From life's and death's sharp conflicts, ere they take

The brighter vest, and meet the' eternal day,  
Night well doth harmonize; celestial night,  
Clear night alternating with shady noon;  
More bland and lovely than the' inspiring eve  
At Baiæ, on those mild Campanian shores;  
Night in her brilliant soft tranquillity,  
Night without darkness.—'Tis a night (I cried)  
O Poet, 'better than a thousand' days,  
In our dim dusty world. Each spectacle—  
Each moment—of my wondrous visit here,  
Infuses more the' inestimable sense  
Of Power and Love around me.

What on earth

Was scarce accorded to my worthless prayer  
For some dear instants, here abiding seems;  
And most since this most heavenly Night began.  
Your shaded noon was as a mystic type,  
Of what, in the bright stillness of this hour,  
My spirit owns: for then the potent orb  
That all but pierc'd that soft involving cloud,  
Pour'd brightness,—and his temper'd glow reviv'd  
My soul.

E'en thus, and doubly, since the night  
Developes her new wonders, have I felt  
The' unutterable nearness of that Lord,  
Who,—if invisible still,—divinely breathes  
Around us, and almost discernibly  
Through the frail curtain of creation shines.  
It is not only that yon gorgeous lights

Do mirror his perfections—that his power,  
Truth, purity, and grace unchangeable  
Beam on us thence ; most eloquent I grant  
That visual speech to soothe and to assure ;  
Proclaiming Heaven's own empire to our sense.  
But there is more than this. For this, though bright,  
Is but reflected. There's a Sun the while  
Scarce latent, whose warm efflux, through the heart  
Doth pour an intimate and awful joy,  
For which no names are made. ' To be with  
Christ '

Thus sensibly,—although ' not seen as yet,'—  
' This is far better : ' thus my Heaven begins.  
Yet this forbids no thought,—quells no desire  
Of knowledge or of action ; nor confounds  
My admiration of the works divine.  
But,—like a vital quickening element,—  
Conspires with all my soul's activities  
By new ethereal impulse. Much I long  
To' imbibe from thee the various lore sublime  
Of the great Author's works and ways : for thou  
Hast longer read them.

Rather ask (he said)

Whom, if I err not, we may meet forthwith :  
Friends that on earth were both inquisitors  
Of nature ; both reverers of the Power  
That rules it ; both adorers of the grace  
That stoop'd to save. The one thy countryman,  
The other was my own. A hundred years,

Beside, disjoin'd them. But this deathless realm,  
And their accordant tastes, consociate now  
Your Boyle, our Haller, in fraternal bonds :  
While high devotion and "seraphic love"  
To the great Parent of the bliss they share,  
Bind them in holier brotherhood.

Observe

This jutting rock before us ; in whose clefts  
The aspens droop and light mimosas wave ;  
Conceal'd behind it is a deep recess  
Whither, at eventide, they oft resort,—  
First, on these cliffs admiring night's ascent  
With her twelve-jewell'd crown, then at their foot  
In social wisdom her uncounted hours  
Expending.

Courtesy unfeign'd from each

Awaits thee, with philosophy unblam'd ;  
Aspiring science ministrant to love.



AN AUTUMN DREAM.

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PART II.

THE TEACHERS.—THE DELL.—THE MARTYRS'  
ISLE.—THE DAWNING.



Thought on heavenly reunion—The poet and the writer join two Christian sages, of England and of Switzerland—The one discourses of creation and redemption, matter and spirit: the other of materialism, the immaterial life of all sentient creatures and transmigration of the inferior spirits—His English friend of graduation—The Swiss of the pre-eminence of human spirits, and of man's resurrection—The writer is conducted towards other scenes—expresses a wish to see departed kindred, but may not—is led to a dell where he sees some once known to him—They reach mountains, opposite to which is the Martyrs' Isle—That scene and place described—The writer is left alone; and at the dawning a glorious cloud discloses to him a vision—Impression received from this.

## AN AUTUMN DREAM.

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Ah, what were friendship,—what the dearer bonds  
Of conjugal, parental, filial love,  
What but frail bonds heart-wounding more than  
dear,—

Tenderly torturing ; if this span of days  
Precarious, sad, unequal, brake them all !  
If no sweet hope of reuniting joys  
Beyond this deathful sphere, illum'd the path  
By which we journey toward our several tombs ;  
While they that toil'd the farthest, saw engulf'd  
Loves, comforts, aids, along the closing way !  
—Blest be his grace, who lit the torch of hope  
For our benighted world ; whose living truth  
Disclos'd and seal'd a heaven of social bliss ;  
And bade his ' brethren ' wait that festal day  
Within his ' Father's house ; ' where saints convok'd  
' Rejoice with ' the immortal ' that rejoice ; '  
There in each other's glowing eyes to read

Undying life, and all the fathomless cup  
Of circling immortalities to share.

Scarce had the poet our approach announc'd  
To that recess where his illustrious friends  
Were wont to meet,—when round the rock's steep  
base  
We turn'd, and saw within their grassy cove  
That pair recumbent.

Flow'd a rivulet  
Fast by, where shining fish quiescent lay  
Or darted ; while bright insect families  
Bent the slight waving herbs, or mov'd the wing  
And humm'd soft carols in the silent air.

Now rose the friends to' accost us ; and some  
words  
Of lighter question and of due response,  
—With some apart betwixt my guide and them—  
Pass'd mutual.

Then the Saxon bard withdrew ;  
When Boyle, with winning suavity, began  
To speak of wonders natural and divine.  
And, as in some resounding Gothic pile  
Where the full organ rears its fluted front,  
A votaress of Cecilia runs through all  
Her amplest diapason,—from the peal  
Of solemn thunders to the linnet's note,—  
—So, with a reverent eloquence, he spoke  
Of wisdom in its true primordial source

And effluence multiform : illustrious most  
 In the lov'd mystery of spirits redeem'd,  
 And that more awful, their redemption's price !  
 Radiant in suns upborne and worlds propell'd,  
 But radiant also in the fluttering lives  
 And dewy flowers around him. . Even of these  
 Expatiated the heavenly naturalist,  
 With pleas'd research, devoutly. Long I heard  
 In silent gladness ; but when now the sage  
 As if for comment stay'd, my words were these :—  
 I feel, in thy discourse, that soars so high  
 And stoops so gracefully, the fit reproof  
 (Unmeant perhaps) of my own vagrant doubts,  
 Which till I reach'd this sphere of purer light  
 Would oft obtrude ; fomented by the bold  
 And wilful scoffs of unbelieving men  
 Against the record of God's holy love :  
 Men that do vaunt their mental narrowness  
 For breadth and height of soul.

—And mark, (he cried,)  
 Thou canst not 'scape their chosen metaphors ;  
 Which even the word of sacred truth employs,—  
 And *we* too must,—or earthly speech forego,—  
 Since diction spiritual your earth hath none.

Yet know,—for thy weak thought, I deem, can  
 bear  
 Thus much abstraction,—know that space doth not,  
 In its dimensions, true relation hold  
 With spirit. Spirit is incommensurable

With matter and extent. The One Supreme  
Eternal Essence, before matter was,  
Subsisted ; the true Monad, increate,  
Power, Wisdom, Love : then great and small were not.  
And when the universe of matter sprang  
Forth at the fiat of Power, Wisdom, Love,  
It rose but as a ' figure of the true '  
Existence ; insubstantial. When we ascribe  
To God's most holy purposes and acts  
A " grandeur," and a " loftiness,"—we draw  
Terms from material types : and the mind's eye  
(Save when by just reflection disabus'd)  
Illusively and dimly speculates  
In the stupendous mirror of his works ;  
As ' searching ' from extension's shadowy range  
—With fruitless though sublime analogies—  
The' illocal Omnipresent.<sup>13</sup> Stranger, muse  
Profoundly,—for it doth concern thee much—  
Upon the glorious dis-similitude  
Of thy Creator, to these suns, these worlds,  
And this unmeasur'd concave where they roll.  
He ' filleth heaven ; ' but with an undiffus'd  
And unextended energy. He " lives,"  
And " through all life." He is, but not " extends,  
Through all extent." For e'en were all extent  
Annihilate, the annihilating Mind  
Would be,—with all the minds which He upholds,—  
Himself immutable, they immortal still,  
Till He should quench them.

Say, have we, aught less  
 Of life, of happiness, than if this orb  
 Were broad as the terrene, or even more vast  
 Than yon stupendous wanderers, whom ye name  
 Jove and Saturnus?—is our wisdom less  
 Than were our forms colossal,—to such worlds,  
 Proportion'd? Had the sovereign Will conjoin'd  
 Spirits with atoms only, and nought else  
 Of matter call'd to being,—there had lack'd  
 Indeed that wide and wonderous scenery  
 Which we so fitly admire: yet what the less  
 Of vital essence, self-caus'd or deriv'd,  
 Had been existent?

This immensity  
 (To creature sight and finite measurement)  
 Of God's material works, comports indeed,  
 —And on a scale which overwhelms our thought,—  
 With his perfection: it hath multiplied,  
 Beyond the compass of archangel's ken  
 Variety and beauty. It hath shown  
 The one Designer's inexhausted power  
 Profuse of wonder still. But, in itself,  
 Great is it not.—For what is magnitude?  
 —A relative.—Ey'd from infinity,  
 And 'meted' by the Architect divine,  
 This universal fabric is a 'span.'

And yet yon proud objector, self-elect  
 To fathom all things, and replete with scorn

Of littleness, though his own lofty brow  
 Stands not one fathom o'er the subject clay,  
 Pronounces Earth too small for Love to seek  
 And dearly ransom ; as if 'twere the dust  
 Of that small earth which ask'd a Saviour's hand.  
 —Were it in literal bulk, what bards have dar'd  
 To name it, but " a mole-hill,"—yet, could tribes  
 As numerous people it, of spirits, form'd  
 For an undying, glorious, forfeit joy,  
 —Say, would these need or prize redemption less,  
 Or their redemption be less worthy of Heaven's  
 Supernal grace, than if they tenanted  
 (Each in his vast and solitary sphere  
 Like lonely potentates) the mightiest orbs  
 Of mighty systems ? What can here import  
 Circumference or altitude ? thy task  
 Is to compute the worth of conscious minds,  
 Discursive ; spirits who themselves compute  
 The mass and distance, orbit and eclipse,  
 Of worlds not theirs : spirits who *think on God* ;  
 Adore the Self-Existent ; and conceive  
 With deep presentiments his gift immense,  
 Aspiring to coeval blessedness  
 With Him that bad them live.

Canst thou sum up,

Sublime geometry ! the worth of these—  
 And of these numberless ?

Or, were it so,  
 That but one spirit of all the countless host

Whom God made capable of perfect good,  
 Had fall'n;—and that this hapless one were doom'd  
 Only to dark extinction's mute abyss,  
 Instead of holding that exhaustless boon  
 In the bright vision of the' Eternal; who  
 Shall prove to us, that for this one unblest  
 Expectant of an 'everlasting' death,  
 It would degrade the Sovran Love to bow,  
 Dismantling all the glories of his throne?  
 —That hapless One, redeem'd and rescued back  
 To immortality, should count more hours,  
 More joys, than there are grains within the mass  
 Of all the worlds, and rays from all the lights  
 That sprinkle heaven's high cope.

Yea, all those grains,  
 Or sun-beams, multiplied by millions more,  
 Were a poor fraction to the infinitude  
 Of his immortal gain.

He ceas'd; like one  
 Absorb'd, if not o'er-pressed, by boundless thought.

To me, with fitting pause, next Haller spoke.<sup>14</sup>  
 —Not *only* so, thou know'st, O stranger friend,  
 Hath matter, in yon darken'd world, become  
 The insidious snare of many an erring mind.  
 Fearful in sooth it is, that sophisms, built  
 On bare extension, or with atoms rear'd,  
 Should prepossess and bar the heart of man  
 Against reception of celestial grace;



Making his spirit darkly incredulous  
Of Heaven's best interposal.

But, alas !

Perverted views of matter can delude  
Yet more yet worse. The dusty paradox  
(Whose substance none discern, whose presence all)  
Blinds its ten thousands to the glorious truth  
If not of God's own being, yet, be sure,  
Of God's just rule—his witness in our souls—  
And all the sacred high capacities  
And destinations of his spirit-world.

Not thus it was, ere the disastrous lapse  
Of our first parents,—when the seraphim  
With welcome frequency to Eden's bowers  
Repair'd, and oft in versatile array,—  
The' ærial body like a changeful vest  
Themselves transfiguring,—when the Spirit Supreme  
Himself oft visited those holy shades,  
And if ' with light as with a garment' clad,  
Yet in high converse taught the listening pair  
His incorporeal glory.

But their sons,

—By that defection's woeful penalty  
From those inspiring interviews cut off,  
—Seeing dense matter as the' exclusive guise  
Which *life* assumes,—and all external acts  
Of living mind by its sole ministry  
Fulfill'd, too often are seduc'd to deem

That senseless instrument the vital source  
 Of voluntary motion, thought, and deed ;  
 As if its manifold atoms, lifeless each,  
 Had, by mere concourse, strangely inspirited  
 Themselves with thinking power ; as if the self  
 Of consciousness, the identity of mind  
 In all its actings, were divisible ;  
 Nay but a compound product, from inert  
 Materials group'd.\*

There doth subsist, beside,  
 A fantasy—which reason should repel—  
 Still fostering that delusion. 'Tis the vague  
 Conception or opinion undefin'd,  
 That all the inferior forms of sentient life  
 Are without spirit.—

Reason could not brook  
 (What every shepherd-boy might laugh to scorn)  
 That most incredible Cartesian dream<sup>15</sup>  
 Which made such life all fiction : made the fond  
 Sagacious dog,<sup>16</sup> the thoughtful elephant,<sup>17</sup>  
 The bird which shudders at her air-pois'd foe,  
 The bee that culls its sweets and frames its cells,  
 The politic and social emmet,—each  
 A pure machine, insensate.—Yet his creed  
 Is, though less startling, scarce so tenable,  
 And far less harmless,—who, while prompt to own  
 (What no discerning witness may refuse)

\* See Appendix III.

All these with sense, design, and choice endow'd,  
—Some with tenacious memory, faithful love,  
And powers that seem reflective,—yet can deem  
Their life corporeal only.\*

But, my friend,  
Behold that fantasy's disproof.

Rejoice  
With grateful love that Sovereign Wisdom reigns,  
A wisdom full of goodness,—circumscrib'd  
By no conceits of mortals : here admire  
The gladdening refutation and rebuke  
Of that vague fallacy.—It moves and breathes  
Within the streamlet winding at thy feet  
And on the flowers beside it.

Then he rose,  
And from a pendent willow-branch took down  
His pastoral reed, (like that whose slender notes  
The Mantuan shepherds lov'd to modulate,)  
And a clear chime of liquid music breath'd  
Across the gliding brook.

Its inmates turn'd  
At the sweet notes, and round his tuneful charm,  
Staid,—on their light oars balanc'd,—or upleapt,  
Glittering with carmine spots and argent scales  
O'er the smooth wavy circlets, which their sport  
Rais'd on the unruffled rill.

But soon resum'd

\* See Appendix IV.

That mild philosopher:

—All these which speed  
 In mute enjoyment, but (thou seest) with fine  
 And quick perception, through their fluid path—  
 And they which on its brink, not silently,  
 Nor yet with intellection less acute,  
 Disport, have come like us from earth's domain.<sup>18</sup>  
 Some there in similar forms embodied dwelt  
 To what each owns; but in less perfect kinds  
 Of their own tribes;—others in forms diverse  
 Less perfect still: and when the law of death  
 Seiz'd them, then went each spirit,—still conjunct  
 With its ærial vehicle, and still  
 With the corporeal life's atomic germs,—  
 'Downward to the' earth;' and there was straight  
     indued  
 With kindred particles: then, by that Power  
 Without whose all-controlling Providence  
 No winged songster falls, no angel soars,  
 'Caus'd to fly swiftly,'—through your midnight  
     shades  
 Was wafted hither; destin'd to its own  
 Appropriate element and livelier joy.

The noxious and repulsive have acquir'd  
 New shapes, new natures: violence and pain  
 Exist not.—Thus that ancient Samian's fam'd  
 Metempsychosis was not all romance,  
 But like much more that bards and sages taught;

Perversions fanciful, ornate, corrupt,  
Of patriarchal lore.<sup>19</sup>

And thou hast seen  
Full oft below, those beauteous miracles  
Of insect metamorphosis, presage  
The wonders which thou seest develop'd here.\*  
Here is no increase but the living tide  
Of welcome immigration: here the law  
Of death has ceas'd; and in these new abodes  
No nutriment is needed, save from airs  
And odours, that refresh our happy clime.<sup>20</sup>

The spirits of some nobler animals  
(And so of these, hereafter, by the boon  
Of transformation, not the mortal stroke)  
Are borne to other spheres; where new degrees  
Of thought and of attainment, not reveal'd  
To us, exalt them.

Nor be much surpris'd,  
That thus, from world to world, the life which dw  
In oft minute and oft despised forms,  
Should safely migrate.

Who that first descried  
The living cloud of feathered voyagers  
Swiftly steer northward with the gales of spring,  
Or, when autumnal blasts have warn'd them south  
Marshall'd for new departure, would believe

\* See in Appendix IV. Cudworth; (and Barclay as the referred to.)

Their ocean passage, or their due return ?  
Yet narrow is that transit. Worlds the while,  
Nay, separate star-beams, traverse all the deeps  
Of trackless and immensurable space.

And is it much for *life* to own a flight  
And locomotion, swift and vast as theirs ?

Bethink thee, whether each particular ray  
Which from the sun achieves its linear course  
Without deflection, to your rolling orb,  
Nay which from Sirius or Arcturus streams,  
(Through lengths where potent triangles are foil'd  
And fancy drops her wing) hath not its Guide—  
The Guide unerring ?—And shall spirits lack  
Their Father's hand—or is an insect *life*  
Less worthy of that transit, and less meet  
For the sure guidance of the' Omniscient Power,  
Than every lifeless sun-beam ?

Mark, my friend,  
This blest renew'd vitality which springs  
From death ; this various happiness which shines  
Around us ; and confess the Lord of life  
To be its guide and Saviour. He is Good,  
Yea, ' none is good save One, and that is, God.'

So Haller :—then did our compatriot take  
The word, and said ;—O wondering learner, note  
These beautiful gradations. Thou hast reach'd  
A world all transitive ; a step to heaven ;  
And in this aspect, as in all its frame  
And garniture, not far unlike thy own.

The great Opificer hath never wrought,  
 Far as we know his works, save by a scale  
 Of near degrees unnumber'd; and that thought  
 Of Eden's venturous poet—"what if earth  
 Be but the shadow of heaven?"\*—is verified,  
 At least in this first heaven, to which his hand  
 Hath gently brought us.

When he paus'd, I look'd  
 On both, and anxious thought perchance betray'd,  
 As thus I question'd.—

Tell me, heavenly friends,  
 Since thus all-liberating death translates  
 Those lowlier spirits from that world of war  
 Where the 'creation groaneth,' and exalts  
 To this pacific realm, and since the change  
 And exaltation of their state, with yours  
 Hath some similitude, or bears at least  
 That semblance—tell, I pray you, what defines  
 The vast distinction? what 'pre-eminence'  
 As his peculiar, is reserv'd to man?——  
 —Say likewise, how shall that triumphant change  
 Be wrought, which yet awaits you;—how fulfill'd  
 That bodily resurrection which our Lord,  
 And most divine Redeemer, hath foreshown  
 By his precursive rising; and hath pledg'd

\* "what if earth  
 Be but the shadow' of heaven, and things therein  
 Each to' other like, more than on earth is thought?"  
 Parad. Lost. v. 574.

To all the ransom'd 'spirits of the just'  
 As their complete redemption, and the crown  
 Of human hope.

Then Haller, with a touch  
 Where gentlest censure with indulgence mix'd,  
 Thus caution'd me.

Beware lest thou distrust,  
 Amid the new disclosures here vouchsaf'd,  
 His faithfulness divine.—Thou hast been told,  
 That spirits of inferior creatures, soon  
 As death unbinds them from the outward frame,  
 'Descend to earth,' and thence derive new forms,  
 Material,—but more subtle and more fair,—  
 With which (some unknown interval elaps'd)  
 Like second embryos to this orb they rise.

But when we speak of human souls,—we speak,  
 With reverent gratitude, of creatures made  
 In their Creator's image; we discourse,  
 With conscious exultation, but with awe,  
 Of natures far distinguish'd from all else  
 Beneath, and all above them; fearfully  
 By guilt and dark defilement; gloriously  
 By His amazing purchase, and its fruit  
 Of godlike renovation.

—From the doom  
 Of those that sport with ruin, and reject  
 The boon of bliss,—I dare not lift the veil.—  
 But when the ransom'd 'spirits of the just,'



Drop tremblingly their tenement of clay,—  
 These no 'descent,' no bonds of 'earth' can know;  
 But wafted to our Paradise, and fill'd  
 With sweet anticipations full of peace,  
 'Return to God who gave them:' not 'uncloth'd'  
 Of matter wholly, but, as thou perceiv'st,  
 'Cloth'd'\* with a lucid and ethereal garb;  
 Their first inseparable vehicle,  
 To earthly sense unknown.

Yet the true germ

Of future bodily 'glory,' the occult  
 Atomic body, 'downward to the earth'  
 Went, with the grosser perishable frame;  
 And, at the place of death repositd,  
 (Be it on land or in the ocean caves,)  
 Sleeps, in safe keeping of Omnipotence,  
 Till the great waking hour.<sup>1</sup>

Not thus with tribes

Inferior. *Their* sole resurrection day  
 (If mere resuscitation might pretend  
 Without irreverence to that holier name)  
 'Is past already:' their descending germs  
 From the descending spirit not disjoin'd,  
 At once assum'd 'the body that shall be.'  
 While ours—in deeply guarded secrecy,  
 Like relics in the sacristies of Him  
 Whose temple is creation,—dormant, wait

\* *επενδύσασθαι*. 2 Cor. v. 4. See comments from Dr. Gale, &c. in Appendix II.

The final and discovering day ; that thus  
 The gracious power of God be manifest  
 In their long-treasur'd sameness, and their rise  
 (When the great mandate of redemption peals  
 With trumpet tones through the creation's depths)  
 To simultaneous life.

So in the hand  
 Of an embalm'd Egyptian relic, slept  
 Two thousand years a vegetable bulb  
 Unvisited by light ; slept but not died.  
 The sun's new beam reviv'd it, and a blade  
 That might have bloom'd in Cleopatra's groves,  
 Sprang forth."

We too, my friend, 'at the last trump,'  
 Downward to earth return ; each parted soul  
 Shall seek the latent germ which earth reserves,  
 —A congenite and wondrous particle,—  
 And that, like a fine spark, which quick explodes  
 The sulphurous grain, shall kindle up this form  
 To full intensity of heavenly life  
 And ardour unsuppress'd.

It shall burst forth  
 Into celestial brightness, like a flame,  
 Which slumber'd faintly in its globular cell,  
 By some new touch relumin'd.

Yet not this  
 The chiefest accessory glory then  
 Conferr'd ; for many an attribute unknown,  
 —Nor in this first and intervening state

Conceivable—must for the high behests  
Of that true Heaven prepare us.

Thus, 'in part'

Alone, *we* 'know' the 'perfect' yet to come;  
The full redemption of the sons of God—  
The glorious resurrection of the just.  
And thus I warn thee, ne'er miscalculate  
Our knowledge of God's ways; as if 'twere grown  
Unlimited: the cloud which still involves  
Those 'secret things' which all 'belong to Him,'  
If oft dispell'd,—is oft impervious here;  
And angel teachers oft with smiles postpone  
The lessons which too curious learners crave.  
—We know not, (nor does reason so conclude)  
That these inferior natures aught possess  
Of *conscious* sameness with the' existence past,  
Or reminiscence of the' anterior world.  
We deem that their first life was unendow'd  
With true self-consciousness; the personal sense  
Of their own being :—so this after state  
Is as the first to them, albeit in fact  
A sequel.—And, if so, thou canst discern,  
In his unwavering consciousness of self,  
The root of man's 'pre-eminence;' who knows  
Himself to be; and with interior search  
(Faint semblance of self-knowledge increate)  
His entity explores.

Yet may that Will

Which form'd, sustains, and guides those tribes below

(While in his wide creation's boundless scheme  
Up through the mystic scale of life they rise,)  
At length perchance reflective powers impart ;  
Wakening their spirits—from the dubious trance  
Of an existence felt but not conceiv'd—  
Into acquaintance with their joyful selves ;  
Yea into blest adoring thoughts of Him,  
The Fountain of all life ; the sovereign Lord  
And guardian of its changes and its joys.\*

So far he spoke, when the "seraphic" Boyle  
Thus interpos'd. 'Tis time that we conduct  
Our stranger-friend to yonder mountain ridge ;  
Where to his view some hallow'd wonders soon  
Will not be wanting.

Then we onward mov'd  
In paths diversely beautiful : but now  
My thoughts and deep affections, less engross'd,  
As hours went on, by these unearthly scenes,—  
Turn'd inward as scarce cognizant of their charm ;  
And ask'd in secret for those long-lost friends  
Whom most on earth I lov'd,—but whom Heaven  
took

Before me from their pilgrimage of cares,  
And left a void which Heaven alone can fill.  
—Nor either of my saintly guides disturb'd  
That pensive silence. But my burden'd heart  
Was soon constrain'd to break it :—and I said,

\* See Dissertation in Appendix IV.

—Ye know perchance full well, celestial friends,  
How my heart yearns, amidst your paradise  
(And half forgets its beauties in the thought)  
For those belov'd whom death has sever'd long  
From my terrestrial hopes.

Say, can you not  
Beneficently meet that warm desire  
Which Heaven can not condemn, and lead my  
steps

Where I may find those dearest, and enfold  
With nameless rapture whom I lov'd so well,—  
Then resting with them from the' excess of joy,  
Still witness and participate awhile  
Their peaceful blessedness?—

My friend, let not  
Thy soul with rash repinings be o'ercast,  
(The generous Boyle replied,) when now I say  
—That must not be.

Thine unpermitted joy  
And theirs, would bring sharp anguish in its train  
From second separation.

Only few  
And fleeting years shall run their checquer'd round  
Ere (if I rightly deem thy soul sincere)  
Thou too wilt come, no passing traveller,  
—No swiftly transient visionary guest,—  
But death shall wreck thee on our deathless strand  
To dwell with us indeed: except ere then  
The trump of our Redeemer's advent sound,

Calling us hence to earth to greet thee there,  
And thence together to the loftier bliss  
Of his own heavens.—

I heard him, and was sad.

Yet soon that sadness yielded to the calm  
Of acquiescent hope ; and every scene  
Around me cheer'd and rous'd my waiting soul,  
Still waiting revelations full of grace  
To burst on it.

But he that had repress'd  
Unwillingly, with motive most benign,  
My pure affection's longings, now was fain  
To grant what bounteous Heaven would not forbid—  
A prelude dear to friendship.

From our path  
He presently diverg'd ; and beckoned me  
Towards a deep bowery dell, where myrtles, twin'd  
With orange blossoms and dark jasmine, shed  
Their mingling odours, and secluded there  
A paradise within the paradise.—  
Thence undiscern'd, amid that fragrant fence,  
We stood, and watch'd a blissful interview  
Of one just disarray'd from earth's " short war,"  
With kindred most belov'd.

The joy I shar'd,  
Nor to record forbore ;—but now withhold  
The feeble portraiture : at least awhile ;  
Lest near surviving hearts detect too well  
Some touch less faithful, or some fainter hue

That coldly deviates from the beauteous truth,—  
And thus affection, with unown'd regret,  
Weep at the falterings e'en of friendship's hand.

Thence now we journey'd, with ethereal ease  
And swiftmess, towards the mountain range sublime  
Which shone before us : not in snowy vest  
Like Cotopaxi, white-rob'd monarch, thron'd  
Midst rival Andes and midst subject clouds,  
O'er Quito's verdant equinoctial plain,<sup>33</sup>  
But softly brightening in the various beam  
Of those fair satellites. At length we gain'd  
Their summit, and new grandeurs op'd on us  
Beyond ;—for at our feet a sudden slope  
From all the compass of the far-spread heights  
Descended, in vast curves of smoothest green ;  
Save where some thickets or lone flowering shrubs  
Were interspers'd. Those curves continuous seem'd ;  
Yet, as I after learnt, by many a gorge  
Or forest pass were sever'd ; and behind  
The outmost range, where with delight I stood,  
Rose other heights, midst which our path had wound,  
Receding far.

A river's ample sweep  
Of dancing azure—so the Limmat's wave  
Rushes from Zurich by her Gesner's tomb,—  
Edg'd all the verdurous amphitheatre.  
On its far shore magnificently rose  
What seem'd an island mountain ; one huge cone,

About whose base a "region nemorose,"  
Like that round Etna, cloth'd its rising bulk  
With vegetable treasures. Every tree  
Of every hue was there. The tropic leaf  
Broad, dark, umbrageous; and the slighter forms  
And paler tints of all our native North;  
But chiefly forests where the laurel spread  
Its polish'd covert like a mighty shield  
Of undeciduous green; yet not unpierc'd;  
For here and there a young aspiring palm  
Through that smooth mass shot up his plumy tufts  
Ambitiously; while both alike seem'd meet  
—For beauty, and in emblematic sense—  
To deck a land where none but victors dwell.  
Then cliffs, columnar as the wall'd basalt  
Of that fam'd islet in the Hebrid main,  
And rocky needles as in Savoy's vales,  
Burst from the foliage: while one regent peak,  
Like Uniana, by the western whirl  
Of Orinoco's foaming cataracts,<sup>34</sup>  
Surmounted all; and frequent, mid the groves  
Their bright way threading, silvery waterfalls  
Shone with soft murmur. Nor that magic isle  
(As well indeed its aspect might avouch)  
Was tenantless: for ever and anon  
Upon some battlement of scarped rock  
Celestial inmates walk'd.

I held my peace,  
To marvels half enur'd.



When thus my Guide.

—Thou seest the palaces, not built by art,  
Where prophets, martyrs, and apostles rest ;  
Environing that inmost sanctuary  
Which echoes to their anthems. In the space  
Within yon high recesses stands that fane,—  
' Made without hands ' by artifice divine ;  
Its every arch and fretted pinnacle  
Shap'd in the unhewn and ever-during mass  
Of virgin marble ; there full oft convok'd  
They worship : ministering angels there  
Are wont to join them in the rapturous song ;  
And oft the Lord of angels at those rites  
Is intimately near : as once reveal'd  
On Tabor to the chosen awe-struck three,  
Or later to the most belov'd of those  
In his heaven-honour'd exile.

Dost thou ask

If we have there access ?—I answer—no.  
—Expectance, progress, never-ending hope,  
Are Heaven's benignant laws for creature minds.  
In grateful lowliness we wait, till more  
Divinely perfect made ; nor crave till then  
Our station yonder : not denied the while  
Some prelibation from their fount of bliss  
As thou ere long mayst own.—For I perceive  
Night speeds away.—Her train of gorgeous lamps  
Sink towards the dark horizon. Therefore now  
I bid thee, favour'd sojourner, farewell.

'Watch thou for morning.'—Towards the dawning  
light

Of this our sabbath,—our Lord's rising-hour,  
It is our wont in solitude to wait  
His pleasure who unseals the springs of joy.—  
So spoke the sage; then wav'd a kind adieu :  
Nor long had he departed, when I mark'd  
The setting of those cluster'd satellites,  
And all was wrapt in dimness; soon, methought,  
To yield to sunless daylight as before.

Not such the' appointment:—first was the true day,  
Sabbatic, on my trembling soul to dawn.

For now, upon the margin of that peak,  
—As if translated from the empyreal heaven,—  
Rested a splendid cloud: which seem'd itself  
To veil mysterious splendours; not illum'd  
As from without, but as the covering shrine  
Of stars or cherubim.

From 'this great sight'  
I turn'd a moment with reverted gaze,  
As if appealing to my absent friend  
So lately near. Him could I not recall;  
But mark'd, along the lofty curvature  
Of all those mountains and their waving slopes,  
Myriads of shining watchers,—each apart,—  
Waiting in stillness that suspended cloud  
With solemn expectation.

At the view  
My soul was hush'd, yet mov'd to' intenser thought.

Again I turn'd,—and, like those waiting ones,  
' Watch'd for the morn.'—When lo—that splen-  
dent cloud

On either side unfolding,—we beheld  
No orb,—no meteor,—no cherubic choir,—  
But that unveil'd Humanity Divine,  
' The Sun of righteousness,' the Sun of grace,  
' Forth shining in his strength.'

His glory eclips'd

All nature, and the splendent cloud was dark  
Before that true Effulgence.

Ask me not

To paint it forth.—The symbols of his love  
Were glistening there. The high immortal joy  
For love's best triumph, like a halo gleam'd  
Around Him. Tenderness ineffable  
Was pour'd on each, on all, who watch'd and lov'd  
His bright ' appearing.' Thus the Deity  
Grew manifest ; each instant ray of grace  
Discovering more the Uncreated Fair,  
The Source and Donor of unfading good.

The Eye which gladden'd all tho semultitudes  
Seem'd fix'd on me alone. There was no voice,  
No gesture :—but the meanings of that Eye  
Were infinite :—scarce utter'd it so much  
To the fall'n saint within the High Priest's hall  
Who answer'd it with tears. It told of love  
Unspeakable, of spotless purity :

It overflow'd with awful gentleness  
 Of mild expostulation :—while my soul  
 (Might words depict the emotion of that hour)  
 Decipher'd thus the voiceless eloquence  
 Of looks divine.

—Ungrateful one, behold  
 Him that hath lov'd thee : whom thou hast not lov'd,  
 Believ'd in, or relied on, as thou oughtst ;  
 But hast requited Him with cold regards ;  
 Yea, oft amidst the snares of a base world,  
 And deeper treacheries of the' inconstant heart  
 Hast 'turn'd again to folly.' Now *behold*  
 Him that put off his glories, ' became poor,'  
 Bow'd to the thorns, the scourge, the cross, for  
       thee ;  
 See who He was, and what his grace resign'd ;  
 Muse *here* upon the mystery of his love,  
 —That life assum'd—that sacrifice ;—that thirst,  
 That ignominious pain, that unconceiv'd  
 Appalling dereliction, and that death  
 Chosen,—to expiate with almighty zeal  
 'The sins of the whole world.'

Hast thou well done  
 To slight this love, or sometimes to mistrust  
 Its fervour—nay, to question secretly  
 Its verity divine, as if the word  
 Which vouch'd it were incredible ?

Now *see*  
 Him whom thou half believedst. I forget,

—Or what is more—remember and absolve,  
Thy base and wretched wanderings : I revive  
Thy darken'd, fearful, vacillating faith :  
I cleanse thy stains ; and my refulgent wounds  
Plead with continual prevalence in heaven,  
—Forgive him, for he knew not what he did.—  
Go, when these Sabbath hours are past,—descend  
Back for a season to the toiling world,  
And ' fight thy fight of faith.' Bear up awhile  
In vexing conflict with its surge of cares  
And sorrows. Occupy thy little sphere,  
Stand at thy desolate or troublous post,  
A few more years, or days, as I thy lot  
Shall order : but henceforth forget not Me.  
Grieve not thy Lord—who gave his life for thine,  
And fought, and toil'd, and bled, and languish'd,  
more

Than all his martyrs :—how much more than thou !  
Wait all his holy pleasure : welcome death,  
Who comes with silent footstep but not slow :  
Who, if thou shalt ' be faithful' till he come,  
Comes as a friend, to smite thy fetters off,  
And loose thee for the inheritance on high.

It may be, I prevent him—and instead  
Of his keen dart, my gracious sceptre wave  
To touch and change thee ; for behold I come  
In ' clouds ' of glory ; and at such an hour  
As man thinks not,—my full redemption dawns  
Upon the slumbering world.

‘ Be watchful’ thou,  
And ‘ ready,’ for death’s advent, and for mine.  
If he precede, as thy own heart forebodes,  
And as his daily nearness warns thee,—still  
He bears thee to my presence.

‘ Watch and pray,’  
To meet me with thy lamp of grace unquench’d !  
Art thou now happy ?—is the Sabbath here  
A rest indeed ? Couldst thou be watching thus  
And scarce believe or ask a heavenlier home ?  
Then hither gaze henceforward—hither tend—  
Press on for this first prize of thy divine  
Vocation ; this first vision of my grace ;  
To this—then more than this ; my heaven, my throne,  
My presence, unsuspended, absolute,  
My full and free communion, most endear’d.”

—Such were the meanings,—O, how faintly here  
Recited!—which that elevating glimpse  
Of the Redeemer’s peerless majesty  
Gave to my spirit : till the gathering cloud  
Gently around that visible presence clos’d,  
Pavilioning the ‘ Sun of righteousness,’  
And I beheld him not. But still the form  
And image of that glory full of grace  
Dwelt in my mental sight : still soothing me  
As with the light of His own countenance,  
Who shrouded it, o’er ruin’d man to weep,—  
Who softens it, on ransom’d man to smile !



# AN AUTUMN DREAM.

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## PART III.

THE MUSINGS.—THE SOLITARY.—  
THE MONITIONS.—THE CONVERTS.—LYDIA.—  
SILAS.



Musings on earthly pursuits—of traffic—of science—of greatness—On eloquence—  
On affliction—A saint is heard in solitary worship, and then seen ; who kindly  
admonishes the writer—discoursing of divine love—of spiritual happiness, and  
its diversities—He invites the writer to a grove ; and as they proceed thither, speaks  
on Christian exaltation, and errors concerning it—They meet a convert of the saint  
—The latter relates the occasion of that conversion—Lydia, formerly known to  
himself, accosts the writer, and speaks on themes which deeply interest him—  
Then points out Silas and relates his story—On which the saint comments.

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## AN AUTUMN DREAM.

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EARTH, rolling earth, (our birth-place, not our  
home,)

On which we rove awhile, and feel thee vast  
And firm beneath us ;—how doth man forget  
That, with his moments, still thou glidest on,  
Thyself a little mass of moving dust,  
Like thy frail inmate !

Midst the solitudes

Of that yet smaller, but far happier orb,—  
With what a confluence of emotions, nurs'd  
By the sublime seclusion of those hills,  
I mus'd on thee, maternal earth, and thine :  
All thence invisible, but by memory there  
Or telescopic fancy, vividly,  
And, for the more part, painfully, brought nigh.

I mus'd upon thy traffic and sore toil  
Within that throng'd emporium, sleepless, huge,

The mighty London where this line is penn'd ;  
 Where eager commerce at the sea-ward wharf  
 Or close exchange, intent on glittering clay  
 And hot with competition, can exclude  
 The glittering heavens, yea Him 'above all heave  
 Who ' filleth all things ;' and with clangor of wh  
 Or more discordant voices, be content  
 To quell the whispers of eternity,  
 Severe or joyous.

—Then on you I mus'd  
 Flamens of plum'd Athena ; who, like Boyle,  
 Boerhaave, Linnæus, Ray,—with search acute  
 And ardent,—traverse many a chosen field  
 Or province of things made ; detecting still  
 In all the recondite, minute, remote,  
 Law, purpose, adaptation ; but unlike  
 Those minds—who thro' all nature trac'd her Lor  
 And theirs,<sup>36</sup>—neglect the Glorious Cause : or w  
 Ye someway own Him, yet disclaim his rule  
 As Guide, Judge, Saviour of immortal man.

Let not the truer and far happier sons  
 Of science,—who would be the sons of God,—  
 Account me to their nobler aims unjust.  
 To you I speak, who no true worship yield  
 Or credence, to the ' God of peace' and ' hope ;'  
 Our Guardian, our Redeemer, and our All.  
 —Ye coldly grant us,—some Primæval Power  
 Each atom once adjusted, mov'd each mass,

Impress'd each chemic and mechanic law,  
 Each blade hath organiz'd, each tide controls;  
 But while ye prove this counsel and this care  
 Incessant and exact, all nature's frame  
 Pervading, can push by with sapient scorn  
 And sceptic lightness,—e'en as things of nought,  
 Or 'idle tales' of superstition's school,—  
 God's counsel and his love reveal'd for *you*;  
 Put forth to pluck your thinking suffering selves  
 From pain and ghastly ruin.

Ye forsooth

Can trust old Fate and Hazard; ye are wise,  
 And lack not Heaven's tuition: rich with all  
 The noblest boons that genial Nature gives,—  
 'Rich and have need of nothing:' therefore bold  
 To spurn, unstudied, what our weakness deems  
 A costly and elaborate work divine—  
 God's work of love: unparallel'd as yet  
 And unrefuted, for Heaven's masterpiece  
 Of sanctity and kindness.

*That ye leave*

To rustics; unenlighten'd artisans;  
 Women and theologues; who blindly dote  
 On fantasies, prone to trust they know not what,  
 Unblest with access to the lightsome shrine  
 Where Pallas crowns her sons.

E'en could ye brook

What in our vulgar creeds is harsh and stern,  
 —Yet how might philosophic spirits bend .

To trust, to crave, to worship, to obey,  
With the weak herd.—True;—how is it ye deign  
To drink with these of the cheap stream; to break  
The bread which coarseness kneads and ignorance  
eats :

How to achieve your most abstruse research,  
With scalpel, lens, or sextant,—by that beam,  
That vulgar beam, which lights their rudest toils !  
O self-illumin'd !—wherefore stoop to share  
Heaven's sunshine with the rustic and the child ?  
But—till in this ye can refuse to be  
Coparceners with the meanest—is it well  
To scorn that other sunshine, yet unfelt,  
Of love and holiness,—because the mean  
And the unlearn'd are warm'd in it, and tell  
How much they prize the uncreated beam,  
In strains, it may be, from which taste revolts ?  
Bethink you,—if they yield heaven-nurtur'd fruits,—  
Whether these weak ones have not grop'd within  
Your most expert analysis, and reach'd  
A new caloric worth your skill to' evolve ?  
Most true,—alike of seen and unseen rays,  
Whether they emanate, undulate, impinge,  
These poor disciples know not ; nor have learnt  
To class the virtue or define the grace  
That blooms and ripens 'neath their lowly thatch,—  
No more than to unweave the sunny light,  
Or class the mountain flower.

These things *ye* know

And these it is right well that ye pursue ;  
But if the radiance which those dreamers feel,  
Though undefin'd, can cheer their failing hearts  
In the chill hour when outer sunlight dies,  
And science leaves them hopeless on the couch  
Where nature sinks forlorn,—then who hath seiz'd  
The dearest wisdom ?—yet of whom (forgive  
The query) were this pearl most justly claim'd ?  
Once more forgive,—if in that hallow'd realm  
Where knowledge turns to love, I breath'd one  
prayer,  
Idolaters of science, one for you !

Nor ceas'd my musings thus : they roam'd, O  
earth,  
Amid thy pomps ; thy gold-emblazon'd halls,  
Thy loftiest rivalries ; the' ambitious zeal,  
Or assentation and obsequious art,  
With which men court, or conquer, or “besiege,”  
“Court-favour” from thy lordly favourites,  
And access to thy conclaves ; where perchance  
Myself and thousands more, if Providence  
Had op'd those ‘slippery places’ to our feet,  
Were lur'd to wretchedness.

But from yon sphere,  
And with the vision of that recent dawn,  
Which had uncurtain'd Heaven, unfaded yet  
Within my soul,—O what, poor earth, could seem  
Thy gauds, thy prizes, more than scenic shows,

Fading, fallacious, bas'd on emptiness,  
With low device ill mask'd !

Nay, when I weigh'

Thy vaunted eloquence ; and chiefly that  
Which should be noblest, since it hath the deeds  
Of Heaven to build on,—how much more was felt  
From that high station, what e'en here we feel,  
—How coarse sometimes, or crude, how weak at  
best,

Too oft how weakly daring—are the thoughts  
Vain man propounds ; and how all symbols fail  
To utter what the entranced eye hath seen,  
Or e'en what in their sacred loneliness  
Some fervid hearts conceive.

Nor least, O Earth,

Realm of imprisoning griefs,—on those I thought,  
Who from thy freshening airs secluded, pine  
On beds of languor ; with the vexed frame  
' Toss'd to and fro till dawning,' while fierce pain  
Or helplessness—this with its viewless bonds,  
That with its iron crush of galling links—  
Bruise or exhaust the weary captive still.  
I mourn'd for those, so fetter'd, that had scorn'd,  
In youth and health, the gospel's embassy ;  
But most for such as in that darkest hour  
Contemn it still ; for whom no sacred hope  
—Or none but of most baseless sort and vague—  
Softens the direful gloom.

O'er some besides

I mourn'd, who though in uprightness they trod  
The narrow path,—and oftentimes with the smile  
Or voice of Christian kindness, other hearts  
Had solac'd, — now, through faintness of their  
    own,  
Or 'flesh' that 'faileth,' or damp chilling dews  
Cast on the darken'd mirror of the soul,  
Blotting its dearest prospects,—cannot read  
Their "title to a treasure in the skies."  
O'er such I griev'd a moment: yet, for them,  
Short was my sorrow; gladness chas'd it soon.  
I thought,—O rolling earth! how brief for these  
And transient is thine office; which dost serve  
But as a ponderous chariot to transport  
Those weary ones "a little onward,"—still  
In their rough path "a little farther on,"—  
And then dismiss them to this land of light  
And to their Lord, who is 'the Light thereof,'  
Far from thy cloudy wheel.

O yes, for such,  
How sweet to' anticipate the glad surprise,—  
When they shall reach their heavenly resting-place,  
And meet, in verity, that 'Prince of Life'  
Whom I beheld in vision.

Yet my soul  
Sank at the' invading doubt—wilt *thou* be there?  
Nor dar'd an answer: but those words of grace  
Which that unveil'd Redeemer late had seem'd  
To radiate in his peace-inspiring glance,



‘ I cleanse thy stains ’—and —‘ my refulgent  
wounds’—

Came welling through my heart.

O let it ne’er

Belie, with wrongful proud despondencies,  
His mightiness and earnestness to save !

—Thus, wrapt in various musings, had I roam  
Upon the mountain slopes, scarce conscious oft  
Whether I stood or wander’d : such my path  
As fleecy wanderers trace at summer eve  
On the green hill-side—browsing as they stray,  
And whiter than the chalky cliffs beneath—  
By Vecta’s smiling shore.

Still nature kept,

In holy calm, her silent festival,  
And sabbath hours roll’d on.

Pausing at length

Where rocks and shrubs oppos’d my devious way  
Near me a mild sonorous voice arose  
In recitation. ’Twas again our own  
Much honour’d tongue : the tongue that Milton  
spake,

And with consummate masterdom could wield ;  
Here with deep feeling utter’d,—with that pure  
Unstrain’d refinement which enunciates still  
In each expressive tone the speaker’s thought :  
—And thus, so far as weak remembrance now  
Collects it, flow’d the Solitary’s hymn.

— O Thou that ever art,  
From whom creation sprang ;

The worlds of matter, omniform, immense,  
Are but one psaltery of countless chords  
To hymn thine attributes,  
Unsearchably divine !

Spirits redeem'd,—seraphic,—or whoe'er  
Of yet more kingly superangelic powers,  
Thy wisdom bids to be,—  
The choral chords awake.

Without that spiritual adoring host  
Made and attun'd thy glorious works to' admire,  
Vain were the gorgeous wealth  
Of heavens and circling orbs.

Yet are these minds themselves harmonious still  
And inly vocal, should the visible frame  
Of matter's universe  
In formless Lethe sink.

Thus to be vocal was my thirst below,  
My spirit's sacred thirst ; but ne'er allay'd ;  
Save in those ever-blest  
And still remember'd hours,

When, twice, thine own effulgence half o'erwhelm'd

My fainting nature. But that glorious tide  
Is full and frequent now,  
Nor less replete with joy

For its blest frequency. No more I feel  
Of dull infirmity,—as when beneath  
The cumbersome night-veil,  
This exil'd spirit groan'd.

O Thou the Wise and Just, the Kind and  
In whom all loveliness and glory meet  
As in a luminous sphere  
Of grace immutable ;

Being intensely good, immensely great,  
From whom alone created power and love  
Their life and bliss derive,—  
Thy power, thy love, are mine.

Thy thoughts pervade my spirit ; grasp the  
Pierce every atom, span the void abyss ;  
Yet Thou, Creation's Lord,  
Art Love,—yea Love to me !

The Love that cast eternal splendours by  
And cloth'd itself in feebleness to save,—  
How shall its boundless strength  
Or tenderness decline ?

The hidden nearness of that Glorious Guest  
With whom my heart in lonely bliss retires,  
Sheds through my opening breast  
Its beatific fires.<sup>37</sup>

—Then,—as if caught up to still heavenlier mood  
Demanding heavenlier phrase,—the lonely saint  
Made high variation of his lyric strain  
In heaven's own speech ; and last, as if with thoughts  
Or intuitions e'en for that too deep,—  
Spake ' inwardly.' But I the while had mov'd  
As by a sacred incantation drawn,  
(And conscious of that more unmingled love  
To God's elect, which banishes all fear)  
Within the kén of that blest orator  
Kneeling beneath a cavern's spacious arch,  
Fretted with azure stalactites.<sup>38</sup> He knelt  
Fix'd, with clos'd eyes ; as if an archetype  
For Chantrey's or Canova's living busts,  
Which, mute and eyeless, seem to speak and look.  
So, in deep moveless rapture knelt perhaps  
Our sightless poet, when his soul conceiv'd  
The morning hymn of paradise.

At length,  
—As if, from Sion's dazzling heights, the mind  
Of him I watch'd had sunk awhile to rest,—  
Those eyelids were unclos'd to the fair scene  
All tranquil round us.

### But my own approach

Thus suddenly discern'd, no movement caus'd  
Betokening discomposure or surprise :  
Yet I drew gently back ; for now the sense  
Of half intrusive bearing cast a cloud  
On my new confidence : when straight he said,  
—Hail, stranger : nor suspect it grieves us here  
To have a partner in our orisons,—  
An auditor or witness unawares  
Of our delight in God ; in whom ourselves  
Most happy, are we fain to have each soul  
Of a lost race consociate in the joy.  
Hast thou on earth enough essay'd, my son,  
To be ' delighting ' in that Fount of life  
All-glorious and unfathomable still ?  
I fear thou hast not : for I heard of thee,  
What Fenelon late told his saintly peer,  
Our blessed Leighton ;—thou art poor as yet  
In the best wealth and wisdom, that is, love :  
Love to the sovereign Good ;—contemplative,  
Profound and fervent, intimate and pure.  
—So thou art come up hither more to learn  
What still thou lackest : that thy soul may crave  
The ' chiefest ' unction from the Holy One  
For thine interior sight ; and thus attain  
To commune with the all-transcending Fair  
In true delight, unmixt, unutterable—  
When the frail entrances of sense are shut ;  
Or when no outward sight or sound divine  
Enamoureth these. To-day thou hast enjoy'd

Like us, (the denizens of this fair land,)  
A vision of thy Lord.

My son, 'tis well  
For us, for thee, to' imbibe these bright displays  
External, of His essence who hath deign'd  
To' assume our nature : who doth robe Himself  
—In bright mutations of exhaustless skill—  
'With light as with a vesture.'

Thus his grace  
Elates, renews, and multiplies our joy  
Within this Eden ; thus, by modes ' unseen  
As yet,' the bliss of seraphs ; who behold  
His central glory' amid the ' heaven of heavens.'  
But O forget not,—their true heaven,—and thine,—  
Is in nought visible, palpable, extern,  
Nought audible ; 'tis in the sacred deep  
Of inmost love, made one with the divine ;  
Where holy souls, recluse from all things seen  
Bathe in the waveless ocean of the First  
And Perfect Beauty.<sup>29</sup>

O to this aspire ;  
Invoke the' Eternal Fount, the shoreless sea,  
Its hidden springs, its silent amplitude !

So, when recall'd from thy brief glimpses here  
Of ' open vision,' thou shalt newly tread  
Thy pilgrim path,—then, though it e'en should  
point  
Through the scorch'd deserts whence our Martyn  
rose,

Or the dank dungeons where our Howard wept,  
 Climbing "his open unfrequented path  
 To immortality"<sup>30</sup>—or when it shall  
 Conduct thee, as it must do, (soon perhaps,)  
 To thy own couch of deadly lassitude,  
 Where all the lovely 'handiwork' of God,  
 Sunshine, and stream, and verdure, can refresh  
 Thy dying eyes no more,—nay, when thy Lord,  
 —'To humble or to prove thee'—may withhold  
 From the dimm'd intellect and failing sense  
 All vision of things heavenly,—yet e'en then  
 Mayst thou, by patient and adherent faith,  
 And love, surviving through the damps of death's  
 Tremendous shadow, own a present God  
 'About thy bed,' and know that Heaven is near;  
 The essential Heaven which only sense can hide.

So spake the saint in soul-awakening tones,  
 And words than these far nobler.

But while I  
 In mute discouragement his words revolv'd,  
 Feeling their scope how arduous,—thus again  
 He spoke—Take courage! true thou' art 'slow c  
                   heart'  
 To grasp the' invisible with faith's strong hand,—  
 And fancy much ensnares thee.

Those from whom  
 I learn'd thy weakness, are themselves adept  
 In faithful watching, and in love's repulse .

And conquest; yet of them thou needst not ask  
 For aid; nor couldst perchance; for I foresee  
 This day thy sojourn ends: its evening hour  
 Will bear thee to the sphere of earthly toils  
 And 'fears' and 'fightings.'

Ask thy Lord and ours;  
 The omniscient Helper; Him no place or change  
 Can sever from thy spirit: and—'who' else  
 'Teacheth like Him?' not the most 'taught of God'  
 On earth, in Eden, or beside his throne.

Yet think not I rebuke thy pure desire  
 Of visible glories, or of social joys;  
 For both are good and holy:—mind was form'd  
 Not to be bodiless, but with living force  
 To inspirit bodies. E'en seraphic mind  
 Doth wed with subtle æther, or the spark  
 Of transcendental and innocuous fire,—  
 And lends it all that bright vitality,  
 Which the mere beam of heaven's most rubied star  
 Or the mere flash of heaven's most vivid bolt  
 Itself could never own.

And man was form'd,  
 E'en perfected, and heaven-indwelling man—  
 For frequency of outward impulses  
 And blissful alternations.

'The third heaven'  
 (So angels witness) is replete with these;  
 Of which e'en the most godlike—though from sense,  
 And matter all occult—beatitudes



Intrinsic to the spirit—yet acquire  
New augments by alternating with less  
And differing joys. Nay, thou hast yet to find,  
Much in our Eden (as thou hast discern'd  
In part already) like earth's fairest scenes  
And happiest works and holiest services,  
“ More than on earth is thought.”

Of this one pro  
Which may at once instruct thee and delight,  
Is here not far to seek.

For seest thou not  
Yon ‘bush’ of antique oaks, a stately group  
Of oval outline on the mountain's side?—  
Now wend we thither! Thou shalt find, I trust,  
'Twas pleasant to be there.

Rejoicingly  
I heard that summons; not less from desire  
Of such prolong'd companionship, than hope  
Of those new pleasures which his words presag'd:  
His words, whose name I had not to inquire;  
For, though untold, some characters of thought  
And phrase, (by faithless memory ill retain'd,)  
Announc'd the lofty and the catholic Howe;  
Lofty of intellect and large of heart.

So we mov'd on: I the glad listener most,  
As it behov'd me; but when now my looks,  
Or some significant words, appriz'd the saint  
That I divin'd my' associate, thus he spoke

With smile half-playful ;—Think not thou shalt find,  
 In this our blest re-union, none, save those  
 Who once were drest in brief publicity,—  
 Whom court and city knew, or whom dumb types,  
 Thought's magic scribes and heralds for your world,  
 Help 'being dead, to speak,' through many days  
 And many regions.

For in this same hour

Mayst thou meet some who trod the' obscurest  
 paths ;  
 And whom protracted sickness long forbad  
 Ev'n in those paths to move ; unseen, unknown,  
 Save to some feeble helper, or at most  
 To the lone search or casual visits rare  
 Of humble charity : such wilt thou meet  
 With gladness, if such own thy friendship here ;  
 And shalt feel more profoundly, what long since  
 Thou 'know'st in part ;—that not the popular  
 gaze,  
 Not strength of reason, not conception's power,  
 Not learning's narrow stores which fools count great,  
 (Still less the idolizing looks of worms  
 On fellow-worms with these bright loans endow'd,)  
 No, not when all is dedicate to God,—  
 Can show 'who shall be greatest,' or foredate  
 The first, most blissful, or sublimest lot  
 In Christ's eternal empire.

That shall be

'For whom it is prepared :' whom his will

Doth for it most prepare : the most intent  
In 'singleness of heart' to please their Lord  
By action or by suffering : sufferers long  
Perhaps, who 'neath some poor and lonely roof,  
With 'love unfeigned,' and triumphant meek  
Endurance,—preach'd to angels, if not men,  
The silent miracle of conquering grace.  
Ah, ponder it, my son ; some that were 'last'  
In the vain world's false reckoning,—that were held  
But very ciphers there,—nay, some 'the least  
Esteem'd' it may be 'in the church' below,  
Shall in their Lord's divine Epiphany  
Be yet the 'first.'

He paus'd ; and his first words  
Had wak'd some pleas'd anticipation, midst  
The sequent warning : for I had not fail'd,  
Though brief was my experience, to perceive  
Some spirits there inscrutably endow'd  
With strange presension ; (such as many' have  
deem'd

Not e'en to mortal history all unknown :)  
So that I sent inquiring looks around  
The unobstructed circuit of those plains :  
And mark'd that some, on either hand, were near,  
Singly or group'd, whose bent appear'd like ours  
Towards the tall oaken shade : whom, while by turns  
I view'd—at sight of my conductor, one  
Rush'd to our path ; then with that temper'd warmth  
Which mingling love and veneration prompt,

Exclaim'd—O father and deliverer, hail !  
Hail to thy Lord and mine, ' the First and Last !'  
'The Author and the Finisher of faith !'

From each of us all praise and love to Him ;  
But next from me to thee ; who didst proclaim  
And, as the channel of his grace, convey,  
Pardon and life celestial to my soul !  
Hail, Father ; be thy Lord's own joy still thine,  
For, like thy Lord, it was thy joy to save.  
—So spake he fervently. The noble Howe  
Benignly look'd, dropp'd a paternal tear,  
And said—'Tis well ; I bless that bounteous Lord,  
If thou to me canst give rejoicing thanks  
As his weak messenger ; but, O, how much,  
How all incomparably more, to Him,  
We have to learn for ever !

Weigh thou this,

My brother, and adore Him for us both,  
As I will also : for thyself adore  
Whom sovereign grace hath rescued ; then for me  
Whom for thy rescue that same grace detain'd.

Then to his happy convert motioning  
A kind adieu,—this saint (pursued my guide)  
Was a poor Cambrian herdsman ; his abode,  
Where Mona's western cliffs the Atlantic sun  
Empurples, streaming over Erin's hills ;  
Cliffs where the ruthless Druid tyranniz'd  
With rites of blood, till scarce less ruthless Rome's

Sea-cleaving eagles chas'd him from his prey.\*

Once by those cliffs,—a destin'd voyager  
To Ireland's coast, but held by adverse winds,  
It was my lot to tarry. There I preach'd  
'The glorious gospel of the blessed God ;'  
On those sequestered shores, alas, too rare,  
And therefore ' precious.'

So that incident  
Was nois'd on Mona's hills ; and many, thence  
Observing still our wind-imprison'd bark,  
Flock'd to the port when sabbath hours return'd,  
Intent to hear the stranger. Me meanwhile  
Had illness through that second holy morn  
Kept on my couch ; but when appriz'd of this,—  
I felt the concourse as my Master's call ;  
Rose, in reliance on the ' Strong' for ' strength,'  
And, " as a dying man to dying men"—  
Spake words of life. The herdsman's heart was  
mov'd ;

Nor his alone. That day the hand of God  
Had touch'd the speaker's lip, the listener's ear ;  
And not a few among those simple men  
Have blest, and still bless, the propitious gale  
Which, to my progress adverse, help'd to waft  
Them to the port of peace.

O God of Love,  
Unsearchable ! ' thy way is in the sea,'

\* See Tacitus, *Annal.* xiv. c. 29, 30.

And "on the wings of all the winds" thy throne,  
Girt with unpierced clouds; yet 'thy delight'  
Is 'loving-kindness;' and in this alone  
Thy saints shall 'glory.'<sup>31</sup>

Thus of sacred themes

Discoursing, my instructor drew me on  
Almost absorb'd; but now again our steps  
Met welcome hindrance;—one approaching us  
With haste, whose eye inquisitively fix'd  
On me: while mine obscurely seem'd to trace  
Some likeness ill-remember'd. But by her  
More prompt the recognition; for, not long  
Forbearing speech, she ask'd with accent mild,  
—Dost thou forget poor Lydia?—Lydia?—no;  
Not *now*, good Lydia, when your voice I hear.  
This suddenly brings back the tone, the look,  
With which, in vanish'd years, you still would cite  
God's words of comfort; and from that low bed  
Where chronic anguish bound you, all those years  
Would teach by blest example; sealing all  
Your ready texts by "confirmations strong"  
From your own cheerful patience.

—Hast thou seen—

(Abruptly came her query, as 't were meant  
To break my praises off)—say, hast thou seen  
Thy blessed mother?—canst thou have to learn  
Her sojourn is so near us? 'Tis but now  
I left her bower, which sainted friends (and most  
Of all perhaps, thy sainted friend and mine,

Dorcas,—the mother of the distress'd,) frequent  
With placid joy and holy.

Midst the glade  
Where violets cluster, and the woodbine asks  
Her unreluctant hand,—a gentle guide  
To climb with through “the leafy labyrinth”—  
Rests thy fond parent; while upon the turf  
Close round her, many a plummy flutterer lights  
Familiar, asking now her crumbs no more;  
Still—where no snow-flake chills the ruffled wing—  
In vernal gladness twittering.

Doubt not, I  
Full oft am there, who felt her kindness more  
‘Than many sparrows.’

Oft that kindness brought  
Her aged steps, lov'd visitant, to me—  
Poor prisoner of God's providence below.  
But now, poor Lydia, with a facile step,  
Like Lazarus at his Lord's behest unbound,  
Or rather with a buoyancy unlike  
All movements made on earth, can visit too;  
Visit indeed without a woe to seek,—  
But, though no griefs be here to mitigate,  
Perchance my grateful love some drops instils  
Into her cup of joy.—Can I forget  
Her former kindness? E'en thine earthly mind,  
Us'd to forgettings, would not judge me so.  
But, little know'st thou, how tenacious grown,  
—How prompt, and fresh, and circumstantial here,—

"The memory of the heart."

As Lydia spoke,

Noting the while with kindly scrutiny  
On my sad brow tokens of 'hope deferr'd,'  
And somewhat of 'heart-sickness,'—her quick  
thought

Divin'd the interdict; and mildly said  
—I see it may not be:—but murmur not—  
Whom thou lov'st best are happy: wait for Him  
Who ordereth all things well: his times be thine:  
And, may not one be wanting, when He brings  
The parted families of earth and heaven,  
The first, the dearest, and the latest home;  
Home, e'en from paradise, to complete their bliss,  
To bind them up in love's immortal band,  
Entwining hearts where death no heart-strings tears!  
—But now, observe one present, who, albeit,  
Through inadvertence, or the doubtful plea  
Of manifold occupation, and new claims  
For busy, social, studious moments still,—  
Thou knew'st him not, dwelt but a little space  
From thy own threshold.

That her mild reproof  
Was just, I question'd not; then look'd on him,  
—A youth of delicate and thoughtful cast—  
Who stood beside her, watching as she spoke  
With filial love.

This child of early grief,  
—Continued the good Lydia,—from his dawn



Of thought, still languish'd ; nor had ever known  
Exhilarating freedom, nor glad hours  
Of heedless pastime in the pebbly rill  
Or dewy fern-brake : e'en the blessed sun,  
—From that low pallet in a street-built nook—  
Was undiscern'd.

Lanes thou hast often trod,  
—Not knowing, or forgetting, if thou knewst,  
This child of sorrow and of mercy there—  
Form'd 'twixt his little chamber and my own  
The unromantic way.

His days were spent  
(Still wearier else) in tasks of needlework ;  
The paralytic limbs and posture forc'd  
Refusing other toil. We vainly wish'd  
To meet ; since the poor Silas had been told  
Of my strict bondage, I of his : for oft  
With others' ills compassion tries to soothe  
The afflicted,—who may some faint solace find  
Even in a distant fellowship of woe.

I lov'd the helpless youth unseen ; and long'd  
That he might taste the soul-reviving stream  
Of hope in Christ. Just then to me was brought,  
By thy kind parent's ministering hand, a page  
On which the Saviour's words, of grace and peace,  
Were with the simple narrative inwoven  
Of one, a sufferer like ourselves ; that learn'd  
From those sustaining truths, the load of life  
To' endure in calm assurance.

This I lent

To Silas ; and an orphan child,—herself  
 Train'd in that honied hive of charities  
 Where mirthful infants gather in their sports  
 The rudiments of knowledge—first became  
 His reader—then his tutoress ; till the youth,  
 Won by her smiling aid, soon conn'd with ease  
 The lines else undecipher'd.

My small loan

Prov'd more a treasure than those hoarded leaves—  
 The strange equivalents for 'much fine gold ;'  
 Or mystic representatives, of all  
 The flocks and harvests of 'a thousand hills.'  
 Those may the ' princely ' merchant take, and seem  
 To lift a province in his willing palm.  
 But—though more slight than the papyrus scroll  
 Which Egypt sometimes buried with her dead,—  
 None ' carries ' these from earth's low confines ' out,'  
 Nor on their graven superscription finds  
 One promissory cipher for the skies.

Mine was a note of ampler promise far,  
 Yea boundless. Silas trusted and rejoic'd ;  
 Through the long sameness of his following years  
 In meekness waited ; then in peace expir'd,  
 And came his fellow-captive first to greet  
 Where sickness comes to none.

She ceas'd ; but Howe

Exclaim'd with fervour,—Go, my son ; persuade  
 Your suffering saints that they may *do* God's work

While bearing all his will.

Not only hath  
Their passive meekness a 'still voice' of power,  
But e'en their feeblest words or speechless signs  
Have active might.

Thou' hast known indeed, and taug  
These things; but to repeat them still, 'is safe'  
For all,—for no one 'grievous.' Lay them up  
In thy own heart for days when 'flesh shall fail,'  
And write them with new certainty.—The sick;  
The paralys'd; the fetter'd; may be still,  
—Not less than angels in their flight sublime—  
God's messengers; and reap the sweetest meed  
Of heaven-taught charity.

He sends, heals, saves  
'By whom He will send.'—

To that charge I gave  
My best assent; and we advanc'd awhile  
In meditative silence towards the grove.

# AN AUTUMN DREAM.

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## PART IV.

THE GROVE.—THE ASSEMBLY.—THE HOMILY.  
—LUCIA.—THE SAINTS.—TIMANTHES.—  
THOMAS.

Address to our Saviour—The writer inquires concerning the change of Lydia ; and is answered by his guide—who announces that he shall see another known to him—They reach the Grove ; which, with the assembly in it, is described—One appears who addresses the assembly—Sketch of his address—Its effect on the auditory—Lucia begins their hymn—Her story is given by the saint ; who also points out others of the assembly—Timanthes, as he approaches, is described ; and himself relates an incident—Lydia speaks of Thomas, the companion of Timanthes—The writer is exhorted by her and by the saint.

## AN AUTUMN DREAM.

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'FORERUNNER,'—whom the ransom'd hosts adore,—  
Thyself 'the Resurrection and the Life;'  
Once self-abas'd, now reigning, to redeem  
Our spirits from the vassalage of hell,  
And our 'vile bodies' from the bands of death,—  
How 'wonderful the counsels' of thy power,  
'And excellent' thy 'working!' how divine  
That energy which will ere long conform  
All thine to Thee!—omnipotently raise  
Meanness to beauty, helplessness to strength;  
'Dishonour' to the splendours of thy home,  
And destitution to the wealth of Heaven!  
If lowly minds and forms, a change so blest  
In this their shadowy waiting-time disclose,  
How shall they 'shine forth' in the 'unclouded morn  
Of thy triumphal advent; when the sav'd  
Receive their full adoption,—and assume  
The 'glorious body,' fashion'd like thy own!

—Such were my thoughts, as o'er that tranquil plain  
 In meditative silence, we pass'd on :  
 But soon, I felt that silence culpable,  
 Which sought not more to' elicit and to learn  
 From such associate ;—and then said,—How strang  
 That features of so coarse and homely mould  
 As once were the good Lydia's, should be thus  
 Expressive, fair, refin'd—but still her own ;  
 Chang'd—without losing their original type,—  
 The same, yet other.

Ah, thou knowst not yet

Said he,—the plastic power of spirits renew'd,  
 When the “clay cottage” drops,—and they put on  
 The flexile vest ethereal.

True, there are

Ev'n of the fall'n, in that fall'n dwelling, some,  
 Whose mien may teach us,—and God meant it so—  
 What once the unfallen were. If these attain  
 His inward image also—comeliness  
 Delights indeed ; while if, within, yet rules  
 The serpent Foe,—then outward beauty shines  
 —E'en though Herodias wear it with a crown—  
 But as a stained ‘jewel’ in the head  
 Of the herd's leader, where from Gàdara's steep  
 Their dizzy madness rush'd into the flood.

Those, who, on earth, by designation rare,  
 And apt consension of the mind and form,  
 Were made not only beautiful without,  
 But ‘glorious within,’—have here assum'd

An aspect, which exalts, yet alters not,  
The grace and nobleness they own'd below.\*

Others,—like Lydia, need more obvious change ;  
Yet these, when most transfigured, still retain  
Some lineament or some expression here,  
Which to our glad remembrance oft presents  
The former self; and wakes our wondering thought;  
Linking, in diverse strange identity,  
The now so graceful with the once uncouth :  
Or the worn face which care and age deform'd,  
With that whence holy peace and rapture gleam.

'Twill not be now thy destiny, my son,  
To look, with near discriminating view,  
On patriarchs or on prophets, or the host  
Of apostolic martyrs; to discern  
(As once on earth Christ's chosen did) the face  
Of Moses or Elias,—shining more,  
Than when the first from Sinai's trembling peak  
Descended; or that fiery chariot soar'd  
From parted Jordan's vale. Those holiest bands  
Of more illustrious spirits,—not ourselves  
As yet, by close and intimate access,  
Have been allow'd to know.

But thou mayst find  
Within the precinct of yon solemn oaks,  
What, though much less exalted, will revive  
Much that the Martyrs' Isle would fail to raise;  
Pure recollections, gladdening to thy heart.  
One face, at least, shalt thou contemplate, known



On earth ; which, even there,—when lifted up  
In strong aspiring thought, and ignited  
As with the ‘ altar coal,’—(they tell that saw)  
Was ne’er to be forgotten ; and if it were,  
Ill have I judg’d its tokens, as at first  
Configur’d so, that mortal eyes obtuse  
Might read the’ expansion, and revere the mind.

Thus, in beguiling converse,—while the youth  
And Lydia had preceded,—we approach’d  
That grove ; and enter’d slowly’ as by an aisle  
Of nature’s arching. Thence an oval space  
Op’d in our front,—whose green acclivity  
By frequent natural steps in wavy lines  
Was travers’d. On its borders, but within  
The circuit of the venerable oaks,  
Pillars of stone their grey and massive heads  
At intervals uprear’d : a few lay prone,  
And some aslant,—as in the roofless fane  
Of *Sorbiodunum*,\* dedicate by those  
Who ‘ hasted after idols’—ignorant  
Of Him that asks and gives the contrite heart ;  
Pouring, with hands inur’d to cruelty,  
Relentless as their sacrificial stone,  
‘ Drink offerings of blood.’

But this retreat,

\* The name of the Roman station at Sarum, in ages when the  
superstitious and cruel rites at Stonehenge had perhaps not  
altogether ceased.

Rear'd on the plains which violence ne'er invades,  
Seem'd destin'd for celestial bloodless rites ;  
A true 'high place' and unpolluted 'grove,'  
To shame the accursed groves of Baalim  
And the red stones of Woden.

Here each rock  
Was garlanded by nature's peaceful hand  
With climbing green ; and the soft sacring air  
Breath'd gently in the dark and rustling tops  
Of those unfading interarched trees  
Its freshest incense.

On a spot like this  
The Son of man, methought, by crowds pursued  
Amidst the woodlands of the desert, rang'd  
Those fainting thousands : and in pity gave  
At once the loaves his power had multiplied,  
And his own manna, the 'true bread from heaven.'

Thus, on each terrac'd seat, a white-rob'd band  
Was tranquilly convening ; and the most  
In stillness sat,—while some with under tone  
Or speaking looks held converse.

But on each  
Whom I beheld, there dwelt amidst the smiles  
Of holy peace and thankfulness elate,  
A trace, that seem'd as if indelible,  
Of "corporal sufferance" past.—Pain once had  
drawn

Her graphic touches round the lips—though now  
The deepest gravings of her sterner hand

Seem'd half effac'd by joy.

As still I look'd,

Each bank receiv'd new occupants : while some,  
For order not for ease reclining, lean'd  
By the dark forest trunks ; a massy foil  
To their bright flowing vesture. Soon there rose  
A whisper as of gladness round,—and then  
The hush of pleas'd expectance : nor its cause  
Was long conceal'd ; for near a giant stone  
Which lay transversely at the lowermost end  
Of that elliptic area,—I perceiv'd  
One newly enter'd : one on whom these eyes  
And this enchained mind have often hung,  
Drinking in truth. Ne'er had he worn indeed  
Rank's rich insignia, nor the violet vest  
Of office ; ne'er, like Massillon, had aw'd  
Monarch and court ; or made the stately roofs  
Of regal minsters echo to his lore.  
Yet, well I ween, not with more majesty  
The saintly and intrepid Ambrose stood,  
In that square pulpit of unsculptur'd stone  
At Mediolanum,—when his dauntless word  
Had stopp'd the blood-stain'd sovereign of the west  
From unrepentant prayer.”

But he on whom

We gaz'd, had now more heavenly gentleness,  
Though not of firmness less.

The' imperial brow

And ample bust, wrapt in the lucid fold

Of that celestial raiment, spake the soul  
Which erst on earth they shadow'd : blending here  
In high and venerable affinity,  
Softness and strength. He, reverently, lean'd  
Upon that uncarv'd tribune, moss yclad,  
Nor ask'd for other velvet ; look'd a prayer,  
Inwrought, intense ; then with quick tone subdued  
And utterance almost hesitant, pronounc'd  
The few divine apocalyptic words—  
'There shall be no more pain.'

But of what more

He spake, with that blest promise for his theme,  
—How dare I broken relics to present,  
Poor fragments from that edifice sublime  
Of lowly praise and lofty argument,  
Of faith and reason's pillar'd heights compact,  
By this ' wise master builder's' mind uprais'd  
On the firm base of evangelic truth  
And of that bright prediction.—'Twas a pile  
Of massive thought ; a votive obelisk  
To the creation's rescue and his own.<sup>34</sup>

He told of pain's dark influx, in the wake  
Of sin's infernal torrent, o'er our world :  
Sculptur'd its writhing spasm,—its restless doze,  
Gathering from dire exhaustion strength for woe ;—  
And direr yet, its conscience-venom'd dart  
Rankling and barb'd ;—the very pain of pain,—  
That cuts and graves its lineage all from guilt ;

Or worse, that brands its recent parentage,  
Secret or undisguis'd—'presumptuous sin,'  
In some sharp stigma on the tortur'd frame.

Then, as if half recoiling at the group  
Which thought had form'd,—his own Laocoon,—  
The sainted teacher paus'd : and I the while  
—With eye quick glancing at his auditors—  
Saw the chill wave of re-imagined pangs  
Which shuddering recollection heav'd athwart  
The silent throng. But instant he pursued,  
Chasing that billowy sadness from his front  
And theirs.—For now his milder voice extoll'd  
Pain, the predestin'd healer of the soul ;  
Whose wormwood chalice and whose briery wand  
Dispel earth's base illusions ; at whose touch  
E'en hearts of flint, if grace have breath'd on them,  
Their depths of hardness and demerit own,—  
And owning, like the smitten rock flow forth ;  
First in the streams of lowly penitence,  
Then of diffusive kindness.

Somewhat thence

Digressing, now with raptur'd smile he spake  
Of pain's delightful intervals ; oft more  
Enjoy'd and priz'd by dull forgetful man  
Than the long wonders of continuous ease.

Last, of its true and blest cessation ; where  
No weak oblivious habitude, no chill  
Of base unthankfulness, can mar the boon ;  
Where memory with strong tints and outlines paints

Each roughness of the "straight and thorny way,"  
 Each "sharpness overcome," each woe long past;  
 Where rest is luxury; and undrooping Hope  
 Still journeys up through all the painless spheres,  
 E'en to His throne whose own beatitude  
 Attracts and binds the holy.

Thus,—by new  
 And swift degrees upkindling with his theme,—  
 Still flash'd new ardours forth:<sup>35</sup> the poet eye  
 "Glancing from heaven to earth, from earth to  
 heaven;"

Now at the fearful retrospect of pains  
 Intense, long-during, by himself endur'd,  
 Then the bright Now of his sublime repose,  
 And then the immortal Future.

Hard it was  
 From his rapt eye to turn; yet was I fain  
 To look once more on them that gaz'd on it,  
 —A breathless company.

The living flush  
 Came on each cheek: the warm consentient tear  
 Hung trembling—the same passion wrought around  
 Each quivering lip—yet held by the strong curb  
 Of deep attention.

But now once again  
 The flood of that o'ermastering eloquence  
 Some moments paus'd.—I felt the total hush  
 Of those enchanted listeners; as if nought  
 Were round me but mute oaks, and Zephyrus' self

Had stopt his gentlest breathing.

Thus within

The dome where Chrysostom his lofty strains  
 Once pour'd—that dome by Islam long usurp'd  
 In proud Stamboul—the turban'd multitude  
 With such deep noiseless veneration bow,<sup>36</sup>  
 A dropt pin (travellers tell) might well nigh praise  
 Their silence audibly; and whisper shame  
 On those light Greeks, call'd Christian, who of yore  
 Alternate to the maddening Hippodrome  
 And to the House of God, would giddily bring  
 Murmurings and plaudits; whom the golden lips  
 Of their fam'd prelate now rebuk'd, now charm'd.  
 —O that the reverent silence of the mosque  
 Disgrac'd the' old Greeks alone!

Short now the pain

Of him who in that holier area spake,  
 And in whose auditory no false guise  
 The wandering heart or indevout conceal'd.

Then,—with new gather'd energy,—as when  
 A stately galliot ploughs the silent sea  
 Right onward, with accelerated course  
 At dead of night,—what time the risen gale  
 Swells every topsail, and about each dark  
 And massy side, and at her foamy prow,  
 Quick phosphorescent gleams like lambent fire  
 Coruscate,<sup>38</sup>—so the impassion'd man of God,  
 With mightier impetus his high career  
 Accomplish'd. Ah, for his own burning words,

Not these cold embers !

—Brethren, endless praise

To Him, whose love ineffable redeem'd,  
And heal'd, and brought you hither ; here ye need  
No more incitement to invoke his grace  
That mortal pains may yield immortal fruits  
Of holy gladness : for ye taste and see  
Their conscious ripening. Unto Him be praise  
Whose cross annihilates yours,—we need no more  
Forearm you to expect its awful weight,  
And with meek faith to welcome and endure,  
As in yon vale of sorrows. Ye' had not ask'd  
Words on the sabbath from this feeble tongue,  
Nor in their turn from nobler tongues than mine,  
Save as faint organs of the heaven-taught whole ;  
Weak but glad echoes of that innermost voice  
Which through each soul in stillness vibrated  
Around me, long ere thus my own invites  
Your glowing praises.—I behold each eye  
With quick and hallow'd eloquence respond.—  
Extol we then with deathless ardours Him  
Our lov'd Deliverer ; him that vanquish'd Pain,  
Bore her chief load, and bow'd with it for us ;  
Yea bow'd to court the monster Evil's coil,  
And agoniz'd within it ; but who rest  
In that fell hour the dragon of his ' sting ;'  
Nay, bad the fierce constriction of his grasp  
Extort the willing wonder-working streams  
Which stanch'd all wounds for us : till we can call



To the dark grave—'where now thy victory,  
To death,—'where now thy sting!'—till we can  
    praise,  
With the glad shout of captives disenthral'd,  
That Victor who prepar'd our Paradise,  
Who is Himself our Heaven!

    Ye too can teach  
Me, in your turn, to praise Him. Ye have felt  
The glorious, tranquil, yet o'erwhelming joy,  
Of full redemption from all grief and guilt,  
From sin's base earthliness, and earth's cold tombs  
Ye feel the blessedness of honouring Him  
'Who freely gave you all things' at the cost  
Of measureless griefs;—Him in whom still the pulse  
Of God's own love beats tangibly; who here  
Upholds you as 'a spectacle to worlds  
And angels,'—spoils from outer darkness borne  
To glory by omnipotent desire;  
Round whom He dwells as your eternal Shield;  
For whom, made faultless, there is pain no more.  
—Throughout that utterance, his "excursive" eye  
Darted, in swift succession, with a flight  
More meteor-like than ev'n his winged words,  
On many of that blest audience; questionless  
Heroic sufferers, whose sublimer faith  
His kindred heart embrac'd.—These too had long  
Uprisen; attracted from their grassy seats  
Unconsciously; and the last ardent links  
Of thought's magnetic chain, with swift constraint

Seiz'd e'en the lingering ; so that now not one  
On the green area rested.

Flowing robes  
Veil'd all its wavy verdure with a cloud  
Of lucid whiteness ; and on that there beam'd  
The bright mosaic fram'd of living gems,  
The pavement of the human face divine  
Lit up with ecstasy.<sup>39</sup>

He watch'd the scene  
An instant,—drawing back in conscious might,  
—Yet feeling but a harp-string in His hand  
Who wakes and tunes the harmonists of heaven—  
Then with a sudden transport, unrepress'd,  
Exclaim'd—Come, *let* us praise Him !—and out-  
pour'd

A tide of adorations which my soul  
Despairs to summon back, despairs again  
To hear,—till in that ' undefiled ' grove,  
If sovereign grace entitle and ' make meet,'  
(Grace infinite—which can all weakness heal,  
All sinfulness expel, all guilt erase,  
And triumph o'er the ' impossible with man,')  
We shall adore together.

At its close  
Once more he cried, with earnest emphasis,  
—Come, let *us* praise Him !—and those raptur'd  
bands  
Seem'd all o'erflowing with incipient song,  
Yet none the song began.

None fail'd in zeal,  
Or skill, or compass : none could there complain  
(Not e'en the visitant, who here may grieve  
For such default,) of less discerning ear,  
Or voice less tuneable. Yet each was held  
In mute delay, as shrinking from the reach  
Of their transcendant theme : till suddenly  
One—midst the oaken foliage half conceal'd,  
And diffident as the rest, but unawares  
Master'd by strong emotion,—burst the bond  
Of that suspense.—On her once sable hue  
—Still dark, but soften'd—gleams vivacious play'd  
As if from Afric's noon-day ; for her cheek  
Had glow'd and laugh'd in volatile infancy  
Under that tropic blaze.

'Twas Lucia's voice,  
Soft, simple, unambitious ; but it thrill'd  
All hearts, because the fulness of her own  
Was in it : most unwittingly she gave  
The key-note for their chorus : at whose touch  
Forth every rill of secret music flow'd  
Melodious, and the vocal stream swell'd high.

—Let us praise Him ! Yes, for ever  
Love's immortal triumph swell !  
Blissful—endless—vain endeavour !  
Who thy victories, Love, can tell ?  
Yet O praise Him—Love was slain ;—  
Therefore—therefore—' no more pain !'

Praise Him?—Mark those eyes that languish,—  
Hark—that pleading faltering breath !  
Sav'd by Love's once dying anguish  
Ye could never ' taste of death !'  
He had quaff'd its inmost pain—  
Brethren—sisters—Love was slain,—

Drank our poison-cup of sorrow,  
' Bore our sins upon the tree !'  
Therefore—through the' eternal morrow,—  
From sin's direful bondage free,  
Tell the Heavens—your Love was slain,  
And ' there shall be—no more pain !'

List, where earth's ' creation groaneth '  
In its guilt, and toil unblest;  
Tell the earth ; that Love enthroneth  
Ransom'd souls in glorious rest.  
Tell all worlds ;—“ our Love was slain,”<sup>40</sup>  
Therefore—therefore—' no more pain !'

They ceas'd ; and I stood motionless ; enrapt  
In that high strain ;—till the benignant Howe  
' Touch'd me ' (so Gabriel once the adoring seer)  
And by the touch my charmed thought recall'd ;  
Then told me Lucia's story of her bonds  
And of her soul's best liberty ; which mine  
Rejoic'd to treasure ;—told how robber hands  
Snatch'd the scar'd infant, sitting by the palm

That screen'd her mother's hut, and forc'd afar,  
Pent in their sea-girt prison, to the shore  
Where sons of Mammon rack'd her frame with t  
But, midst those pangs and slowly wasting years  
The Son of God to Lucia's cabin sent  
His heavenly truth, to 'make' her spirit 'free,'—  
And it *was* free. Nor tyranny nor guile  
Prevail'd to bind it, or seduce from Him  
Whose word of loving kindness was more dear  
Than Gambia's waters, to her fainting soul.  
Meekly she yielded to the torturing scourge  
Rather than yield to sin, or cease to' exalt  
Him that had travers'd the deep seas of grief  
To meet the scourge for her.

And did that Lord  
Whose mission was 'to heal the broken heart,'  
Forsake the faithful bondswoman?

His grace  
Reviv'd her, through captivity's long gloom,  
With sweetest hope. His holiest comforts breath'  
Around her sinking and scarce pillow'd head,—  
Till death, the true emancipator, death  
That warns the tyrant as he claims the slave,  
—Arm'd with no scourge, and with no robber  
hand—

Unlock'd the spirit from its shatter'd cell,  
The unpriz'd jewel from the Egyptian's hold,  
That it might sparkle here.<sup>41</sup>

And now (he ask'd)

Observ'st thou, near to Lucia, one that goes  
With joyous haste to greet her? Didst thou ne'er  
Gaze on that eye where Mercy's call adjur'd  
Her tardy sons,—or where the senate lent  
Its more fastidious ear, and e'en the stern  
Of mood, or scornful of his holiest aim,  
Confess'd he 'charm'd them wisely?'

So my guide

Announc'd—with welcome though superfluous  
words—

Him whom without that aid I promptly knew.  
'Little of stature,' but his countenance cast  
A genial spark of pure philanthropy,  
That flew like morning to the cloudy west,  
And gilded all the densest shades of woe.  
Twas he whose name the negro-mother sings  
To lull her darling; and thy every shore,  
World of the west, must shout the blessing back,  
When all thy freemen learn to make man free!  
For learn they must: though Europe's bitter laugh,  
Too just, too poignant,—now may sting, and rouse  
A proud repugnance,—shall not self-respect—  
Plain equity—and pure religion—wake  
To feel the right;—and home-taught Freedom then  
(Avowing nobly her delusion past)  
Pluck the strange brandmark from her blushing brows  
As the curst heir-loom of a servile age?  
—Bright jubilee—to light yet holier fires  
Of grateful gladness in his eye serene

Who strove for injur'd Afric not in vain,  
Who lov'd her children where he wrought below  
And loves them where he rests.

—But now the v  
Of Howe withdrew me.—Ere these bands disper  
'Twill vary and increase thy joy to look  
On other saints, whom I with gladness too  
Shall indicate ; whom thou couldst ne'er behold  
On earth, for they departed ere thy course  
Had yet begun ; but were embalm'd for thee  
And for the militant church—like victors laid  
In funeral chambers with their arms around—  
Or in biography's memorial page,  
Or in their own bequests of sacred thought,  
More precious.

The good Lydia still thou seest  
And close to her the youth Silvanus stands  
As with a second parent, meekly glad :  
Before those twain walks holy Corbet : erst  
By the slow martyrdom of sharp disease  
Rack'd, but still blessing Him that urg'd the thor

Upon his left,—as in strict friendship join'd,—  
The earnest presbyter of Wintringham ;  
Who shar'd that anguish later ; when the first  
Had ceas'd, with us, from his hard warfare long ;  
But like him, learn'd to note down cordial thank  
For keenest deepest wounds,—confiding still  
That love must guide the lance which mercy mak  
See yonder, now retiring midst the grove,

Our venerated Baxter ; who through youth  
And manhood sicken'd ; but his spirit's fire  
From forth its fragile lamp the brightlier shone.<sup>44</sup>  
And here Susanna ; 'mid whose wearisome months,  
And from her pain'd but unrepining heart,  
"Songs in the night" ascended, (like those heard  
Within Philippi's dungeon) which have sooth'd  
With their unlearn'd and artless minstrelsy  
Full many a humble sufferer.<sup>45</sup>

Near her, look,  
Where Theodosia comes ;—whose lot below  
Far differ'd ; nurtur'd in the happier walks  
Of rural ease ; whose sacred verse was fram'd,  
Though simple, for the cultur'd and refin'd ;  
But who the same " immortal Saviour " lov'd,  
And like Susanna bore his daily cross  
In lengthen'd anguish, through the darkening vale,  
Still by his own immortal grace sustain'd.<sup>46</sup>  
See how she meets her lowlier sister here,  
(With the warm glance which true affection wakes,  
And the deep fellowship of souls akin ;)  
Sister in Christ, sweet psalmodist for Him  
And for his church ; nor scorns the memory  
Of her less tuneful lyre.—

While thus he spake  
I mark'd two saints advancing ; one of these  
With courteous gesture,—though yet distant—hail'd  
My guide ; who now resum'd ;—I pray thee, note  
Yon elder, that salutes me as he comes ;



The loftier and more gladsome of the twain ;  
How his eye sparkles, and his "cheerful look"  
Hath healing in it. Him they here surname  
—And, if I rightly guess, in playful sort,  
With veil'd allusion to his name below,—  
Timanthes ; long on earth my friend,<sup>47</sup> 'esteem'd  
Highly in love;' and who departing thence,  
Left me such stores as Plato never own'd  
Nor Æsculapius ; treasures of God's word,  
Imprinted rarely, criticis'd with skill,  
And costly ; which himself had lov'd to seek,  
And studied much ; and made his daily 'lamp'  
To walk by, till up-borne to sun-light here.  
He was, in wisdom, as in learning, rich ;  
Student of nature—'follower' of her Lord ;  
A man of science, but a child of God,—  
Who—skilful in the strife with mortal woes—  
And vigilant most in his own office—yet,  
Like the Divine Physician whom he serv'd,  
Car'd for the immortal also ; and instill'd,  
When art was frustrate—thro' the fainting soul  
Of earth's last hope bereft,—that surer word  
Which heals the 'wounded spirit.'

So he mov'

In placid promptness, like "a spirit of health ;"  
'A son of consolation ;' who rejoic'd  
To yield, for pining want, his patient aid  
Gratuitous. And so 'being dead,'—he liv'd  
n poor mens' hearts an age.—His latest years

Had nought of insubmissive and morose,  
But "pleasant patient expectation" still  
Of that pure bliss for which with silver'd head  
He waited calmly, and here amply shares,  
Nor thinks it "came too late."—

Amidst these words

From my blest teacher, the companions now  
Had join'd us ; when in cordial sprightly tone  
Thus good Timanthes.—And *thou* here to-day,  
Belov'd Johannes ! Truly this 'high-place'  
And holy' assembling *two* unlook'd for joys  
Have yielded me.—On yonder wood-capt knoll  
Where balsams edge the track, and many an herb  
Or flowering plant, on earth medicinal,  
Here only beautiful—their hues unfold,  
We twain spent holily this holy morn ;  
For 'our heart burn'd within us,' talking there  
Of Jesus—and "the honours of His name,"  
"The antidote of death."—But while we thus  
Went to and fro rejoicing, I descried  
Upon the plain beneath us, some that mov'd  
From every side as to this sacred grove  
By preappointment ; and we thence divin'd  
Your sabbath convocation, where some saint  
Would, in his turn, to fellow-saints, enhance  
By happier flight of heaven-aspiring thought,  
That Saviour's praise.

So in glad haste we came  
To join the concourse ; and, for us, their theme

Hath prov'd yet more appropriate than I knew ;  
 For us—who both have dealt with pain, in all  
 Her direst apparitions ; mourning oft  
 Our impotence of art and zeal, to quell,  
 The ' cruel one,' nay, reach her secret holds.  
 We therefore, with peculiar feelings, heard  
 The eloquent saint, and watch'd the sympathies  
 Of those whom sharp remembrance urg'd to seek  
 A fellow-*sufferer's* words ; and who perhaps  
 His theme solicited.

But my own eye dwelt

Soon, upon one alone. He saw not me,  
 Nor sees me yet : and to thyself, my friend,  
 On earth he ne'er was known : but here I trust  
 Will be.

—— To him the sovereign Arbiter  
 ' Committed' much :—rank, wealth, wit, learning,—  
 all—

(Poor, precious, glittering, perilous, transient, all)  
 That earth calls best.—He ' fared sumptuously,'  
 And every loan misus'd. His Lord was ' not  
 In all' the proud man's ' thoughts:' till stern disease  
 That waits no ushering e'en to " regal towers,"  
 Came, with rebukes despotic, " sharp and long."  
 Then,—like sick Julius in the fever-fit,—  
 This minion of the hollow world ' did shake:'  
 His joyous glance had sunken ; and his brow  
 Peer'd dizzily—humid with starting dew—  
 Over the leap of death.

In that dark day  
It chanc'd—(not chanc'd—his unsought Saviour  
will'd)—

My aid was summon'd ; and I minister'd  
With all solicitude and half success,  
To pressing ills : then seiz'd “ the softer hour ”  
To tell my grateful sufferer of that balm  
Unvalued,—the pure mèdeicament divine  
Shed once for wounds unseen ; the balm which fell—  
In slow cold drops by moaning Kedron's brink,  
In quick warm streams from Calvary's awful tree :  
The one, though not “ oblivious antidote,”  
“ To cleanse full bosoms of that perilous stuff,  
Which weighs upon the heart.”

He heard me' at first  
With doubt ; (so Wilmot the good prelate heard ;) <sup>46</sup>  
But yet with candour ; holding my poor skill,  
Plain sense, and unbrib'd honesty, perchance,  
As pledges both for ‘ soberness and truth ;’  
And for ‘ a sound mind’ e'en toward ‘ things unseen.’  
—He search'd the record ; ponder'd, pray'd, believ'd ;  
Receiv'd God's glorious message to the ‘ lost ;’  
And was thenceforth the faithful happy ‘ steward’  
Of his Lord's many loans ; supremely now  
Treasuring, with earnest holy covetousness,  
What by diffusion no subtraction fears,  
But—with true love dispens'd,—augments at heart,  
The more ! ‘ God's gift unspeakable.’

*My cure,*

—As Heaven's weak minister his frame to heal—  
Was naught. The frame long languish'd—till its  
fall.

But *God's* cure, 'the renewing of the mind,'  
The 'spirit lifted up,' the heart 'transform'd,'  
The creature re-made by his Maker's touch,  
The 'workmanship' 'in Christ,' 'unto good works,'  
Grew all complete.—The old and corrupt will  
Hung 'crucified:' till death, with heathenish blow,  
Brake the twin strength of anguish and of sin,  
And smote him home, before me.

Yet till now

We met not here : but this day I beheld  
His ecstasy,—so deep, so meek, so pure,—  
That I could look upon my patient's face,  
All radiant with the likeness of his Lord,  
Through many a sabbath ; still unweariedly  
Offering mute benisons—to Him that made  
Such feeble art and scanty zeal of mine,  
The conduits of His own exhaustless grace.

—So good Timanthes. With a still delight  
I' had listen'd ;—nor my sainted guide replied  
Except in that unheard but ocular speech  
Which pictur'd answering joy.

Then, as the twain

Pass'd from us onward, Lydia near me came,  
And said—That blessed elder was to me  
Unknown ; but his associate oft I find

With one rever'd of many ; once herself  
His faithful consort ;—in that changeful world  
Where happiest bands are knit but to be loos'd,  
Soon parted ; yet in spiritual bands still one,—  
As thy dear parents are.

His humbler name

Was spotless ; and though ne'er enregister'd  
Upon celebrity's stain'd perishing book,  
—Nor covetous of honour save from God,—  
He too could heal :—through many an active day  
Did Thomas, like Timanthes, ' work the work '  
Of his lov'd Master ; watching sedulously  
To prop the spirit's doomed ' tent,' and bless,  
—With solace, or monition gently wise,  
The deathless inmate. In that kind pursuit  
(Happier to fall in it, than rise to fame,  
Even at the death, with foes of fox or man)  
He rode, as was his wont, through nightly storm,  
Reckless of winter, to a lonely house  
Where fever rag'd.—And there (for so decreed  
Mysterious Love—nor faith mistook the voice)  
That parching spectre with the fiery wing  
Was bidden on *him* to breathe.—He gain'd his  
home,  
—Say rather, place, whence to this home to soar—  
Look'd out to bid the moonlight earth adieu,  
Then laid him down ; and to the ear that bent  
O'er his death-couch, exclaim'd—I muse in peace  
Amid God's angels and his myriad saints,

Whom I shall shortly join.—

Lo thou hast seen

Himself among them.

Thou canst not see yet  
The greatest Thomas—him that doubted long,  
Then reverently exclaim'd 'My Lord, my God !'  
Next witness'd 'unto blood :—who singly bore  
The cross, through that far east where Timour since  
(Girt with his locust ravagers) advanc'd  
The paly crescent by the thirsty sword.  
—But 'fret not' that the 'chief' are yet conceal'd ;  
Mindful, while looking on the lowliest here,  
—Even on my poor Silvanus,—even on me ;—  
That thou dost look on whom their Lord forespake  
The 'blessed ;' who, on earth, had never 'seen,'  
'And yet,' (through grace) 'believed.'

Soon thou goest

Where tears are rife.

Go—'weep with them that weep ;'  
Weep with the sick ; the tempted ; the bereav'd ;  
And—for the serfs of Moloch, who can jeer  
At holiest hope, and 'make their mock at sin,'—  
Weep bitterest tears :—such thy Redeemer wept—  
But—weep not—weep not—for the' unprison'd  
'just ;'  
—Or—if thou must weep—then be every drop  
That stays and glistens on thy joyous cheek,  
A symbol of the priceless pearl they won—  
The stainless pearls they wear.

So, warmly, spoke  
 That humble monitress: then turn'd to meet  
 Silvanus; while, to me, thus rose afresh  
 The welcome voice of Howe.—All those, and such  
 As those, in that high chorus, (who can doubt,)  
 Sang sweetest, if not loudest.

Theirs the notes  
 Of tenderest and most thrilling joyfulness,  
 In that immortal burden which resounds  
 Love's costliest triumph—'Pain shall be no more'  
 —Among such martyrs few more prominent,  
 Than he whose recent homily of praise  
 New wak'd their souls to song. He learn'd his theme  
 Under the flinty edge of torture; felt  
 The latent many-pointed pang,—but bow'd  
 In acquiescent stillness, and confess'd  
 Its probing, healing, soul-maturing power.  
 Few verily with holier transports came  
 To welcome rest than he.<sup>49</sup>

My son, if pain  
 Await thee, as it must do—or await  
 Whom best thou lov'st, when from our Sabbath eve  
 Thou wendst a pilgrim to earth's weary noon,  
 O think of these;—the burden of their song—  
 The burst of their exultance;—the deep love  
 That swells their every lay.

Then ask thy Lord  
 To endue thee with that panoply of grace  
 (Alas yet incomplete, nor well 'put on,')



In which they conquer'd.—

Keep their path to rest  
Mindful that rest is nigh ; seraphic rest ;  
Zeal without toil,—and fervour without sighs,—  
Love without parting—bliss without a dream—  
And life all life,—where ' pain can be no more.'

Now go, my son : muse in our noon-day shades,  
Lift up thy heart in joyous thankfulness,  
And humble it in solitary prayer ;  
Nor as the day declines, remit thy watch,  
For then ' at even-tide it shall be light'  
With light from the true heavens ; and thou mayst see  
Far ' greater things than these.'

He spake and went  
—While all that band, in silent blessedness,  
With devious steps regain'd their happy bowers.

# AN AUTUMN DREAM.

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## PART V.

THE SABBATH EVE.—THE CONCOURSE.—  
THE SPIRIT.—PENINA.—THE ENTHRONED.—  
THE CHORUS.

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Thoughts on solitude—The writer roams alone till day is declining—Returns to the verge of the mountains—again sees the watching multitude—The fall of torrents is heard—then the sound of moving hosts—The hosts assemble—Transition in thought to the Coliseum—thence to the Amphitheatre above—The concourse there—who—and for whom they wait—The saint who led the writer to the Grove rejoins him, and discourses of Christian divisions, of love and of future unity—of Christian hope and duty—The writer is addressed concerning paradise and heaven by an unknown spirit, who relates the story of Penina and Ithamel, and vanishes—Evening falls—The Shechinah reappears—The enthroned Saviour—His attendant angels and saints—The Enthroned rises—His glory and its effects—He speaks—The response of the hosts—Its effect on the writer—Conclusion.

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## AN AUTUMN DREAM.

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O SOLITUDE,—thou awful privative,—  
In fancy sometimes long'd for, yet more fear'd,  
By harass'd, wearied, self-condemning minds,  
Vex'd in the turmoil,—scar'd at self and thee ;—  
Thou void, that teemest with eternal fruits,  
Mighty and ceaseless nurse of good or ill ;  
Best cherisher of man's divinest hope,  
Yet foster-parent to his base desires,  
Sensual and earthly—nay to darkest wiles  
Of demons,——what a register thou bear'st,  
—What a vast scroll of thought, intent, and deed,  
Deed of the busy heart, if not the hand,—  
Up to Heaven's final audit ! O what notes  
Of secret evil, hath thy mantle's fold  
Or the wide hollow of thy sombrous urn  
Embosom'd, and borne silently away  
From each of us,—to be unroll'd and scann'd  
At that tribunal ! Yet thou own'st beside,

—And to the Great Inspirer be the praise,—  
Uncounted sighs of filial penitence,  
And pure resolves, and energies renew'd,  
And aspirations fill'd with heavenward trust,  
And grateful offerings. Silent Priestess, hail;  
Whose altar is 'the field at eventide,'  
The midnight couch thy shrine.

But O that He  
In whom 'we live and move,' whose ear pervades  
The fancied loneliness that else were death,  
May hallow all thy earthly haunts, and cheer  
With best delights our solitudes below;  
Like those high solitudes of waiting saints  
Through which, with respite from vain earthly cares,  
In visionary blessedness I roam'd.

—'Twas noon; and the faint shadows that had  
slept

Upon those ever-verdant stormless hills,  
Were scarce discern'd; for now the latent sun  
Pour'd from a zenith almost vertical  
His temper'd rays.

Then with the gliding hours,  
(But with no fearful forecast as they glide,  
To dwellers there, of terminable joy,)  
Afresh the shadows lengthen'd; and sweet eve  
Stole on, precursor of that lunar dawn  
Wrong'd by the name of night.

I' had reach'd anew  
The mountain's open verge,—and now, with look

Reverted, eyed the myriad watchers there ;  
 Who, if they had suspended in past hours  
 Their watch, had now resum'd it, and were seen,  
 —Each stationary, fix'd, intent, apart,—  
 Like sever'd out-posts ; or mute sentinels  
 Of some innumerable host.

No sound was heard,—

For nature kept her evening sabbath still :  
 No sound save of the torrent's lulling fall  
 On that " wide-water'd shore."

As when erewhile

In manhood's earlier prime, with vigorous step  
 I pac'd at sunrise on the upland way  
 That winds through Brünig's forest glades, and  
     watch'd

Across the pastoral vale of Meyringen  
 The lordly Reichenbach in soften'd rush  
 Down vaulting, and from many a cliff thereby  
 His kindred floods,—whose music swell'd and sank  
 With the light airs of dawn, nor other tone  
 Was wak'd in all that clear and placid breadth  
 Of dale and mountain,—while my pulses leapt,  
 As if symphonious with the sparkling veins  
 Of those rejoicing waters,—thus it was  
 On Eden's hills : till,—mightier than that soft  
 And far-off sound of distant waterfloods  
 Which reach'd me wafted from the sacred isle,  
 —Now rose, behind, the resonance more distinct  
 Of louder truer harmonies : and then,

—As in some intervals of these,—a sound  
Diverse from each; a multitudinous sound  
Of movement; not like to the gloomy tramp  
Of horse and foot, when hated war pricks on  
His hundred thousands to the field of blood,—  
Liker mayhap the flight of Thracian birds,  
When from drear Strymon's rock, where Orpheus wept,  
They steer'd for sunny vales of Attica  
On thousand spreading pinions: or most like  
Some hovering cloud of doves innumerable,  
By softer plume winnowing the subject air  
With gentler impulses.

Alas! how poor  
And weak the likenesses that earth supplies  
For sounds and sights not earthly.

But they came,—  
They came, the unarm'd myriads of the blest.  
In solemn order from each mountain gorge  
Issued a sacred column.

In each van  
Its several choir of white-rob'd melodists  
Mov'd to sweet measures, like the breathing swell  
Of many bugles; each responsive band  
Inspiring each; and through those hollow heights  
Startled the slumbering echoes.

So they drew  
First in clos'd masses, then in lines outspread,  
With crossing evolution, unperplex'd  
In the swift mazes of their choral march,

O'er all those verdant hills ;—then halting stood,  
A countless, faultless, bright, pacific host,  
Palm-bearers all,

Reader, thine eye perchance  
Hath view'd that relic of imperial Rome  
Which I have long'd to gaze on ; but which yet,  
Whoe'er surveys, should blush for human kind.  
If thou hast pac'd the arena wall'd by him  
Who raz'd out Zion, Colisæum nam'd,  
—And aptly, from the stony giant once  
Hard by, true type of Nero,—sure thy mind  
Sketch'd fearfully while in its ruin'd curve  
Slow wandering,—how, in buried ages, there,  
The unsated tens of thousands swarm'd, intent  
Upon their bloody game ; unblenching mark'd  
The fainting swordsman, and inbent the thumb  
For murder prompt, that his vile fellow's blade  
Might slake their thirst of carnage at his heart.

Now thence on high ! let sickening fancy rush  
From that accurst assembly : from that dense,  
Hot, half demoniac, death-compelling throng,  
Who shall “ sup full with horrors ;” turn to soar  
With me, still shuddering, to this cirque,—in truth  
Colossal, and unruinable too ;—  
This amphitheatre of Eden's hills,  
Where desolation stalks not ; nor the weed  
Seems battenng, and yet withering, on the gore  
That once distain'd the sod. Survey those hosts  
In vast outstretching parallels, uppil'd



From the curv'd mountains' bases to their ridge :—  
Then glance, an instant, back to the fierce crowd  
Heathen, and heatheness,—passionate for the sport  
Whence thine appall'd imagination shrank ;—  
' And such were some of' *these*.—Are there not here  
' Saints' e'en 'of Cæsar's household?'—none that  
join'd

In reckless boyhood, if not manhood too,  
Those fierce and direful plaudits—none that saw  
Some of Christ's earliest warriors mangled fall  
On that terrific area, while the yell—  
"Christianos ad leones"—seal'd their doom?  
But 'twas a pæan, in the ear of Heaven,—  
The 'slaughter breath'd out' by their madden'd foe  
A whirlwind for their willing spirits, up  
"From earth's Aceldama," to that first home  
Of martyrs, where (on yonder sacred isle)  
To greet the convocation of the blest  
Their palms are waving.

**Mark the concourse here**

Here is no handful of ten thousands, pent  
Within the galleries which proud Titus rear'd.  
His sanguinary populace, and all  
The embattled legions whom his valour sway'd,  
Were here a scanty show.

**And dost thou ask**

—As erst the heavenly elder—‘*What* are these  
In shining raiment, whom of mortals none  
Can number ; and whence came they?’

—‘ They have come  
 Out of great tribulation ; they have wash’d  
 Their robes and made them spotless, white as snow,  
 For ever, in the Lamb’s all-cleansing blood.’—  
 Askest thou further—for whom *wait* they, thus  
 At Sabbath evening solemnly convok’d  
 In vast collective pomp, yet each indued  
 As with the vest of meek humility,  
 In fearless reverence watching?—

Not for one  
 Who reap’d “ the iron harvests of the field ;”  
 Not for some regal gladiator, deck’d  
 With war’s ensanguin’d trophies ; not for one  
 Whom the world lov’d and deified because  
 He seiz’d and rifled half her richest zone  
 And made a nation childless. For none such  
 They wait—nor for a Mauritanian troop  
 Of kingly lions, such as the fierce cry  
 Of Pompey’s vassals in the Circus hail’d,  
 More generous, less vindictive foes, than most  
 Of the crown’d ravagers.<sup>50</sup>

O for none like these  
 Are the bright armies watching : and thou knowst,  
 —Nay, if thyself disown Him, or prefer  
 Earth’s baubles,—well thou knowst, whom *these*  
 await.

They wait for ‘ Judah’s Lion ;’ him that chas’d  
 The mythic hydra at whose shrines impure  
 Fantastic Greece and helmed Rome had crouch’d

For ages;—Belial in the Protean garb  
Of classic fable.<sup>51</sup>

’Tis for Him they watch,  
—‘Lion of Judah’s tribe,’ but ‘Lamb of God,’—  
Terrific in his strength, but in his grace  
More irresistible. ‘He is the King  
Of glory.’ Him they wait anew to’ enthrone  
‘Upon the flood’—the flood where grace would  
reign,—

The swelling of one vast fraternal heart.  
—So mus’d I in that concourse; when the saint  
Who parted from me ere the noon-tide hour,  
Again beside me stood, and thus discours’d.  
—How deem’st thou now of those that bear the name  
Of Jesus, but each other’s minor names  
Can hear and utter with distaste or scorn?  
What here of Christian discord,—Christian strifes  
And hatreds—of Messiah’s vesture torn  
Or rudely strain’d at by the militant hands  
Of his contentious followers;—of the chill,  
Mutual, in heaven-taught hearts, because they beat  
Beneath a smoother, harder, duskier skin,  
Or under differing vestments; or have conn’d  
Tenets and forms dissimilar, till each views  
With one right eye one aspect clear and strong  
Of all debateable, and can rebuke  
His brother’s arrant blindness, who concludes,  
From the same partial but distinct survey,  
On the opponent side.<sup>52</sup>

How read'st thou here

Yon dislocated Christendom below ;  
By skilful, forceful, insufficient arms  
Of theologic zeal and secular power,  
(Which, with vain strenuousness, in days gone by  
Toil'd to achieve Procrustes' ancient task,)  
" Pull'd out of joint " and kept so :—as if ' foot '  
And ' hand ' and ' eye ' not only had been parts  
' Of the ' same ' body , ' but must yield up all  
Diversities of movement ;—straitly press'd  
Into one mould of uniformity ;—  
Where vital play were cramp'd, truth deck'd in  
bonds,  
Integrity distorted, freedom quell'd.

What thinkst thou here of claims, express and  
grave,  
Or oftener virtual,—scarce perceiv'd by some  
Though cherish'd ;—claims to the sole vantage  
ground

(If not monopoly,) of truth divine ;  
—Be it new light or old prescription, still  
A half infallibility ;—which lurk  
In heads and hearts too many : found within  
Communities most ancient, and most new,  
The greatest and the pettiest ?—what of minds,  
In each, that seem less earnest and awake  
To watch and war against the godless foe,  
Open or ambush'd,—than to trace afresh,  
—And deepen with assiduous partisans—

Strict lines of demarcation *in* the camp,  
Betwixt the cohorts of one heavenly King !

And what of hearts devout, whom conscience bids  
To close restrictions which their love deplores ;  
And bids exclude Christ's servants, save on terms  
Of rigid sameness both in faith and rites,  
From meeting with *their* band,—the pure, the true,  
To keep the festal memory of their Lord ;  
Denying still, to others and themselves,  
Those ' feasts of charity,' where men forget  
All that hath sever'd, all that can repel,  
Taste the pure nectar of oblivious love  
And antedate the blest assembling here ?

I see thine exultation, at the thought,  
How that true temple, that high meeting-place,  
That metropolitan and glorious dome  
Free to the sunlight of eternal truth,—  
Shall one day compass with its boundless verge  
Saints of all ages, nations, names, and climes.  
How Christ's centurions, of all ' bands,' shall lift  
His one immortal banner, spite of all  
Their lines, and pales, and dialects diverse,  
And differing ensigns ; how they shall conspire  
In shouts of joyance, that his hosts are one ;  
And that the silver trumpet of his grace  
Hath summon'd and compell'd them to come in,  
Where they may celebrate with blest accord,  
Reciprocal, unfeign'd, unchangeable,

His work sublime.<sup>43</sup>

I heard, and inly griev'd ;  
 Mov'd by the censure, melted by the hope ;  
 Keenly reminded of our hapless feuds,  
 Sighing for their extinction. One sad tear  
 I dropt,—and yet not hopeless.

The good Howe  
 Mark'd it,—and with enliven'd voice pursu'd.

Be of good cheer, O stranger ; I have learn'd  
 What thou lamentest : and not only thou  
 But all the sons of peace. Our gentle Hughes  
 And venerable Bridges told the tale,  
 And it was all unweelcome.<sup>44</sup>

Yet, my son,  
 Be of good cheer ; do as the sightless bard  
 In sharper grief's hard pressure. " Bate no jot  
 Of heart or hope !" The bitter breeze of wrath,  
 —Cold and repellent to all tenderer hearts,—  
 The pride defensive and offensive too,  
 That sweeps and ruffles e'en your holiest shades,  
 The exclusive spirit which prescription fans  
 Too strongly, and the chaf'd or jealous heat  
 Too oft by haughtiness and envy rais'd  
 On their respective parts,—the strangeness still  
 Of brethren, by misjudging distance nurs'd—  
 All these are earth-born feelings—earth-sustain'd—  
 Pedestrian ; worthless as the crumbling feet  
 Of that prophetic 'image.'

They do soil

Your gold,—but yet, from earth's low crucible,  
It shall 'come forth *as gold*.'

Or count all these  
For dark December blasts; thick tempest-clouds  
And murky fogs; which in their gloominess  
Regathering, seem to quench both health and light.  
But shall 'the reaper' then 'regard the clouds?'  
Or will ye stay the 'plow,' nor sow the truth  
'By reason of the cold?'

To *you* I call,  
Not to the cramp'd, the selfish, or the dull,  
With whom perchance a seraph's pleading tongue  
Were fruitless,—whose stiff vestment, "white or  
gray"

Coat, robe, or corset,—clips a narrow soul,—  
But, Christians of the free and ample breast,  
To you I call; disdain that others' faults,  
Their passions, their aversions—or your own—  
Should 'straiten' you.

Nay 'be ye' but the more  
'Enlarged': more the followers of your Lord,  
More strenuous in his hallow'd steps to move;  
Endure 'gainsaying'; vanquish ill with good;  
Let not disgust or sensitiveness mar  
Your high vocation: though the days be rude  
And all ungenial, gird your loins afresh,  
Earnest to climb. Ye have not 'wings' as yet  
With which to 'fly away, and be at rest'  
In this serene and cloudless atmosphere

Of unity and joy ; but feet ye have  
That should be sandall'd with the 'gospel's peace'  
And on the mountain-tops announce its power.  
—Ascend ; oft link'd within a brother's arm :  
(Why not sometimes that brother's whom ye deem  
Averse or erring ?)—so the charities  
And secret virtues of that stream divine  
Which pulsates from One Heart thro' each, shall  
be.

Too strong to let you part ;—at least ye shall  
Be oftener one ; as one co-operate,  
As one 'bear hardness,' trust, rejoice, commune,—  
Till, mounting to our Eden, ye become  
Inseparable ; and altho' differing still  
Perchance, in temperaments, and destin'd tasks  
And mental vision—yet divinely one  
In all the scope and all the spirit of love,  
And its conjunct felicities for aye.

So speaking, he my pensive soul reviv'd  
As with new currents of fraternal hope.  
And then, from all disheartening thoughts I turn'd  
To watch the blissful silence of those hosts  
And clasp them in my spirit's warm embrace.  
But as I watch'd untir'd,—a beauteous shape,  
Till then not visible, whose melting eyes  
O'erflow'd with cordial tenderness so deep  
As won most quick return,—bespoke me thus ;  
—O favour'd stranger, all thou seest is fair ;  
And whom thou late beheldst, and shalt again



Ere many moments, gaze on, is Divine ;  
 Fair therefore beyond all his hand hath form'd,  
 Or can form : thou shalt hear too what may move  
 Thy powers to sudden ecstasy. But yet  
 Remember,—for illusion is not bliss,—  
 Beloved stranger, thou art not in Heaven.  
 Here is but Paradise : and all the saints  
 Within these happy mansions, yet aspire  
 To that eternal home. True, they are blest  
 In this high sojourn with divine repose,  
 ' Absent from flesh and present with the Lord.'  
 His presence with their *spirits* evermore  
 By ceaseless unrestrain'd access they know ;  
 Nor seldom—as thou once hast seen—the' unveil'd  
 Material vision of his loveliness  
 Fills every sense with rapture.

Yet let nought

Here seen, heard, felt, obscure the joyous truth  
 That Heaven is future still.

' Above all heavens'

Our Lord ascended ; and when He confers  
 (With swift transforming energy of grace)  
 Our ' spiritual bodies,'—thither shall these hosts  
 And countless more ascend.<sup>ss</sup>

Nor lack we now

—In heavenly converse and progression here,—  
 Some faint presension what that Heaven shall be :  
 —What the' intuition which transcends all modes  
 Of all extrinsic sense ; and what the fix'd

Conscious in-being in the Soul Supreme.—  
These high conceptions are not yet for thee  
Still mortal. But the stream of death is near.  
—Dissolving and immortalizing stream,—  
A dark but narrow flood : and the strong hand  
Of guiding mercy beckons from our shore.  
Strive for the faith :—watch for the' eternal prize ;  
Live for thy unseen Lord : He died for thee :  
Him thou too oft hast wounded : but his love,  
Alike in its forgivenesses and gifts,  
Is princely. Wound that royal heart no more !  
So shalt thou reach, in truth, our pure abodes,  
Our own initiatory school for bliss,  
And we will teach thee !—Nor misjudge our pomp  
As if only collective grandeur, here,  
Could charm us.—E'en mid this sabbatic host  
And glorious convocation of the sav'd,  
Believe it, oft are we regal'd with scenes  
Of lonely or reciprocated joy ;  
Which many a watcher—though by love held back  
In distant unintrusive silence,—yet  
Delighted shares.—Nay, 'twas but in the last  
Of these assemblings, such delight was given  
To my own ear and eye.—A lovely saint  
Drew near us at this evening hour of praise,  
Who twice ten summers since, had hither come  
—As once the lovely one from Ephrath came,—  
Dismiss'd e'en when the pain'd maternal hour  
Had given a life for hers.—Penina stood

By me; and ere the vesper chorus rose,  
Forgot all *seen* around her—while she pour'd  
A soft and lonely chanting, wild, not loud,  
Plaintive but full of hope. Thus was the lay;  
Though to earth's dialect—all cold and harsh—  
Who may transfuse it? But thine ear is rude  
Or blunt, nor feels the dissonance like ours.

Chorists inaudible—  
Seraphs unseen!  
—Flowers of our cypress dell  
Floating between—  
‘ Hallelu, Selah, Selah

Viewlessly hovering,  
Round me at eve,  
— Past my discovering—  
Must not I grieve?

What can be wanting yet,  
Midst holy peace?—  
Why, my soul, panting yet  
For joy's increase?

Can I then sigh for you?  
Sighs still would flee;  
Joys are too nigh for true  
Griefs here to be.

He that doth hold you thus,  
Viewless awhile,  
Himself is All to us;  
Ye feel his smile.

Yet breathe it—if any  
‘New song’ ye sing!  
—Joy’s own Epiphany?  
—‘Shout of our King?’

Saints—spheres—and ages cry,  
—Conqueror, ah, come!—  
Trump of God’s jubilee,  
Summon us home!

Germes of the martyr-dust,  
Wake—at his word!  
Forms of the sainted just—  
Shine with your Lord!

Hallelu, Selah, Selah.

—That strain again : —and as it flow’d afresh  
We gaz’d, and each heart whisper’d—Sing, sweet  
saint,  
Thy pensive ‘Hallelu,’—ere long to swell  
With transport unalloy’d.—

But while we gaz’d,  
Sudden a youth unknown,—of earnest mien  
And yet retiring,—glided where she stood,

(As if love's fervid wheel had wafted him)  
Then paus'd, unseen, 'astonied.'—But anon,  
—As from a rapturous stupor wak'd to warmth—  
His voice 'gan mingle in the lonely hymn  
Most heavenly concord.—At that voice I saw  
Penina tremble; for the vital flow  
Of the new tone ran freshly to her heart.

'Twas a celestial consonance so full—  
So exquisite—so artlessly intense—  
As science knows not of, nor music hath;  
—Not virgins' music in the mountain glades—  
None save the spirit-music of the blest.

But, more than this,—it had accords so one,  
So in the heavenliest notes harmonical,  
Yet differing sweet—as never lips  
In concert, under heaven's eternal arch,  
Except a mother's with a child's, could raise.

Ere half was yet resung,—Penina turn'd,  
—Though by the rapture half a statue there—  
Turn'd to behold him: and as now she dropt  
Upon his clasping arms,—a voice was heard  
—My own, my Ithamel, 'my son, my son!'  
'Twas good to die for thee.—

So spake the shade,  
Then gradual faded; and the winning voice  
Of loving kindness did outlast awhile  
The' aërial image.

Nor could I be sure

If 'twere an angel spoke, or one that erst  
Had pass'd, as we must, through that narrow flood.  
And yet meseem'd, the voice, the melting beam  
Of cordial tenderness, not all unknown.

Meanwhile had evening cast her purpling haze  
O'er all those heights; and all their covering hosts  
Sat in reposing grandeur : when at once,  
Like a glob'd meteor flashing from the east  
—An advent from ' the High and Holy Place,'—  
That awful cloud instinct with Deity  
Grew manifest ; and as it veil'd the peak  
Crowning the Martyrs' Isle, those silent hosts  
Arose and bent adoringly. But now,  
That ' tabernacle' of glories increate  
Upon the island summit rested not.  
—Moving in slow magnificence adown  
The broadest glen which those vast laurel woods  
O'ermantled, on their widely-waving base  
It staid,—expanding o'er that leafy plain  
A firmament as of diaphanous gold,  
'Terrible crystal :—there the central tower  
Of column'd flame, the Pharos of God's host,  
—That pillar of fire at which, on the dank sand,  
Egypt's hard despot and his chariot steeds  
Once quail'd—was seen unfolding—till it took  
The semblance of a throne, in splendour like  
The ' sapphire ;' and upon it sat reveal'd  
'The Son of man.' Quick radiance round Him  
flash'd

Electric, with its 'amber'-darting beams ;  
 And o'er his brow circled with 'many crowns'  
 The 'emerald' iris bent.<sup>46</sup>

His kingly state

What angel might delineate!—cinctur'd with  
 The 'golden girdle' of almightiness,  
 Around the snowy stole of spotless Love.  
 —At that unveiling, with mute unison  
 Of awful worship, sank the innumerable host  
 Half prostrate ; I among them knelt, but watch'd  
 —In rapturous adoration, not in dread—  
 The same grace-uttering grace-inspiring Eye ;  
 Whose most divine expression met my own,  
 As in the lonely day-break.

Doubtless so

It met and kindled, as if centering there,  
 Each individual and adoring gaze  
 From all those happy myriads.—So our dawn  
 Bursts 'from the womb of morning,' and makes  
     bright,  
 At once, the dew-drops of a thousand plains.  
 — Bordering His throne, in close descending  
     ranks,  
 And parted groups of order unconstrain'd,  
 Up both the acclivities of that broad glen,  
 (Like God's angelic host at Bethel seen  
 From Jacob's stony pillow,) hovering shone,  
 The radiant seraphim ; and with them all  
 "The noble army of martyrs," not less bright

And blissful; but by the' Uncreated One  
 Whom all their flaming retinue surrounds,  
 Cast into soft-retiring shade, nor loath  
 To fade like stars before the Eternal Sun  
 Which lends them all their brightness, all their bliss.

Yet were those shores, and all their occupants,  
 Beheld in clearness: clearness—to compare  
 Things ~~ultra~~-mundane with terrestrial—more  
 Exceeding the bright landscapes of the South,  
 Alpine, or Tuscan, or Athenian views—  
 Than these in their distinctness the soft scenes  
 Of our dear native isle.

And had I sought  
 To single out some of those priestly kings,  
 (His train whom all Heaven's 'royal priesthood'  
     serves)

Perchance, with Howe's informing aid, who still  
 Beside me knelt, might I have well discern'd  
 The most 'beloved'—nearest to his Lord;  
 Or Christ's first martyr; or the ardent look  
 Of Cephas; or the reverent Polycarp  
 Hard by his 'King and Saviour.' <sup>57</sup>

But in sooth  
 The gracious captivation of that Eye,  
 Mild but all-conquering,—forbad my own  
 On aught beside to fix: and thus it was  
 With all those glorious armies.

Long we gaz'd



On that quiescent majesty, which mov'd,  
Even in repose, the tide of transport high :—  
Nor thought of time ;—but yet the transport grew  
More mighty, when at length the ' Lord of lords,'  
With simple and incomparable grace  
Of movement and of gesture, all divine,  
—Befitting Him that rules in earth and heaven  
As in his ' Father's house,'—sublimely rose  
Up from the sapphire throne.—O tell me not  
Of breathing marbles. Let not sculpture boast  
Her gods, nor painting vaunt the matchless charm  
Of her ideal masterpiece. Ye warm  
Imaginers and enthusiasts of the fair,  
The graceful, the magnanimous, the mild,  
The exalted, tender, and sublime of man,  
—Look to the Man of sorrows, crown'd with joy ;  
The vital ' Image' of an unseen God !  
The living " statue that enchants" the worlds,  
Those worlds of bliss : who stood confest that hour,  
In all the mildness of his sanctity,  
The clemency of sovereign might, the wealth  
Of inexhausted Love. Behold Him rise  
Slowly, while the' universal stillness grows  
Intenser. A miraculous restraint  
Holds back those island torrents—as of old  
Impetuous Jordan curb'd his hurrying wave,  
Heap'd back and ' swelling' up his sylvan marge,  
Ere the priests' feet were dipp'd within the brim.  
—Here was the Eternal Priest whose offer'd Self

All other priesthood abrogates. He rose,—  
 And e'en inanimate nature's only voice,  
 That murmur of the distant waters,—fell;  
 As if proclaiming—hark, the Fount of Life  
 Shall utter its own melody, and pour  
 Its own refreshings. Let its emblems cease  
 Though pure and copious; let creation spare  
 These symbols, while that Well of heaven, unseal'd,  
 Pours audibly the pearly stream, which all  
 These spirits imbibe and all these lips adore.

He stood in silence; the 'Beloved Son,'  
 The 'Brightness of the Father,' silent stood,  
 And look'd on all the enraptur'd multitude—  
 His purchas'd joy—'the travail of his soul.'  
 —Then, with majestic grace, ineffable,  
 Wav'd the once pierced hand—and softly spake.  
 —Clear in its softness, through the ethereal calm  
 Gush'd the sweet word—'All hail!'—and once again,  
 —'Children, all hail!'—and thrice the greeting came,  
 —'Brethren, all hail!'

O think ye not that 'Hail'  
 Was echoed?—Was it utter'd, not to be  
 The key-note for ten thousand thousand strains—  
 To which all saintly and angelic harps  
 Are tun'd—which thrills in every ransom'd breast—  
 To which the chorus of the Holiest Place  
 Makes gladsome answer, and the circling spheres  
 Lend all their music?

List, from every height

And concave sweep of those 'perpetual hills'  
Upfloating in one sea of harmony,  
The confluence of all sweet and awful sound,  
Without a discord! 'Hail, O King of kings!  
O King of glory—blessing, honour, might,  
Glory, to Him that sitteth on the throne  
And to the Lamb for ever!'

Thus they woke  
Their awful anthem, in that speech of heaven  
Whose sweetness none can tell: whose power might  
charm

The very rocks to melody, and move  
Their frowning ruggedness to vocal joy  
Responsive. And in verity it seem'd  
As if each forest, and aspiring peak,  
And far receding mountain, had its voice  
To aid the mighty burden of that song—  
'Glory to Him that sits upon the throne  
And to the Lamb for ever!'

But when now  
Their chorus from that ocean fulness sank  
To softness unimaginable, and all  
Its most stupendous wave of sound was heard  
Like faintest ripples on a summer shore—  
Low whispering to the charmed universe  
—'Worthy the Lamb'—and then a pause, and now  
Again that dying fall—'Worthy the Lamb  
Once slain—now thron'd—for us!—this was too much,  
This gentleness of overwhelming power

Was all too much. It imag'd the divine.  
 'Twas as a vocal reflex of His heart,—  
 Tender to weep, invincible to save ;  
 Of that once bleeding yet almighty hand  
 Blessing the sav'd that pierc'd it.

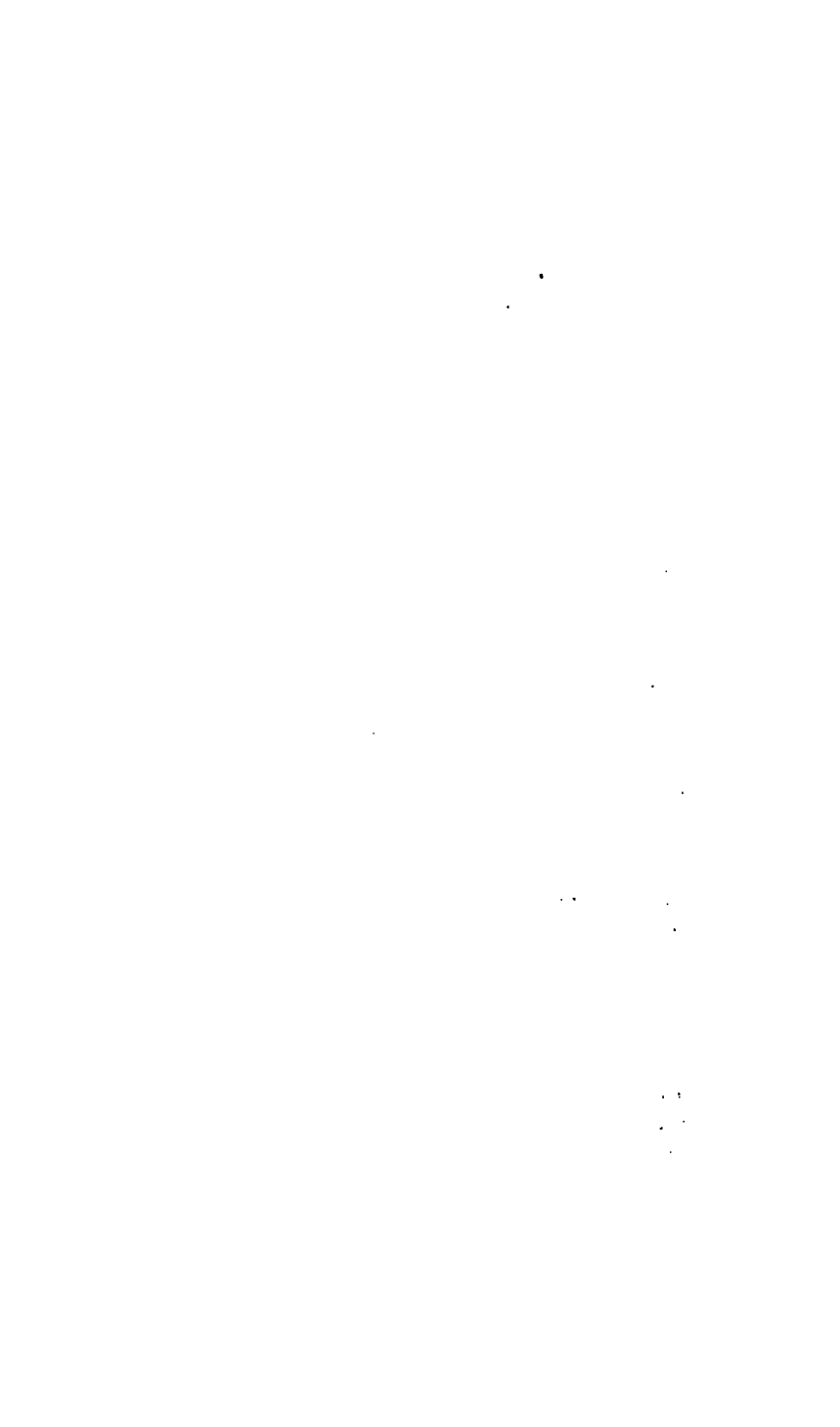
That ' All hail '

Had wak'd a strain more glorious and more sweet  
 Than aught methinks which time or space can hold,  
 His own except.—The pause—the new response  
 —Once slain—for us—for us—were all too high  
 For mortal ear ; say rather all too pure  
 For spirit not yet assoil'd from mortal stain,  
 And manacles of earth's infirmity.  
 —I woke.—

Deep shadows were on Avon's vale,  
 And the lone star had set.—But sacred hope  
 Shed light within me.—Silently I mov'd,  
 With lingering step,—in hallow'd thoughtfulness,—  
 Toward a dear sister's dwelling ; voices still,  
 As from on high, within my spirit's ear  
 Re-echoing—Weep not for the unprison'd ' just.'—  
 Go, think of these ;—the love that swells their lay ;—  
 Love with no partings ;—bliss without a dream :  
 Go think of Him ;—that bled ; for them ; for thee ;  
 And ' watch,'—to wound that royal heart no more !



**NOTES**  
**AND**  
**ILLUSTRATIONS.**



## NOTES, &c.

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### JOY IN DEATH.

#### NOTE I.—Page 11.

—*holy smile that floats*

*On their seal'd lips, when all the mortal dies.*

“Something peculiar is at times imparted to sick and dying Christians, in whose imagination God sometimes draws so distinctly the brightest images of heavenly things, that they seem to see them before their eyes; nor are they otherwise affected, than if the things themselves were present before them. The nearer the soul to heaven, it is also enlightened with the brighter rays of supercelestial light, flowing from Him who, being Light itself, dwells in light inaccessible. Of which there are not a few instances in the history of the life and death of godly persons, and very many experiences offer in our daily visitation of the sick. This is a kind of descent of heaven into the soul, before the soul is taken up to heaven.”—WITSIUS, Econ. of the Covenants, Vol. ii. p. 84.

An enlightened and pious friend has related to me such an instance; peculiar in this respect—that the appearance so delightful to the eye of an afflicted father, did not take place till the instant at which we suppose the soul to depart; namely, the instant at which respiration ceases.—“One of my children,” (he writes) “a little boy, died in convulsions, by which his countenance was painfully distorted. In the moment, however, that he ceased to breathe, ‘his face was as the face of an angel.’ I never saw any



thing so eminently beautiful. It was just such an expression as might be expected on the countenance of one to whom 'Heaven had been opened, and who had seen Jesus sitting at the right hand of God.' The expression lasted about an hour, and then faded away. The countenance was afterwards that of a sleeping infant."

NOTE II.—Page 13.

*While my pleas'd touch the gentle pressure own'd.*

It may be thought unreasonable (and perhaps ludicrous) by readers who have not attended to philosophical investigations on the nature of matter, that a certain solidity or property of resistance to compression should be ascribed to that which is represented as subtile and ethereal.—"Hardness is the essential peculiarity in matter, which we fancy that we understand; yet it will appear on examination, that we have no correct or distinct notion of its real nature. We are apt to suppose that hard bodies actually fill space; and that, owing to the natural impenetrability of their particles, it is in the nature of things impossible to compress them.—This however, is in great part, at least, a mistake. For, without asserting that no such thing as actual contact exists between any two particles in the universe, or that the whole world might be squeezed into a nut-shell, we may easily collect, from ordinary phenomena, that the cause of resistance to compression is not actual contact with hard and impenetrable substance, but something which repels bodies from the surfaces of each other, long before they come into contact." [PRICHARD on the Vital Principle, p. 44.] See also DUGALD STEWART'S Remarks on the Theory of Boscovich. Act. and Moral Powers. Vol. ii. pp. 185-9.———"Solidity and durability are distinct ideas, which perhaps have no other real connexion than that which subsists in our minds.—

It appears certain that the particles of which *air* is composed, preserve their relation to one another with a certainty equal to those of more solid and impenetrable substances. Notwithstanding its volatility and elasticity, no reasonable man perhaps ever imagined the atmosphere to be as much exposed to dissolution as even a flint or a diamond." (DREW on the Resurrection, pp. 156—162.) Nor are these *new* notions of the constitution of matter—"According to the ancient atomic philosophy, (before it was atheized,) there is no specific difference between a gross and fine, a hard and soft body, but accidental only."—"It is not impossible but flesh, earth, or iron, by motion might become fluid as the finest ether."—See CUDWORTH, Vol iii. 504, Ed. Birch.

## NOTE III.—Page 16.

— *these aërial forms*

*The will propels, &c.*

"In those regions, which our future bodies are destined to inhabit, the force of gravitation may so far be forbidden to act upon them,—that the impulse of the will, finding nothing to obstruct its mandates, may act with a degree of efficacy to which we are strangers, and be productive of those effects [without sensible effort] which at present can only result from muscular exertion." (DREW on the Resurrection, p. 286.

"The sun is so large, that his attractive force would cause bodies to fall through about 334,65 feet in a second. Consequently, if he were habitable by human beings, they would be unable to move; since their weight would be thirty times as great as it is here. A man of moderate size would weigh about two tons at the surface of the sun; whereas at the surface of the four *new* planets, he would be so light, that it would be impossible to stand steady,

since he would only weigh a few pounds."—MRS. SOMERVILLE, *Connexion of Physical Sciences*, p. 73.

Therefore rapid and easy locomotion, such as is described, would not be impossible on a *small* planet, even were living bodies there constituted of the same dense materials as our own on earth.

NOTE IV.—Page 18.

*'Twas Cambrai came.*

"Fenelon," says the Duke de St. Simon in his *Memoirs*, "was a tall man, thin, well made, and with a large nose; from his eyes issued the fire and animation of his mind like a torrent; and his countenance was such, that I never yet beheld any one similar to it, nor could it ever be forgotten if once seen. It combined every thing, and yet there was nothing in opposition: it was grave and yet alluring, it was solemn and yet gay: it bespoke equally the theologian, the bishop, and the nobleman. Every thing which was visible in it, as well as in his whole person, was delicate, intellectual, graceful, becoming, and above all, noble. It required an effort to cease looking at him: all the portraits of him are strong resemblances, though they have not caught that harmony which was so striking in the original, and that individual delicacy which characterised each feature. His manners were answerable to his countenance; they had all that ease which communicates itself to others, that air, and that urbanity which can be derived only from intercourse with the best society, and with the world, and which diffused itself over all his discourse." Quoted in BAUSSET's *Life of Fenelon*, Vol. i. p. 322; of Mudford's translation.

## NOTE V.—Page 20.

*Hail to the Prince of peace! Hail Him, all Hail!*

It may perhaps not occur to many readers, that the metre and structure of these verses resemble those of a well-known song in Scott's "Lady of the Lake." There has been however, so far, something like imitation; whether at first intentional I am not sure; but suggested probably by the circumstance of "the lake," with the thought how different would be the *application* of music, amidst such scenery, in a peaceful and perfect state, from those uses of martial excitement to which it so often has been applied; which, however animating and picturesque in the strains of chivalrous poetry, were in their actual character sanguinary and half barbarous.

## NOTE VI.—Page 22.

*Matron and infants, &c.*

—————*till that song*

*Died on the dying breeze.*

The scene here attempted, has been borrowed from a *real* dream, related to the writer by a very aged and esteemed person, who more than seventy years ago was a valued domestic to relatives of his own, long since departed. It occurred after her marriage had for a good many years withdrawn her from that service, but not from the regard and attention of those relatives.

The dream has a kind of interest superior to that view which it gives of an unseen state; since it is among those which have produced valuable effects upon the dreamer's mind. The view of an unseen state must have been accommodated to the conceptions of the party; and thus must be, in *every* such case, inadequate, and even incorrect. But when the result—the consolation of

a pious and afflicted individual,—is considered, and this in connexion with the distinctness and *repetition* of the dream, it would appear scarcely Christian not to infer some special design and ordination of Providence to console, by this hidden agency, one that had prayed for consolation. The little narrative is subjoined, as nearly as possible, in the simple words of her who communicated it.

“I had a great deal of distress at the loss of two young children; one *six*, the other *two* years old. Besides my grief at the loss of each, I had a dread upon my mind that the elder child might not be so happy as the little one. This troubled me greatly; and for a long time (more than a year) I could not recover my spirits. Your grandmother and Mr. T. used to call, or send for me, and try to comfort me; but I still had those sad thoughts and fears. One day in going to B—— I was much cast down, and I prayed much to be relieved from this trouble. On that night I had a dream. I dreamt that I was in a place where I saw before me the finest flight of steps that I ever had seen, very broad and grand; which I walked up; and when I came to the top I met on the landing place, which was dark and dismal, a good many people in gloomy dresses: among these I saw B—— T—— my aunt, who had been some time deceased. She pointed down another grand flight of steps, making signs that I should go. This I did, and when I reached the bottom, saw before me a beautiful wide green place, where were a great number of children hand in hand, dressed in white, and among these both my little ones dressed just alike. Beyond them was a large stream of water; and when I went to overtake them, the whole, with my children amongst them, vanished across the stream. I then woke; but I had this dream a second time the same night; and by means of it my trouble

was taken away, and especially my fear about the elder child."

NOTE VII.—Page 23.

——— *the heart which welcomes you*  
*Is that which thrill'd at "Midnight Thoughts" of Young.*

Klopstock showed his estimation of the poetry of Young, by a singular ode, beginning "Stirb, prophetischer Greis," written, like most of his odes, in imitation of ancient metres. The following version was long since attempted, in the same metre as the original.

TO YOUNG.

Die, prophetic old man, die ! for thy palm-tree stem  
 Long since shot up on high :—wading to flow for thee  
 Stands the rapturous tear-drop  
 In the eye of the Heavenly ones.

Dost thou linger ? and yet high in the clouds hast rear'd  
 Thine own monument long ! for, through the solemn hours  
 Of thy holiest Night Thoughts  
 Wakes the scoffer with thee, and feels

That thy deep-knelling tone, boding the final doom,  
 Is predictive to him ! feels what Omniscience meant  
 When it spake of the trumpet  
 And the blast that awakes the dead.

Die !—me too hast thou taught :—until the name of death  
 Strikes mine ear as the shout of the redeemed just :  
 But, oh, still be my teacher ;  
 Die—yet live as my genius !\*

It is highly interesting to know, that this poet, whose great work, the *Messiah*, and a large proportion of whose odes, were of an eminently Christian character, appears to have departed from the world with great Christian

\* The distaste of our religious public for poetical translation seems evinced by the slow sale of a very able version of "the *Messiah*," anonymously published and most unostentatiously prefaced, by a lady, in 2 vols. 8vo.—LONGMAN.

tranquillity and assured hope; his end thus confirming the impression which his writings, and some most affecting passages of his life convey,—that he really experienced the power of true religion, and its full consolations. In a brief memoir (signed Meyer) prefixed to the miniature edition of his Odes, it is stated that the last words which Klopstock audibly uttered—and with a heavenly look—[mit verklärtem blicke] were—‘Can a woman forget her infant child?—Yea, they may forget; yet will I not forget thee. Behold I have graven thee upon the palms of my hands.’—“Yes, we are all graven upon the hand of God.”—

#### NOTE VIII.—Page 26.

*Which the scarce couchant sun at midnight casts  
On Iceland's mountains, or Lapponia's wilds.*

“An incessant and heavy rain, till about six or seven in the evening, prevented my botanising; but as we had no darkness, even at the hour of midnight, I could just as well pursue my employment then as in the middle of the day. The unpleasant light, caused by the horizontal rays of the sun striking on the ground, so beautifully described by Linnæus\* when botanising in Lapland, is not experienced here; for the sun, in this part of Iceland, is never altogether above the horizon at midnight, nor, if it had been so, would it have had that effect this summer, there being no one period, that I recollect, during the continuance of the longest days, when the horizon in the north was perfectly free from clouds. At such times as the sky is not altogether overcast, the light at midnight,

\* “Fugit me quid sit, quod visum in alpihus nostris, tempore nocturno, ita confundit, ut non tantâ claritate possumus objecta distinguere ac mediâ die, licet sol æque clarus existat; sol enim horizonti proximus radios horizontales dispergens vix pileo ab oculis abigi potest: umbrae dein herbarum *extenduntur in infinitum et implicuntur inter se*, tremunt deinde spirante aëquione, ut vix videre et distinguere queamus objecta diversissima.”—LINNÆI Fl. Lapp. Edit. 2da, p. 137.

at this season, is about as great as that of a moderately dull noon in winter in England."—HOOKER's *Iceland*, Vol. i. p. 57.

"We set out for the mountains about seven o'clock in the evening, and continued gradually to ascend till near twelve at night, when I was favoured with the most novel and interesting scene I ever witnessed: the sun remaining as if stationary a little above the horizon for about half an hour, when he again commenced his ascent and pursued his steady undeviating course through the northern hemisphere.—Close by, towards the west, lay the Trólla Kyrkia or 'Giant's Church,' an ancient volcano, the walls of whose crater rose in a very fantastic manner into the atmosphere; while the lower regions were entirely covered with snow. To the south and east stretched an immense impenetrable waste, enlivened on the one hand by a number of lakes, and in the distance by vast ice-mountains, whose glassy surface, receiving the rays of the midnight sun, communicated a golden tinge to the surrounding atmosphere; while towards the north the long bay of Ilruta Fiord gradually opened into the ocean. Here the king of day, like a vast globe of fire, stretched his sceptre over the realms of night; divested indeed of his splendor, but more interesting because more subject to view. The singing of swans on the neighbouring lakes added to the novelty of the scene, and called forth ascriptions of praise to Him whose 'works are all made in wisdom,' and tend in one way or another to magnify his glory, and advance the general welfare of created being."—DR. HENDERSON's *Iceland*, Vol. ii. pp. 186—7.



## NOTE IX.—Page 26.

*That Power——**With equal ease the nearer can conceal——*

“Uranus is barely discernible without a telescope: Ceres, Pallas, Vesta and Juno are never visible to the naked eye. Besides these planets, others yet undiscovered may exist; and it is extremely probable that such is the case,—the multitude of telescopic stars being so great that only a small fraction of their number has been sufficiently noticed to ascertain whether they retain the same places or not, and the five last-mentioned planets having all been discovered within half a century from the present time.”—SIR J. HERSCHEL’s *Astronomy*, p. 243.

## NOTE X.—Page 26.

*Like your own moon with axis scarce inclin’d——*

“The moon has scarce any difference of seasons; her axis being almost perpendicular to the ecliptic.”——“The axis of Jupiter is so nearly perpendicular to his orbit, that he has no sensible change of seasons.”

“If we consider that Jupiter never has any winter, even at his poles, which probably is also the case with Saturn, the cold cannot be so intense on these planets as is generally imagined.”—FERGUSON’s *Astron.* pp. 22—35.

## NOTE XI.—Page 27.

*—— the aerial screen**Sinks also, by the cooler hour condens’d,**And night succeeds.——*

“The ocean of light and heat perpetually flowing from the sun, must affect the bodies of the system very differently, an account of the varieties in their *atmospheres*,

some of which appear to be very *extensive and dense*. According to the observations of Schröeter, the atmosphere of Ceres is more than six hundred and sixty-eight miles high, and that of Pallas has an elevation of four hundred and sixty-five miles. But it is remarkable that not a trace of atmosphere can be perceived in Vesta; and that Jupiter, Saturn, and Mars have very little. The action of the sun's rays must be very different on these bodies from what it is on the earth, and the heat imparted to them quickly lost by radiation; yet it is impossible to estimate their temperature, since the cold may be counteracted by their central heat, if, as there is reason to presume, they have originally been in a state of fusion, possibly of vapour.—The *lunar* atmosphere must be of a greater degree of rarity than can be produced by our best air-pumps; consequently no *terrestrial* animal could exist in it.”—MRS. SOMERVILLE, *Connexion Phy. Sci.* pp. 262—3.

“One of the new planets, Pallas, is said to have somewhat of a nebulous or hazy appearance, indicative of an extensive and vaporous atmosphere, little repressed and condensed by the inadequate gravity of so small a mass.”—SIR J. HERSCHEL, *Astronomy*, p. 287.

“The most natural conclusion, from the very rare appearance and want of permanence in the spots, [on Mercury and Venus] is that we do not see, as in the moon, the real surface of these planets, but only their atmospheres, much loaded with clouds, and which may serve to mitigate the otherwise intense glare of their sunshine.”—*IBID.* p. 279.

A conjecture has met my eye only since the above citations were written, which is offered in the “Physical Theory of another Life,” (p. 209)—“that the *solar* surface, shrouded from the vertical rays of the upper and phosphorescent atmosphere, by an intermediate nebulous stratum, dense enough to moderate the intensity, as well of light as of

heat, may sustain life not less readily than the surface of Mercury." If there be grounds for such an opinion, it would intimate that such atmospheric arrangements for the modification of light and heat may be much more various and wonderful than we had imagined.

NOTE XII.—Page 28.

*Till twelve were number'd,——  
 Illuming all that visionary land  
 With new profusion.*

It will not be thought a violent offence against the laws of probability, to suppose a planet invisible to the eye, and undiscovered by the telescope, with *many* satellites, of course invisible also,—when the facts mentioned in Note IX. are remembered; and when it is likewise borne in mind that the satellites of Saturn (and I suppose those of Uranus) were discovered successively.

NOTE XIII.—Page 38.

*The' illocal Omnipresent.*

The word 'Illocal,' (a cognate of which, "illocality," is used by Cudworth) I have presumed thus to combine with "Omnipresent," as a form of speech needed and adapted to express the Existence which 'the heaven of heavens cannot contain.' The Jewish philosopher Philo thus writes: "All things are filled with God, as containing them, but not as being contained by them, or in them; to whom alone it belongeth to be both everywhere and nowhere. [ὁ πανταχοῦ τε καὶ οὐδαμοῦ συμβεβηκεν εἶναι μόνος.] Nowhere, because himself created space and place, together with bodies, and it is not lawful to include the Creator within any of his creatures. And everywhere, because he extendeth his virtues and powers throughout earth and

water, air and heaven." (Quoted in CUDWORTH'S *Intellectual System*, Vol. iii. p. 487.) See also Plotinus as cited *ibid.* 482.—Augustine has similar expressions. "Ac ne omnia quæ creata sunt, sine te essent, interior es : exterior verò, ut omnia includantur à te, *non locali* magnitudine, sed *potentiali* præsentia." (Medit. c. xxx.)

## NOTE XIV.—Page 41.

*To me with fitting pause next Haller spoke.*

The appropriateness of introducing Haller, as discoursing on the topics which he is here made to treat of, was first suggested by some slight acquaintance with his celebrity as a physiologist, together with a knowledge of his principles as stated in that valuable work, "Letters to his Daughter on the Truths of the Christian Religion."—(Translated Lond. 1780.)

I might, for aught I then knew, have ascribed these sentiments with *equal* appropriateness to the great Boerhaave, the tutor of Haller; of whom he wrote, at an interval of fifty years, with affectionate reverence. "Letters to his Daughter," p. 64.

But since the foregoing piece was completed, it has gratified me to find in different memoirs of Haller the following details; both as they further illustrate his principles, and as they seem remarkably *coincident* with the topics which I have here happened to assign to him.

"Haller was sincerely attached to his religious principles. La Mettrie, [Ofray] in dedicating to him a work in support of materialism, created in him the utmost horror and distress, by affecting to represent his [Haller's] discoveries as the most valuable proofs of this doctrine." (A procedure, we may remark, well worthy of that infamous writer, whom Haller duly characterises in the above-named Letters, p. 32.)——Haller's "mode of life was

rigidly sober: his only beverage was water, and he delighted to represent the unfitness of the climate of Berne for the culture of the grape, as a signal advantage conferred by nature on his country."—Edin. Ency. Art. Haller.

"In 1747 he repelled with horror the dedication which La Metrie had made to him, of his work entitled "*L'Homme Machine*," and declared in several journals that he acknowledged neither for a pupil nor a friend, a man entertaining those impious opinions."—Eloge Historique de Haller, Geneve, 1778, p. 77.

"In October 1777, he felt the near approach of death, and prepared for it as a Christian hoping to attain salvation, but not arrived at the assurance of it. Some days, however, before the termination of his life, he signified that his fears were now subdued, and that he believed himself to be on the eve of possessing eternal good." (*et qu'il croyoit toucher les biens eternels.*) "He expired December 12, at eight in the evening, while pronouncing with confidence the name of Jesus."—IBID. p. 89.

"Haller had chosen with good reason, as an emblem, the metamorphosis of the caterpillar into the butterfly; and had taken for his motto the words, "*Non tota perit.*"—She does not wholly perish.—In this he doubtless alluded to the steadfast hope which he possessed of the immortality which he enjoys."—IBID. p. 92.

From the Christian tone of this "Eloge," pronounced by some distinguished compatriot, we may conclude that the author refers to Haller's assured hope of *real* immortality, and not a mere figurative immortality of fame; and thus interprets the Christian philosopher rightly; though it is possible, especially if the motto were chosen by him early, that he may have intended a secondary allusion to the "*non omnis moriar.*"

I have not designed to intimate from this circumstance that Haller expected a future life of the lower animals.

He was an intimate friend of Bonnet who did hold that opinion, and mentions with respect his work on the truth of Christianity. (Letters, p. 12.) Bonnet also adopts and eulogizes the physiological discoveries of Haller; (*Corps Organisés*, T. i. p. 136) but I know not that his friend agreed with him in his speculations on the point in question. For the views therefore, on *that* point, which the "Dream" ascribes to Haller, *he* is not to be reckoned an advocate; unless further inquiry should prove him to have been so.

"Haller continued his favourite employment of writing till within a few days of his death, and preserved his senses and composure to the last moment, meeting death with the calmness of a philosopher, and, what is transcendently superior, the lively faith of a Christian."—CHALMERS'S Biogr. Dictionary.

It is an unexpected gratification to learn from a foreign correspondent, since these collections were made, that a Swiss lady, highly qualified for the task, has lately translated from the German "Un extrait du Journal de Haller, précédé d'une Notice sur sa Vie." I regret that this new work has not yet been procured for me.

#### NOTE XV.—Page 43.

##### *That most incredible Cartesian dream.*

"And they think they have found out a rare knack, and that gives a great relief to their diseased minds, who have learned to call the bodies of living creatures (even the human not excepted) by way of diminution, *machines*, or a sort of *automatous engines*.

"But how little cause there is to hug or to be fond of this fancy, would plainly appear, if we consider how defective and unsatisfying the account is which Des Cartes gives—of the *principle* either of *spontaneous motion*, or of

*sensation.* As to the former, though the muscles, the nerves, and the animal spirits in the brain, are the instruments of the motion of the limbs and the whole body, yet what are all these to the *prime causation*, or much more, to the *spontaneity* of this motion? And whereas with us, who are acknowledged [by Des Cartes] to have such a faculty independent on the body, an *act of will* doth so manifestly contribute, and it being also obvious to our observation that it is so very much alike with brute creatures, how unconceivable is it, that the directive principle of their motions and ours should be so vastly and altogether unlike? that in us an *act of will* should signify so very much, and be for the most part, necessary to the beginning, the continuing, the stopping, or the varying of our motions; and in them nothing like it, nor any thing besides, only that corporal principle which he assigns as common to them and us.\* What should cause, or cease, or so strangely vary such motions is from thence, or any thing else he hath said, left unimaginable. But most of all, how the *strange regularity* of motion in some creatures, as of the spider in making its web, and the like, should be owing to *no other* than such causes as he hath assigned of the motions, in general, of brute creatures.

But as to the matter of *sensation*, his account seems much more defective and unintelligible; that is, how it should be performed (as he supposes every thing common to us with beasts may be,) *without a soul*. For admit that it be (as who doubts but it is) *by* the instruments which he assigns, we are still to seek what is the *sentient*, or *what useth* these instruments?—what do they signify without a proportionably apt and able *agent* to use them; or *perceptient* to entertain and judge of the several notices, which by them are only transmitted? But how much more inconceivable it is that the figuration and concurrence of

\* De Passon. Part I. Art. 8.

the forementioned organs can, alone, suffice to produce the several passions of love, fear, anger, &c., whereof we find so evident indications in brute creatures, it is enough but to hint."—Howe's *Living Temple*, (abridged,) Works, Vol. i. pp. 38—40, fol. ed.

"The learned translator (Schuyt) of Des Cartes, is of opinion that that philosopher has performed an essential service to religion, by proving, as he has imagined, that all the lower animals are mere machines, and that all the phenomena they exhibit are purely the effects of mechanical structure; a structure supposed, by Des Cartes and his translator, to circulate blood, to respire, to digest, to hear, to see, to taste, to touch, to smell, to hunger, to thirst, to eat, to drink, to sleep, to awake, to quarrel, to fight, and to kill one another, actuated entirely by no other causes than such as produce the motions of a watch, of an artificial fountain, of a mill, or any of the like pieces of machinery.\* They indeed admit that machines of these wonderful properties cannot be constructed but by the Deity, though from a regard to their own hypothesis, and the fancied dignity of their rational souls, they rather seem to question whether even the Deity can extend the powers of mechanism further. Thus after accomplishing all that is required by their hypothesis, they, with very little appearance of ceremony, and much less of modesty, would prescribe limits to his power and intelligence, and doubt whether He who can so easily construct machines capable of exhibiting not only the ordinary phenomena of instinct, but the cunning of the fox and the sagacity of the dog and the elephant, can, after all, construct a machine capable of exhibiting the phenomena of reason."—BARCLAY'S *Inquiry on Life and Organization*, pp. 394—6, abridged.

\* Des Cartes *De Homine* (Latin. donat. a F. Schuyt, pp. 1—120, Lugd. Bat. 1664.)



"Racine the younger, in two poetical epistles to the Duchess of N——, believes that in defending the opinions of Des Cartes, he is justifying the ways of God to man, by supposing that divine benevolence would never have subjected the lower animals to such apparent hardships and cruelties, were they any thing more than 'insensible automats.'—Hence it should necessarily follow, that no treatment whatever of animals can be considered as allied to cruelty; and that, contrary to the judgment of Solomon, a righteous man only betrays his ignorance, when he 'regardeth the life of his beast.' According to Racine, we may therefore not only torture animals, but dissect them alive, without any stings of remorse. Besides, there are other obvious advantages.—Who (he asks) is the man that would ever consent to adopt the opinion that contemptible brutes should partake with him in that divine light which reminds him of his illustrious origin?—To suppose that brute animals are sentient, that they are alive to pleasure and pain, and yet that their existence is limited to this earth and a few years, would be, thinks Racine, to accuse Heaven itself of injustice."—*IBID.* pp. 400—2, abridged.

"Were they (the Cartesians) only anxious to prove that the soul of man is immortal, and not from vanity, arrogance or contempt, to deny to the animating principles of brutes a share in that distinction, they would have better served their hypothesis by allowing the chain of being to continue without interruption from the meanest animal upwards to man, and would have supposed from general analogy, that the invisible portion of the chain is in like manner continued upwards, without interruption, until it reaches the Creator of all, to whom there is nothing that bears a resemblance."—*IBID.* pp. 407, abridged.

## NOTE XVI.—Page 43.

—— the fond

*Sagacious dog.*

Stronger or more entertaining proofs need not be sought of these and other qualities in that animal, than are to be found in Priscilla Wakefield's little work on Instinct, (Letters 23, 24, 30, 32;) in Dr. Hancock's Essay on Instinct, pp. 84, 89; and in Rees's Cyclopædia, article Instinct. I add, however, the following unpublished facts of a similar kind, with which I have been favoured by a lady whose accuracy gives them, in my estimation, a peculiar value. "The Rev. Mr. S—— of M——, Denbighshire, had a favourite Newfoundland dog, who lived at large, partook of the best of every thing, and exercised his power with great mildness. He was seen more than once, leaping the gate which separated the yard of the house from the farm-yard, and carrying large bones, that had been given him, to a sporting-dog who was tied up in the stable." "A spaniel belonging to the Rev. H. N——, being always told he must not follow his master to church on Sundays, used to set out long before, and lie, perdu, under the hedge, so near the church, that the point was yielded to him." The fact that dogs clearly distinguish the return of Sunday, (no doubt by the different habits of that day,) has been attested to me by the distinct observation of *several* families.

I add one fact from an ancient eye-witness:—Plutarch writes, "When I saw a dog in a ship, the sailors not being present, dropping small stones into the oil which was in a jar but partly full, I was astonished at his conceiving and understanding the overflow which takes place when heavy bodies sink in the lighter."—De Solert. Animalium. Opp. T. ii. p. 967. Ed. Lut. Par. 1624.

## NOTE XVII.—Page 43.

——— *the thoughtful elephant.*

There are some amusing stories of the elephant given by Pliny, (Hist. Nat. lib. viii. c. 1,) which, on account of their fabulous character, I do not cite:—they show, however, the strong opinions of the ancients, (doubtless built on multiplied observation) as to the great intelligence of that animal. Without a basis of very extraordinary facts, such fictions could never have been gravely offered by a naturalist. It is further instructive to remember, that this naturalist, who intimates no incredulity as to the religious rites and sentiments of elephants, has in the same work professed a hard and daring unbelief as to the *foundations* of all religion; thus affording an instance of what has been seen in later times, that the most unbelieving minds are frequently in some points the most credulous.\* In that chapter he has the general remark on these animals,—“They have indeed, what is rare in man, probity, prudence, equity.”—Whether the following statement, (in c. 3,) should be ranked with the fables, I know not: it is perhaps an exaggeration only. “Mutianus, who was thrice consul, relates that one of these animals learned the method of forming the Greek letters; and was accustomed to write out the following words in that language: ‘I myself wrote these words, and dedicated the Celtic spoils.’” [Ipse ego hæc scripsi, et spolia Celtica dicavi.]

Origen quotes a passage of Celsus, which may confirm the prevalence of those strange legends, referred to though not cited. “Nothing can exceed the strictness of elephants in the observance of an oath, and their fidelity respecting divine things; which clearly shows that they

\* See the instance of Hobbes in Appendix III. below.

have a knowledge of the Divinity." ORIG. cont. CELS. l. iv. p. 222. Ed. Spenc. On which Origen remarks, "I know not where Celsus heard of the oath of the elephants, and of their excelling us in faithfulness as to divine things, and of their knowledge of God. I indeed know that many and wonderful things are recorded concerning the nature of this animal and its docility; but I am not aware that any one has spoken of the oaths of elephants." (IBID. p. 228.)

He might well treat with grave sarcasm the assertion of his opponent; but it does not follow that Celsus was in fact the first who had made it. Such fictions or fancies might very naturally ensue in many ignorant or superstitious minds, when very wonderful qualities and dispositions had been really observed and ascertained in that race of animals. They therefore serve to corroborate, in my judgment, the credibility both of the ancient and modern instances which follow; the first of which are also cited from Pliny. "It is certain that an elephant who was of less ready apprehension [*tardioris ingenii*] than his fellows, in receiving the instructions given, having been often chastised with blows, was found exercising himself in these lessons during the night." (IBID. l. viii. c. 3.)

Plutarch states the same or a similar case. "At Rome not long since, when many [elephants] were taught extraordinary postures, and very complicated movements or evolutions, one who was less teachable than all the rest, and on that account often chidden and corrected, was discovered at night exercising himself of his own accord by moonlight, and thus learning." (Opp. T. ii. p. 968. Ed. 1624.) As Plutarch wrote later than Pliny, it may be that this was a different instance of the same practice; but if it were the same, the later account affords confirmation of its truth, especially because, being more circumstantial, it appears to have been taken from a different authority. This is not unlike the repeated trials of birds to learn a

tune, mentioned by Locke, (see Appendix IV.) except that their efforts were voluntary, while this seems to have been urged by fear.

“Antipater relates, that two elephants belonging to king Antiochus were renowned for their use in war, and that even by their surnames; which also were well known to themselves.—Certainly Cato, when in his annals he is mentioning the names of the generals, notices that the elephant which fought most bravely in the Carthaginian army was called Surus, and had one of his tusks broken. When Antiochus was trying the ford of a river, the elephant Ajax refused to proceed, who had at other times always been leader of the troop. Then it was declared that whichever of them would pass the river should thenceforth be the chief: and Patroclus, who ventured, was presented with the silver trappings, in which they greatly delight, and with all other marks of pre-eminence. The former leader, thus branded with degradation, preferred death by refusing food, to the ignominy which he had incurred.” PLIN. *IBID.* (l. viii. c. 5.)

The writer was led to examine these accounts by having formerly heard Professor Blumenbach at Göttingen (in his Lectures on Natural History,) characterise Pliny's description of the elephant as “a noble one.”

For some wonderful *modern* instances of the qualities of these animals, see Bingley's *Animal Biography*, Vol. i. p. 142.

#### NOTE XVIII.—Page 45.

*All these—have come like us from earth's domain.*

“Insects exhibit to us another investiture and display of the living and sentient and thinking principle; and this in full activity and power within figures and limbs so small, as to compel our wonder at the nature of that intel-

lectual mystery and miracle to which space is indifferent, and which is equally efficient and astonishing in the smallest as in the greatest body.—The mental principle is shown by the insect world to be quite independent of magnitude or [amount of] matter; of general form and of any particular organization.”—SHARON TURNER, *Sac. Hist.* Vol. i. pp. 440—1.

“We equally see the full and free exercise of individual choice and will.—Their motions exhibit continual changes of will and self-choosing action.”—*IBID.* p. 454.

“Conjectural possibilities.—One of these would be, that our earth may be a nursery of the immaterial principle; that it is here brought into its first state of being in animal forms, with a profusion that seems to us unexplainably lavish, that it may be elsewhere used in some advanced or ulterior condition, and in other modes of material existence. There is a very large part of our massy and animated globe which has no relation to its human population. The supposition therefore seems not irrational, that it may have some unexplored relations with those orbs which have been made expressly to be our fellow-planets.”—*IBID.* pp. 513—14.

“No brute animals of any kind, in any chronology of their being, have been found to possess the expanding and unceasing improveability of the human soul. It is this quality, never extinguished or extinguishable, though often dormant, which proclaims our spirit to be born for immortality; as the want of it makes it probable that their vital principle in all other material organizations, at least in their *present forms* and *phenomena*, is not intended to be perpetuated hereafter.”—SHARON TURNER, p. 399.

The qualification “at least in their *present forms*,” &c. reconciles this statement with the above. In the following page, he also cites the passage from Hartley; “The future

existence of brutes cannot be disproved by any argument, &c." (See Appendix IV.)

The language used by Mr. Turner respecting the lower animals, everywhere attributes mind to them, in the fullest terms. The following are a few specimens. "That salmon should remember the spot where they have once spawned, and return to it again after a long voyage to the sea, and be able to know their way to it from the vast ocean, is one of the most extraordinary exertions of fish intellect that can be mentioned." (p. 306.)

"A distinct action of judging mind appears in the fish, (*chaetodon rostratus*) that directs the projectile blow (with a "single drop of water") on the insects it perceives and desires to make its food; for this requires a careful proportioning of the force to the distance, and to the amount of water that is thrown; in this operation an accurate perception and instantaneous judgment are necessary in order to produce so continually a successful result."—*IBID.* p. 301.

"Some" (fish) "also appear to distinguish musical sounds, and to be interested by them." The large manatus or lamentin is said to delight in music. (*KERR's Linn.* p. 122.) Gesner affirms that sturgeons are delighted with sounds of various kinds; and that he has seen them shoal together at the notes of a trumpet.—*GOLD. N. H.* Vol. iii. p. 498.

Nurembergius mentions pond-fish that assembled at the sound of a bell, to receive their food. *Nat. Hist. L.* iii. Dr. G. Sergius saw a similar circumstance in the gardens of the Archbishop of Saltzburg, where the trouts came together to the gardener when he rang a little bell.—*IBID.* pp. 303-4.

"The golden carp or gold fish are kept in ponds in China, where they are regularly fed, and taught to rise to the surface at the sound of a bell, in order to receive their nourishment."—p. 305.

## NOTE XIX.—Page 46.

*Perversions fanciful, ornate, corrupt,  
Of patriarchal lore.*

“According to the ancient Pythagoric hypothesis there is neither any new substantial thing now made, nor yet any real entity destroyed into nothing; not only no matter but also no soul or life.—Which Cabala, probably derived from the *Egyptians* by Pythagoras, was before fully represented by us out of Ovid; though that transmigration of human souls there, into ferine bodies, hath not been by all acknowledged as a genuine part thereof. And the same was likewise insisted upon by Virgil, Georg. iv. 221—226:—as also owned and confirmed by Macrobius for a great truth.”——“It is manifest, (he writes,) according to reason and true philosophy, which neither Cicero\* nor Virgil were unacquainted with, (the latter of these affirming that there is no place at all left for death) I say it is manifest, that none of those things, that to us seem to die, do absolutely perish within the living world, but only their forms are changed.”—CUDWORTH, Vol. iv. p. 145.

“The transmigration of souls is a very ancient and common opinion among the *Jews*.”—See BOCHART Hist. des Juifs, l. ii. c. 11. and his Comments.

As to the general fact that patriarchal traditions were handed down (with much perversion and corruption) among the heathen, Bishop Horsley has the following observation, in connexion with the Sybilline books.

“It was to the remains of these books, which I have shown you to have been in fact the corrupted and mutilated records of the patriarchal church, that the Greek philosophers were probably indebted for those fragments of the *patriarchal creed*, from which they drew the just notions

\* Somn. Scipion.



that we find scattered in their writings, of the immortality of the soul, a future retribution, the unity of the Divine Substance, and even of the trinity of persons. For of this the sages of the Pythagorean and Platonic schools had some obscure and distorted apprehensions.”—BISHOP HORSLEY, *Dissertation on the Prophecies of the Messiah among the Heathen*, 1817.

As to the particular doctrine that sentient life is not destroyed, the consent of oriental and early opinions, seems to me to imply either some more ancient patriarchal tradition, or else an original though obscure notion of a *spiritual* essence being necessary to the fact or phenomenon of *life*, and not naturally destructible by the mere dissolution of the body.

A near relative of my own, a lady on whose veracity I can place the most undoubting reliance, has told me, that when in childhood she saw flies or other insects killed, it led her to the thought that some other life, or living creature, was produced or created at the time. If this idea had not been obtained unawares from some tale of transmigrations, (which I think, in her case, very unlikely,) it implies an original conjecture of the kind. At all events it intimates a very early feeling of the accordance of such an expectation with the moral arrangements of a benevolent system.

#### NOTE XX.—Page 46.

*No nutriment is needed, save from airs  
And odours that refresh our happy clime.*

“However it may be with some particular classes and at particular seasons, the far greater number [of fish] take less food, and live with pleasure and apparently from choice, longer, without any ascertainable quantity of it, than any other tribes of animals that we know of.” “The

gold and silver fish in our vases seem never to want any food. Even the pike fattens on total abstinence."—GOLDSMITH, Vol. iii. pp. 420—1. The salmon, although it comes in such multitudes from the ocean into the rivers, yet, when opened, is never found to have any nutritive substance in its stomach. (Wood's Zoog. p. 178.) The whale, although so vast in bulk, subsists on little or nothing. The probability therefore is, that the natural constitution of fish is to live without any food but the element they swim in; and that their requiring it is from some extraneous impulse, and for some specific purpose, which they accomplish by taking the temporary gratification."—*IBID.* pp. 279—81.

As it is everywhere meant to describe in the above pages a "transitive" state, and to avoid, as far as may be, any violent deviations from terrestrial analogies and probabilities, it may not be irrelevant to mention such facts, though the absence of them would no way disprove the possibility of such arrangements in another region, or in the same under a different economy.

#### NOTE XXI.—Page 50.

——— *the true germ—*

*Sleeps in safe keeping of Omnipotence*

*Till the great waking hour.*

"It is very probable that the body has some original essential or staminal particles, which remain the same and unchanged through all the stages of life.—It seems that these unchanging parts, whether few or many, in union with the same soul, are abundantly sufficient to denominate Methuselah the infant and Methuselah the aged the same person; and then also these few essential constituent particles preserved by divine providence, and raised in the formation of a new body, and united to the same

soul, are sufficient to denominate Methuselah dying and Methuselah rising the same person still, both soul and body.

The similitude which the apostle uses (1 Cor. xv. 37, 38,) plainly teaches us, that though there should be but a very few of the same individual particles raised from the dust, and mixed with a multitude of other new particles, yet these few are sufficient to denominate it the same body, so far as the apostle's argument requires it. Now it is easy to suppose that the power and providence of God may, according to this supposition, raise and preserve the same body at the resurrection. For if the new-raised body has but as many essential atoms of the dead body in it, as the new stalk and ear of wheat has of the grain that was sowed, it is enough : and the union of the same conscious mind or spirit, makes it the same man."—WATTS'S *Essay* viii. *Works*, Vol. v. pp. 583—5.

"If the question" [whether the same body will be raised] "intends,—whether the same atoms which have composed our bodies in the present world will constitute the body raised at the final day,—both reason and revelation answer it in the negative."—DWIGHT, quoted in *R. T. S. Commentary*, Vol. vi. p. 179—81.

"The human body is a mass in a state of perpetual change. The identity of it cannot consist in all the numerical particles. Hence we are urged to adopt this opinion, that there must be within it some portion of immoveable matter, from which its general identity is denominated.—It is to those portions of immoveable matter, in all probability, that the immaterial spirit is united in the mysterious compact which subsists between these distant natures in the present life. An indivisible spiritual substance, and a portion of corruptible matter, the parts of which have been rendered indissoluble by the power of the Almighty, may bear some resemblance to

each other in the manner of their existence, how distant soever they may be in point of essence and incommunicable properties. Probably this portion of permanent matter, placed beyond the influence of corruption and decay, affords us a striking emblem of that incorruption to which our bodies shall be raised. It is more than probable that this present seat of personality will become a germ of future life, and be that principle which shall either unfold its latent involutions and expand wholly into that body which shall be, or collect those atoms which will be necessary to give completion to the corporeal frame when the voice of the archangel shall awaken the dead to life."—DREW on the Resurrection, pp. 156—9, abridged.

"With the powers of expansion we are but little acquainted. But even simple extension may supply the place of matter. On these grounds, an inconsiderable number of particles may be sufficient to form the body: and that portion which now constitutes its identity may perhaps contain within it all those atoms which may be necessary to the formation of a spiritual body."—IBID. p. 264.—See also p. 421 *ibid.* and a citation at p. 155, above.

Bishop Horsley's views, in regard to the risen body of our Saviour, deserve attention in connexion with this subject. It would appear, however, a more safe and correct view that the *permanently* glorious change first took place at or during the *ascension*;\* and to this, the change which is to pass on the *living* bodies of those who will "remain" at our Lord's coming, may have a striking resemblance.

The bishop's words are these :—

"Him God raised up the third day, and gave him to be visible."—Acts x. 40. (Vulg. Tremell. Beza.) Not "openly" visible; no such thing is said; it is the very thing denied; but "he gave him to be visible." Jesus was no longer in a state to be naturally visible to any

\* See Cudw. Int. Syst. Vol. iv. p. 22—3.

man. His body was indeed risen, but it was become that body which St. Paul describes 1 Cor. xv. which having no sympathy with the gross bodies of this earthly sphere, nor any place among them, must be indiscernible to the human organs till they shall have undergone a similar refinement.—HORSLEY on Christ's Resurrection, p. 200.

NOTE XXII.—Page 51.

———— a blade

*That might have bloom'd in Cleopatra's groves  
Sprang forth.*

"This living principle" [that of vegetable life] "has the singular property of remaining dormant and inert for years or ages, without therefore ceasing to exist. It has been ascertained to be capable of existing in this latent state for above two thousand years unextinguished, and springing again into active vegetation as soon as planted in a congenial soil.

"At the Royal Institution, in 1830, Mr. Houlton produced a bulbous root, which had been discovered in the hand of an Egyptian mummy, where it had remained above two-thousand years. On exposure to the atmosphere it germinated, and when planted in earth, it grew with great rapidity."—Journal Roy. Inst. No. 1.

In boring for water near Kingston-upon-Thames, some earth was brought up from a depth of 360 feet, and though carefully covered with a hand-glass to prevent the possibility of other seeds being deposited on it, was yet in a short time covered with vegetation. This is rightly referred to seeds anciently lodged in it. (JESSE'S Gleanings.) From the depth, these seeds must have been of the diluvian age.—SHARON TURNER, Sacred Hist. Vol. i. pp. 207—8.

## NOTE XXIII.—Page 56.

*O'er Quito's verdant equinoctial plain.*

"From the terrace of the government palace (at Quito) there is one of the most enchanting prospects that human eye ever witnessed, or nature ever exhibited. Looking to the south, and glancing along towards the north, eleven mountains covered with perpetual snow present themselves, their bases apparently resting on the verdant hills that surround the city, and their heads piercing the blue arch of heaven; while the clouds hover midway down them, or seem to crouch at their feet. Among these the most lofty are Cayambeureu, Imbaburu, Ilinisa, Antisana, Chimborazo, and the beautifully magnificent Cotopaxi, crowned with its volcano."—STEVENSON'S *South America*, Vol. ii. p. 324. Quoted in *Edin. Cab. Lib.* p. 331.

## NOTE XXIV.—Page 57.

*Orinoco's foaming cataracts.*

"The scenery in the vicinity of the lower fall is [described as] exceedingly beautiful. To the west of Atures, a pyramidal mountain, the peak of Uniana, rises from a plain to the height of nearly 3200 feet. The savannahs, which are covered with grasses and slender plants, though never inundated by the river, present a surprising luxuriance and diversity of vegetation. Piles of granite-blocks rise here and there; and at the margins of the plains occur deep valleys and ravines, the humid soil of which is covered with arums, heliconias, and lianas. The shelves of primitive rocks, scarcely elevated above the plain, are partially coated with lichens and mosses, together with succulent plants, and tufts of evergreen shrubs with shining leaves.

On all sides the horizon is bounded with mountains, overgrown with forests of laurels, among which clusters of palms rise to the height of more than a hundred feet, their slender stems supporting tufts of feathery foliage. To the east of Atures other mountains appear, the ridge of which is composed of pointed cliffs, rising like huge pillars above the trees. When these columnar masses are situated near the Orinoco, flamingoes, herons, and other wading birds, perch on their summits, and look like sentinels. In the vicinity of the cataracts, the moisture which is diffused in the air produces a perpetual verdure, and wherever soil has accumulated in the plains, it is occupied by the beautiful shrubs of the mountains."—Travels of HUMBOLDT condensed, Edinburgh Cab. Lib. pp. 242-3.

#### NOTE XXV.—Page 63.

*To this—then more than this—*

*My full and free communion, most endear'd.*

"The author of Questions and Answers to the Orthodox, in his answer to question 75, writes,—that the souls in Paradise do enjoy the conversation and sight of angels and archangels, and also of our Saviour Jesus Christ, by *way of vision*, [*κατ' ὁπτασίαν δὲ καὶ τοῦ σωτήρος Χριστοῦ*] viz. such in its kind, though in degree far more excellent, as where by the prophets saw him of old."—BISHOP BULL, in Huntingford's Testimonies, pp. 282—3.

Irenæus in the fifth book, c. 36, expressly indeed distinguisheth Paradise from the kingdom of heaven, and reckons it a lower degree of happiness "to enjoy the delights of Paradise," [*τῆς τοῦ παραδείσου τρυφῆς ἀπολαύειν*] than "to be counted worthy to dwell in heaven" [*καταξιωθῆναι τῆς ἐν οὐρανῷ διατριβῆς.*] But yet he acknowledgeth in both our Saviour shall be seen "according as they shall be

worthy or meet who see Him" [καθὼς ἀξιοὶ ἔσονται οἱ ὁρῶντες αὐτόν.]—IBID. p. 282.

— "The perfect vision of Christ is referred [deferred?] till his last appearance; and consequently the perfect measure of our glory and blessedness. The reception of that glory into the soul, is that which doth in a manner transform the soul into the same glory; and according to the measure of that reception, so is the measure of that transformation. Here in this life our vision is as it were in a glass, and therefore our conformity unto it is the less and more imperfect. In the state of the separation of the soul more is seen, and therefore the soul more irradiated; but in the reunion of the soul and body, the state of the soul is more perfect, and the vision therefore more perfect, and consequently the glory of the soul and body more perfect. In the state of separation the soul receives a clearer vision of Christ, than whilst she was in the flesh, but not so full a vision as she shall in the resurrection."—SIR MATTHEW HALE, in Huntingford's Testimonies, pp. 98, 100.

— "We must distinguish this presence of Christ with the souls of the good in Hades, from that beatific vision, or sight and enjoyment of God and of Christ in heaven, which will *crown* the felicity of the blessed, after their translation, in body and soul, to that region of consummate glory. And we may conceive this source of happiness to consist in a certain manifestation of the Divine presence of the Redeemer, either constant or occasional, inferior indeed in degree, to that of his presence in heaven, but sufficient to inspire the souls of the righteous with inconceivable joy and delight."—BROUGHTON, (Vicar of St. Mary Redcliffe, Bristol,) on Futurity, pp. 134-5.



## NOTE XXVI.—Page 68.

———— Boyle,

*Boerhaave, Linnæus, Ray—*

*—who thro' all nature trac'd her Lord*

*And theirs—*

No note has been appended to the first mention of Boyle; the writer reckoning, perhaps too fully, on every reader's acquaintance with the character and pursuits of that great and good man. But information concerning him is at hand in every biographical dictionary, and it is pleasant to see also a recent reprint of some of his Christian Treatises, among the "Sacred Classics," with a biographical and critical Essay by Mr. Rogers, prefixed.—Dr. Watts has asked: "Are there not a Boyle and a Ray in heaven?—pious souls who were trained up in sanctified philosophy; and surely they are fitted beyond their fellow saints to contemplate the wisdom of God in the works of his hands."—Works, Vol. ii. p. 163-4.

The name of Boerhaave ranks perhaps not less high than Boyle's in the list of Christian philosophers and naturalists. "In a commentary on his own life he says, that he was persuaded the Scriptures alone were the directory of salvation, when joined with obedience to the laws and example of Christ. Not long before he died, he told his friends that he never entertained a doubt of the immateriality of the soul, and that in a late severe illness he had felt a kind of experimental certainty of the distinction between corporeal and thinking substances. He received the visits of three sovereigns; one of whom, Peter the Great, slept in his barge all night before the professor's house, that he might enjoy two hours of conversation with him early in the morning."—(JOHNSON and BURTON'S Lives of Boerhaave, cited in Watkins's Biog. Dict.) Refer-

ence has been made, in Note xiv. above, to a passage in Haller's letters concerning him; it is as follows:—"Fifty years have elapsed since I was the disciple of the immortal Boerhaave, but his image is continually present to my mind. I have always before my eyes the venerable simplicity of that great man, who possessed in an eminent degree the talent of persuading. How many times hath he said, when speaking of the precepts of our Saviour, that this Divine teacher knew mankind better than Socrates."

Respecting Linnæus, the testimony which I have as yet found of his attachment to *Christian* truths, is not so distinct and full as a general impression had induced me to suppose, when the above line was written. It is however stated, in a small sketch of his life, (Lond. 1827,) "Linnæus drew up a little memoir of the most striking circumstances in his life, and concluded it with these words 'the Lord was with thee wherever thou didst go.' It is said, that whenever an opportunity of expatiating on the wisdom and goodness of the Almighty occurred in his lectures he seized it with avidity. On such occasions he spoke with even greater animation than usual, and the finest bursts of eloquence broke from his lips." This statement I presume has been derived from the 'voluminous' life by Dr. Trapp, to which the writer refers, but which I have not been able to consult.

Linnæus, in his Lapland Tour, describing the sun's setting, (July 1,) apparently, on the summit of Harrevarto, one of the Lapland Alps, writes, "This spectacle I considered as not one of the least of Nature's miracles, for what inhabitants of other countries would not wish to behold it? O Lord, how wonderful are thy works!"—I. E. SMITH'S Translation, Vol. i. p. 269.

## NOTE XXVII.—Pages 75—7.

———*Psaltery of countless chords*——————*Cumbersome night-veil*.

Some thoughts and expressions of Howe have been purposely adopted, as the basis of this feeble attempt.

In his treatise "Of Delighting in God," he writes:—"Since these were the considerations upon which so great complacency was taken in Him, set the same before your own eyes. And since these were proposed as the matter of so common a joy, and the creation seems designed for a *musical instrument* of as many strings as there are creatures in heaven and earth,—awake, and make haste to get your heart fixed: lest the heavens rejoice and the earth be glad,—while you only are silent and unconcerned."—p. 429—30. SEELEY'S pocket edition.

In his discourse "Of the Blessedness of the Righteous," he exclaims, "Happy souls, who are so far awake as to prefer the realities of eternity to the shadows of time! When the holy soul is dismissed from this earthly body, it will shake off this drowsy sleep; now is the happy season of its awaking into the heavenly vital light of God! The blessed morning of that long-desired day, is now dawned upon it; *the cumbersome night-veil* is laid aside, and the garments of salvation and immortal glory are now put on!"

On the delightful dreams or visions referred to in the fifth and sixth stanzas [*when twice thy own effulgence, &c.*] which Howe records to have been granted him Dec. 26, 1689, and Oct. 22, 1704,—some very judicious remarks are offered by Mr. H. ROGERS, in his recent "Life of Howe," pp. 495—502.—(a work to be cited in a subsequent note.) They are also noticed in the present writer's Thoughts on Private Devotion, pp. 273—4, sixth edition.

## NOTE XXVIII.—Page 77.

*Fretted with azure stalactites.*

The colour ascribed to these has been suggested by the remembrance of a cabinet picture, seen in 1833 at the exhibition in the Louvre, bearing in the catalogue the name "La Grotte d'Azur;" and (if the writer mistake not) described as taken from a grotto or cavern in the Greek Archipelago. If the delineation and colouring were true to nature, a more beautiful object of the kind cannot be easily conceived.

## NOTE XXIX.—Page 79.

*Bathe in the waveless ocean of the First  
And Perfect Beauty.*

"Plato discourses of God, under the title of *πολὺ πᾶλος τοῦ καλοῦ*, the vast sea of pulchritude."—CUDWORTH, *Int. Syst.* Vol. iii. p. 483, Edit. Birch.

If it be allowable to attribute to separated spirits any remnants of that turn of thought and expression which characterised them on earth, it will not appear incongruous to ascribe to Howe language borrowed from the most eloquent of the philosophers. Dr. Calamy remarks, "falling among such persons as Dr. Henry More and Dr. Cudworth, it is not to be wondered at that in his early days he received that Platonic tincture which so remarkably runs through the writings which he drew up and published in his advanced years."—*Life*, p. 3.

## NOTE XXX.—Page 80.

*"his open unfrequented path  
To immortality."*

These words will be remembered by some readers as forming part of the inscription on Howard's monument in

St. Paul's Cathedral ;—I believe from the pen of the late Mr. Whitbread.

Our country being commonly 'called Christian,'—it may seem strange that Westminster Abbey contains monuments of "Ben Jonson" and John Kemble, but none of John Howard or John Howe.

NOTE XXXI.—Pages 86—7.

—*A destin'd voyager*  
*To Ireland's coast ;*  
*—Thy saints shall glory—*

The following is an abridged account of the fact on which the above incident has been founded.

"When Mr. Howe was going to Ireland, April, 1671, he was detained in Wales, I suppose at Holyhead. He preached once, and the next Lord's-day the people came flocking into the town, observing that the vessel was not gone. Mr. Howe was then ill in bed, but on the clergyman's application, he rose and preached "with great life and freedom ; and he told my informant, that he never in all his life saw people more moved, or receive the word with greater pleasure. And he at the same time added these words—if my ministry was ever of any use, I think it must be then."—CALAMY'S Life of Howe, p. 17.

NOTE XXXII.—Page 97.

*An aspect which exalts, yet alters not*  
*The grace and nobleness they own'd below.*

In the copious "Life and Character" of Howe which I rejoice that the Christian public have lately received from the pen of Mr. Henry Rogers, (by whose research many original letters and a considerable number of facts have been added to our materials for estimating this great

and good man) the following passage assures us, of what indeed few would doubt, that his own "aspect" eminently possessed this "nobleness."

—"Howe's external appearance was such as served to exhibit to the greatest advantage his rare intellectual and moral endowments. His stature was lofty; his aspect commanding; and his manners a strange union of ease and dignity. His countenance—the expression of which is at once so sublime and so lovely, and so full both of majesty of thought and purity of feeling, is best understood by the portrait.\* It is (to use the language of Gregory Nyssen in reference to Basil,) *βλεμμα τῷ τῶν τῆς ψυχῆς ἐνταυρομένον* 'a countenance attuned to harmony with the mind.' What Howe said of Bates (in the celebrated funeral sermon) might be said with still greater truth of himself; that he was 'wrought *luto meliore*, of better, or more accurately figured and finer turned clay.' Calamy, who knew him well, tells us that 'as to his person, he was very tall and exceeding graceful. He had a good presence, and a piercing, but pleasant eye; and there was *that in his looks and carriage, that discovered that he had something within that was uncommonly great, and tended to excite veneration.*'"—(ROGERS's Life of Howe, p. 451.)

\* Although the portrait prefixed to this Life of Howe is far preferable to the much larger one at the head of Calamy's Life (Works, fol. edit.) I think the biographer's just reverence for him whom it represents, has led him to see more in it than it actually offers. Few engraved portraits do any thing *like* justice to the living *expression* of their original. No portrait, of course, can completely convey it. One of those which appears to me to do so *more* than most is the portrait of Fenelon; and especially a modern lithographic portrait of him, published in a French collection. To this I have alluded in p. 18, above. Still it is not to be doubted that the best portrait of this great man falls utterly below the real countenance described p. 156; though it may greatly aid imagination in shaping her *ideal* portrait.

## NOTE XXXIII.—Page 100.

—*Ambrose stood*

*In that square pulpit of unsculptur'd stone.*

“The pulpit in which Ambrose is said to have preached (in the church at Milan which bears his name) is wholly of plain stone, very large, and of a square form, with a crucifix of brass on its edge, and a bird of the same metal in front. There is also a brazen serpent on a column standing alone near the centre of the church. The body of Ambrose is interred under the high altar, round which are four columns of porphyry, supposed to have stood unaltered from his time.—His own bedstead is also preserved in this church with an Italian inscription, assuring us that whoever visits the chapel which contains it three times devoutly, on Holy Thursdays, shall deliver a soul from purgatory!”—The writer here quotes his “Letters after a Tour,” pp. 103-4; but at an interval of twenty years remembers the pulpit *only*.

## NOTE XXXIV.—Pages 98—100—101.

—*ignited*

*As with the ‘altar coal’—the’ imperial brow—*

—————*a votive obelisk*

*To the creation’s rescue and his own.*

Some readers need not to be told, that the speaker here introduced is intended for the late Robert Hall. Others, from not having seen or heard that remarkable man, may not conjecture this; and when apprized of it may perhaps judge the description hyperbolical. It is of course but fair to bear in mind that whoever is described in the above pages, is described as seen in a new and exalted state of being. But it will be proper to present such readers with

some of those statements as to Mr. Hall's character as a preacher, 'on which (subordinately to *personal* observation and admiration) this attempt at describing him has been grounded. They will be more fitly placed in the next note, as appended to the address above imagined. But I would here state,—that these "fragments" of a supposed address are *wholly* imagined, and not in the least grounded on any thing actually spoken by Mr. Hall:—which is the more requisite, as the turn of phrase called for by the writer's supposed situation tends to mislead his readers.—— The subject of that address has however been suggested by this fact, mentioned by a late valued friend, Mr. A. C. Buckland, author of *Letters on Early Rising*;—that he had himself heard Mr. Hall, while enduring a high degree of that suffering which was so habitual to him, preach from the text—'Neither shall there be any more pain.' Mr. B. did not communicate any sketch or hints of the discourse. Possibly, correct notes of it exist; and it would be interesting to know what such a Christian *really* said, while *conflicting* with pain by which minds of less extraordinary vigour would have been disqualified for any public effort.

The writer is quite aware, that among various occasions for unfriendly criticism which the foregoing piece affords, the introduction of a "sermon in paradise" would not be the least inviting. He could himself—were such his unenviable temper and vocation—find sarcasms to expend on this and on some other points, which are obviously susceptible of being viewed and presented under an aspect of the "ridiculous." But with regard to this particular one, he can discover no serious reason, why eloquence—employed on the sublimest themes—should be excluded from a place, and a prominent place, among the pursuits and enjoyments of *any* future state. Whether it will be verbal, is another question; but we can have no present dis-



tinct conception of it, except as through that medium. Dr. Watts writes,—“Perhaps you will suppose there is no such service as hearing sermons; that there is no attendance upon the word of God there. But are we sure there are no such entertainments? Are there no lectures of divine wisdom and grace given to the younger spirits there, by spirits of a more exalted station?”—(Works, Vol. ii. p. 172.) Southey, in his *Memoir or Essay* prefixed to *Watts's Lyric Poems* (which I have not now at hand) adverts to this, gently, yet with an implied stricture;—which is not surprising. Dr. Watts has not in this instance happily chosen his terms. “Sermons,” we all know, may be dull and dry. “Entertainments” would rather remind some readers, in our days, of “fêtes” or of “afterpieces;”—and “lectures,” of the “college.” It is very observable how much we are swayed by the associations which particular words excite. But the true inquiry is, whether the engagements intended, if fulfilled in a celestial manner, can be accounted unworthy of a celestial state.

Perhaps this is the most suitable occasion for remarking, that the writer has not been insensible to the sort of ridiculous presumption implied, in imagining thoughts and language for minds so incomparably above his own, as most which have been here introduced; and still the more when introduced on a scene where they will have been so elevated above their former selves.—But this resolves itself into the larger question, whether the whole design should have been formed or persevered in.

The presumption referred to may be best palliated, by remembering that both Milton and Klopstock have ventured to invent language, not for men and angels merely, but for the Deity; a boldness which was, *perhaps*, necessary or important to the full effect of their poems; but which one is at a loss how to vindicate either on the score of piety or good taste.

## NOTE XXXV.—Page 103.

—By new

*And swift degrees upkindling with his theme,  
Still flash'd new ardours forth.—*

Some passages preceding the above lines, and several that follow them, will be both justified and illustrated by the following citations.

Mr. Hall “began with hesitation, and often in a very low and feeble tone.—As he proceeded, his manner became easy, graceful, and at length highly impassioned : his voice also acquired more flexibility, body, and sweetness ; and in all his happier and more successful efforts, swelled into a stream of the most touching and impressive melody. The further he advanced, the more spontaneous, natural, and free from labour seemed the progression of thought.”

—“In his sublimer strains, not only was every faculty of the soul enkindled and in entire operation, but his very features seemed fully to sympathize with the spirit, and to give out, nay, to *throw out*, thought, and sentiment, and feeling. From the commencement of his discourse an almost breathless silence prevailed, deeply impressive and solemnizing from its singular intenseness. Not a sound was heard but that of the preacher’s voice—scarcely an eye but was fixed upon him—not a countenance that he did not watch, and read, and interpret, as he surveyed them again and again with his rapid ever-excursive glance.\* As he advanced, and increased in animation, five or six of the auditors would be seen to rise—still

\* This was not *always* the case. Mr. Foster writes : “It appeared to me not unfrequently that his ideas pressed into his view so much in the character of living realities, that he lost all distinct sense of the presence of the congregation.”—Observations, &c. HALL’s Works, Vol. v. p. 161.

keeping their eyes upon him—until, long before the close of the sermon, it often happened that a considerable portion of the congregation were seen standing, every eye directed to the preacher; yet now and then for a moment glancing from one to another, thus transmitting and reciprocating thought and feeling. Mr. Hall himself, though manifestly absorbed in his subject, conscious of the whole, receiving new animation from what he thus witnessed, reflecting it back on those who were already alive to the inspiration, until all that were susceptible of thought and emotion seemed wound up to the utmost limit of elevation *on earth*—when he would close, and they reluctantly and slowly resume their seats.—In 1814, Mr. Hall, while preaching among his old friends at Cambridge, just before he commenced the application of his sermon, uttered a short but very fervent ejaculatory prayer, during which the whole congregation arose from their seats. Mr. Hall seemed surprised for a moment, and but for a moment, and remained in prayer for about five minutes. He then resumed his sermon, and continued preaching for more than twenty minutes, in such a strain of magnificent and overwhelming eloquence as the extraordinary incident might be expected to produce from powers and feelings like his, the whole congregation standing until the close of the sermon.”

“—Scenes like this I have witnessed repeatedly, so productive of intense and hallowed feeling, that after an interval of more than thirty years, they present themselves to my mind with a more vivid influence than many of the transactions of the last month.”—DR. O. GREGORY’S Memoir. HALL’S Works, Vol v. pp. 53—56.

Mr. Foster remarks:—“His sometimes impetuous delivery, ardent aspect, and occasionally magnificent diction, were all purely spontaneous from the strong excitement of the subject. Under that excitement, when it was the greatest, he did unconsciously acquire a corres-

ponding elation of attitude and expression ; would turn, though not with frequent change, toward the different parts of the assembly, and, as almost his only peculiarity of action, would make one step back from his position (which however was instantly resumed) at the last word of a climax.—To the feeling of his constant hearers, the cool and hypercritical equally with the rest, it was merely one of those effects which emotion always produces in the exterior in one mode or another.”—Observations, &c. *IBID.* pp. 158—9.

Mr. Foster, in referring to Mr. Hall's earlier efforts, before age and almost continual pain had abated “the energy and splendour of his eloquence,” records “that intense ardour of emotion and utterance, which so often, animating to the extreme emphasis a train of sentiments impressive by their intrinsic force, had held dominion over every faculty of thought and feeling in a large assembly.”—*IBID.* p. 144.

The depreciating remarks of certain journalists can detract nothing from the strength of testimonies like these. The present writer, and a multitude of other hearers of Robert Hall, will subscribe, while memory holds her place, to Mr. Foster's closing observations.—“While ready to give due honour to all valuable preachers, and knowing that the lights of religious instruction will still shine with useful lustre, and new ones continually rise, they involuntarily and pensively turn to look at the last fading colours in the distance where the greater luminary has set.”

By the time the reader has perused this note, he will be, justly, less able to excuse that presumption to which I have honestly pleaded guilty in the preceding one.

## NOTE XXXVI.—Page 104.

———*the turban'd multitude*

*With such deep noiseless veneration bow.*

According to competent and credible witnesses, the exemplary deportment of Mahometans, while engaged in the duty of prayer, may well put to shame the comparative indvoutness and indifference, even of Christian worshippers. "When," observes an intelligent witness, cited by Hottinger, "I contrast the silence of a Turkish mosque, at the hour of public prayer, with the noise and tumult but too frequent in Christian temples, I stand astonished, at the strange inversion in the two religions, of the order of things which might naturally be expected; how it comes to pass, that, where Mahometans manifest such exemplary devoutness in their public services, Christians, on the contrary, betray so lamentable indevotion! When the whole nature and reason of the case obviously demand, that the effects respectively produced, should be just the opposite from what they are!" Again: "I have seen"—is the remarkable testimony of another authority on the spot—"a congregation of at least two thousand souls assembled in the mosque of Saint Sophia, with silence so profound, that, until I entered the body of the building, I was unaware that it contained so much as a single worshippinger!"—FORSTER, *Mahometanism Unveiled*, Vol. i. pp. 411—12.

## NOTE XXXVII.—Page 104.

———*whom the golden lips*

*Of their fam'd prelate now rebuk'd, now sham'd.*

Specimens are subjoined of the "rebukes" uttered by this bold and eloquent prelate, which indicate also the

manners and habits of a portion of his hearers ; for it may be presumed that the absent, whom he condemns, were at least occasionally of his audience. Indeed the first words of the second citation *imply* this.—“ Let no one therefore, advance either his youth or his old age, as an apology for negligence : for there are now among us many young persons filling this holy edifice, [πνευματικὸν θεατρὸν] while some of the aged are dishonouring themselves at the races. [ἱπποδρομίας] Again, there are other old persons adorned at once by hoary hairs and by attention to sacred discourses, and youths who by attendance on those spectacles render their youth irrational.”—in Hom. iv. Select. H. iii. p. 14.—(in Mat. ix. 37.)

Again, in the same homily,—“ Those who have quitted us, sit as spectators of senseless horses ; overwhelming each other meanwhile with scurrility and abuse, stirring up rage and contest for which there can be no excuse ; exulting also with a gladness which is more wretched than grief, over winning charioteers, and over broken-down horses,—than which what can be more irrational ? For, tell me, *why* dost thou rejoice, why leap, why dance, why descend thence with such gaiety ? And *thou*, why dost thou grieve, and veil thyself, and bow thy head, and vex thy spirit, because such an one has gained, and such another has lost the race ?—and what is that to thee ? What reason for that grief or that delight ?—What punishment does not each of you merit,—neither one of you taking any account of this, that his own soul is every day distorted by bad passions—but rejoicing or lamenting over irrational animals, and men as irrational as they ?”—*IBID.* p. 24.

## NOTE XXXVIII.—Page 104.

*Quick phosphorescent gleams——*

Those who have walked the deck of a large vessel at night, going rapidly before the wind, (or impelled by the unpoetic power of steam,) and watched the waves around her, will I believe accede to the fitness of the terms here used, even if used in prose. I know not the nature or cause of such appearances, but have observed them, as well as the whole scene, with pleasure.

## NOTE XXXIX.—Page 107.

*The bright mosaic, &c.*

These figures have been adopted from some *similar* expressions retained in the writer's memory, which he heard uttered many years ago in an eloquent speech by the Rev. John Burnet, now of Camberwell.

## NOTE XL.—Page 109.

*“——our Love was slain.”*

The expression, “my Love was crucified,” is found, if I mistake not, in the confessions or meditations of Augustine, but I cannot at present refer to it.

## NOTE XLI.—Page 110.

*—The unpris'd jewel from the Egyptian's hold  
That it might sparkle here.*

It may be proper to state that this is not the description or narrative of any real individual. It is however, we are happy to know, the true representation of a *class* of negro Christians, both in the West Indies and America. If any *individual* case occurred to the writer's mind, it was that

of "poor Sarah," an American slave, whose story is told with most affecting simplicity in a tract so entitled, the contents of which first appeared in an American journal; and for the circumstantial truth of which there seems that sort of internal evidence which it is not easy to resist.

It may here be desirable to add, that the characters of Lydia and Silas (though not the *connecting* circumstances,) are from real instances of obscure piety; and that the sketch of the character and 'last end' of the companion of Timanthes has been drawn with circumstantial exactness from the real life of one long deceased.

## NOTE XLII.—Page 112.

—*holy Corbet*—

*Rack'd, but still blessing Him that urg'd the thorn.*

John Corbet was one of the ejected clergy of 1662. A small collection of his private papers was published after his death under the title, "Self-Employment in Secret," with a recommendatory preface from Howe.

He refers to severe bodily affliction as follows. "I had rather have health of soul in a body full of pain, than health and ease of body with a distempered soul."—"I am unfeignedly willing to bear this affliction, as it is an evil laid upon me by His will, till the time come in which he thinks fit to remove it.—I wrestle with God by importunate prayer, that this thorn in the flesh might depart from me—yet I would not wrest this relief out of his hands unseasonably.—It is hard to be willing to bear my wearisome condition, and, oh, how weak is my heart, and ready to sink, if it be not upheld by a strength above my own! I feel myself bettered in the inner man, by this chastening.—I do not love God the less, because of his correcting hand upon me. I am willing to serve God in pain and patience, else I were unworthy of so good a



Master.—I am called to deny all the pleasures of sense and to mind them no more : and I am heartily willing to do it.—My present state gives me advantage for a higher proof of the grace that is in me, upholding me in a life of faith and patience, by which I live upon God alone, when worldly comfort fails me, and by which I am enabled to overcome things grievous to nature, and to get above, not only the pleasures but the sharp pains of sense ; and to live and endure with little natural or bodily rest.”

NOTE XLIII.—Page 112.

*“The earnest presbyter of Wintringham.”*

“Adam’s Private Thoughts” are so well known, and known to be remarkable for the resignation which many of them express, that it may be superfluous to give specimens. But such sentiments as the following cannot be too much recorded, whether as a memorial or a lesson of the Christian temper.—“When pain comes, it seems as if it was reached out to me by the hands of an angel, who is come post with it from heaven, glad of the office of administering to my safety and improvement ; rejoicing in the love of God towards me, and calling on me to join with him in blessing God for it.”——“Not too much pain : with God’s help I can think so from my heart, take it patiently, and bless Him for the mercy of it.”——“In pain, sickness, trouble, methinks I hear God say, Take this medicine, exactly suited to the case, prepared and weighed by my own hands, and consisting of the choicest drugs which heaven affords.”—Chapter xi. on Resignation, pp. 273, 275, 261. (Diary of REV. T. ADAM, Rector of Wintringham.)

## NOTE XLIV.—Page 113.

*From forth its fragile lamp the brighter shone.*

I am conscious of having here “regrated” a figure used by myself elsewhere. (Essays for Christian Encouragement, &c. p. 325. 2nd Edit.) There is little doubt that it was in its former use unconsciously borrowed; having been heard in public from another, after it was first committed to writing, though not to the press;—taken, most likely, by each, from the same forgotten source. How often we thus quote both others and ourselves, we know not. All that can be done is, to acknowledge the origin of a thought or phrase, when remembered. It is endeavoured to do this by the marks of citation; from whatever quarter, high or low, foreign or domestic, the passage or phrase has come. Nor has it been scrupled to cite the best-known, and even the trite, where they seemed more fit than any that could be substituted. But it may illustrate the fact of our great liability to unconscious borrowing,—that I should not have marked as a quotation the words “leafy labyrinth,” (p. 88 above,) had I not chanced, since they were written, to look into the inimitable “Masque of Comus;” unread I think during many years. Even in appropriating words unawares, one feels as a customer must into whose cloak some small articles have been lapped at the silk-mercator’s, and who is not at ease till they are either carried back, or set to her account. But plagiarism, in all its forms, appears to me a misdemeanour: and the dislike of that practice has been heightened by occasionally discovering it where it ought above all to be shunned.—It was once my lot to hear an able and popular preacher, (now no more,) cite a brilliant figurative passage from Dwight’s Theology, with all the air of an original effusion.

This will be a proper place for mentioning that in p. 4, the clause ending with the words "father-land of love" was suggested by one of Madame de Staël.—"Quand le soir, à l'extrémité du paysage, le ciel semble toucher de si près à la terre, l'imagination se figure, par delà l'horizon, un asyle de l'esperance, une patrie de l'amour; et la nature semble répéter, silencieusement, que l'homme est immortel."

NOTE XLV.—Page 113.

"And here Susanna," &c.

Susanna Harrison; "a very obscure young woman, destitute of the advantages of education, and under great bodily affliction:"—so described by the late Dr. Conder, who edited her "Songs in the Night;" appending to them also an interesting account of "a remarkable scene in her life." He states at the close of it, "after long sufferings had reduced her to a mere skeleton, yet was her mind so calm, that she whispered the day before she left this world, pointing to heaven, "I cannot talk; but I shall soon sing *there*."—Her "songs" on earth, though not poetic, and sometimes not *quite* grammatically correct, must have consoled and edified many. I have been pleased to meet with them, (where indeed I *first* did so,) in the sick chamber of the poor. She died in 1784.

NOTE XLVI.—Page 113.

———— Look

Where Theodosia comes.

"Mrs. Anne Steele, daughter of a dissenting minister of primitive piety, the strictest integrity and benevolence, and the most amiable simplicity of manners. It was her infelicity, as it has been of many of her kindred spirits, to

have a capacious soaring mind united to a very weak and languid body. Her life was for the most part a life of retirement, in the peaceful village where she began and ended her days. (Broughton, in Hampshire.) With an exquisite sensibility, she possessed a native cheerfulness, which not even the uncommon and agonizing pains she endured in the latter part of life could deprive her of. Hers was a life of unaffected humility, warm benevolence, sincere friendship, and genuine devotion. A life which it is not easy truly to describe, or faithfully to imitate.

"Having been confined to her chamber some years before her death, she had long waited with Christian dignity for the awful hour of her departure. She often spoke, not merely with tranquillity, but joy, of her decease. When the hour came she welcomed its arrival, and though her feeble body was excruciated with pain, her mind was perfectly serene. With these animating words on her dying lips, 'I know that my Redeemer liveth,' she gently fell 'asleep in Jesus.'

"Theodosia was placed by Providence in a state of independence; and religiously devoted the profits arising from the sale of her poems, to the purposes of benevolence."—Abridged from Dr. CALEB EVANS's Advertisement to the posthumous volume of Theodosia's Poems.

Many of the hymns of this lady have been inserted, with her name, in collections for public worship, and are among the most faultless which the Christian church adopts. Her departure from this life took place in 1778.

#### NOTE XLVII.—Page 114.

*Timanthes; long on earth my friend.*

The character here attempted to be drawn is that of the late Dr. Henry Sampson. Howe's Discourse "On Patience in the expectation of Future Blessedness," had reference

to that excellent physician, and he appended it to a brief memoir, from which I have previously given an extract, in "Essays for Christian Encouragement," &c. p. 327, 2nd Edit. but now subjoin nearly the whole ; for one can scarcely present too often or too fully so Christian an example. Boerhaave, as well as Dr. Sampson, was first designed for the Christian ministry. Probably each may have effected, at least indirectly, more of spiritual good, than as if the first destination had been persevered in.

Dr. Henry Sampson (Mr. Howe writes) "was long a member, and lived in communion with many of us, in the same church, viz. by the space of thirty years, under the pastoral inspection of the Rev. Dr. Jacomb, and of him, who, with great inequality, succeeded him. This he signified himself, in a paper written by his own hand, and delivered to me when we were entering upon the administration of the Lord's Supper, the last time that God ordered him the opportunity with us.

"The paper was thus :—

"SIR,—It is my request to you, that you will please to acquaint the congregation, with the great sense I have of the mercy of God, that hath afforded me communion with them, and their ministry, for thirty years together.

"But now, being, by the providence of God, deprived of my health in the city, I am to seek relief thereof in the country air, and shall thereby be, in a great measure, deprived of those blessings ; yet I earnestly desire their prayers for me, and my family, that, in some sort of such intercourse, our communication may continue still, if not in body, yet in spirit.

"Your Servant,

"HENRY SAMPSON."

"He now found himself constrained by his declining age, and growing distempers, to retire from us, (but not with-

out very great reluctancy) into a village, at no great distance from the city, but which for change of air, was necessary, and, as he found, relieving to him.

“From thence, his earnest desire to visit his relations and native country, engaged him in a long journey, as far as Nottinghamshire. And that journey brought him into the better, even the heavenly country: God so ordering it, that near the place where he drew his first breath he should draw his last; and end a very holy useful life not far from the very spot where he began to live. For reaching the seat of a reverend brother of his, near to that of his birth, he there found, but for a very few days, a temporal, and there entered upon his eternal rest. So falling a little short of the (*patrias sedes*) place that had been the dwelling of his earthly parents, by a joyful anticipation, he sooner arrived at his heavenly Father's house, and found his place among the many mansions and everlasting habitations, where was to be his proper and perpetual home.

“It is not my design to enlarge in giving his character, though the subject is copious; for my present infirmities will make my limits narrow, whether I will or no. But a man of so real value and usefulness in his station, and of so instructive and exemplary a conversation, ought not to be neglected, or be let slide off the stage from among us, without some such observation as may some way answer a debt owing to his memory; and be a real gain and advantage to ourselves.

“He began his course favoured by the Author of nature with very good natural parts; and very early enriched with communications of the most excellent kind by the God of all grace. Herewith having his spirit seasoned, and deeply tintured betimes, the fear of the Lord, which is the beginning of wisdom, became, near the beginning of his course, the governing principle thereof. His choice was therefore of that way and state wherein he, in the

general, conceived he might most glorify God and do most good to men. And because he thought he might serve those ends best in that high and noble employment, wherein he should be obliged principally and most directly to intend the saving of men's souls, thither he more immediately bent and directed his preparatory endeavours. And, therefore, though in his academical studies, wherein he spent several years, he neglected no part of that rational learning which was most fitly conducing and serviceable to this his purpose; yet he most earnestly applied himself to the gaining a thorough acquaintance with those languages wherein the Holy Scriptures were originally written; and spared no cost to procure great variety of the best and most celebrated editions of both the Testaments, with other helps, for the attaining of that most necessary knowledge; whereof his library, so richly furnished in that kind, did appear, after his decease, a full evidence; to the bettering of divers other libraries, of such as he had formerly been wont to hear,—and among them, as I must with gratitude acknowledge, by his special kindness and bequest, my own.

“Accordingly this had been his calling, if the way of managing it could as much have been the matter of his choice, guided by his judgment and conscience, as the calling itself had been. But things falling out in this respect otherwise, before he could solemnly enter upon it, he seasonably diverted from it to that which he judged the next best, and wherein the persons of men were still to be the objects of his care. Things of higher excellency than lands and riches; as life and the body are, by the verdict of our Saviour, of more worth than their perquisites, food and raiment, unto which ample estates and revenues are but more remotely subservient. And the vicinity of this to that other most excellent calling, is so near, that it is an easy step from it to the affairs of the other. Which we

see exemplified in that excellent person, a dear and most worthy *relative*\* of the deceased, unto whose 'Historical Account' of him, subjoined to this Discourse, I refer the reader for fuller information, whose most useful and elaborate works may not only occasion us to consider theology as every one's business, or the calling of a divine as in some respects transcendental, and running through every man's calling; but that of a physician, as more nearly allied to it than any other, many excellent speculations being common, and as those works show, of great importance to both.† And in which performance that accurate writer doth not, indeed, preach to the vulgar, but instructs preachers. And as it hath been sometime thought a greater thing to *make a king* than to *be one*, he hath attained a higher degree above being himself one single preacher, in doing that whereby now and in future time he may contribute to the making of many.

"These are some instances, and blessed be God it is to be hoped there are others, which show that "*religio medici*" is not always opprobrious, or a note of ignominy and reproach; and that a beloved physician, on the best account, was not appropriate to the first age. That calling gives very great opportunity to a man of serious spirit, of doing good to men's souls; and I know it hath been improved by some, to discourse and to pray with their dying patients, and when their art could not immortalize their bodies, they did all that in them lay, for the saving their immortal souls. And this I have reason to think was a great part of the practice of this worthy man: in the proper business of this calling he sincerely studied the good of mankind, endeavouring to his utmost to lengthen out their time in this world, in order to their further preparation for the other. When the cases of extreme illness and extreme poverty have met together, he hath most cheerfully embraced the

\* Dr. Grew.

† Grew's *Cosmologia Sacra* is here referred to; quoted in Appendix IV. below.



opportunity of doing such good, declaring he was ready as well to serve the poor when he was to receive nothing, as the rich from whom he might expect the largest fees; his visits have been there repeated with equal constancy and diligence. He equally rejoiced in the success of such endeavours, whereof he had no other recompense than the satisfaction of having relieved the distressed and miserable. And of such some do survive him, to whom the remembrance of his name is still grateful and dear.

“Nor were the great advantages lost which he had gained for the instructing a congregation; (had the state of things and his judgment concurred thereto;) for they eminently appeared to such as had the privilege of living under his roof, and of partaking in the instructions which his great acquaintance with the Holy Scriptures enabled him to give them from time to time; which, together with his daily fervent prayers and holy conversation, made his family as a well-ordered and watered garden compared with the howling wildernesses of too many others.

“But in all my conversation with him nothing was more observable or more grateful to me than his *pleasant and patient expectation* of the blessed state which he now possesses; the mention whereof would make joy sparkle in his eye, and clothe his countenance with cheerful looks; accompanied with such tokens of serenity and a composed temper of mind as showed and signified submission, with an unreluctant willingness to wait for that time which the wisdom and goodness of God should judge seasonable, for his removal out of a world which he loved not, nor yet could disaffect from any sense of its unkindness to him, but only from the prospect he had of a better.”

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*“The worthy Dr. Grew’s account of his excellent Brother-in-law.*

“Dr. Henry Sampson was the son and heir of a religious gentleman, Mr. William Sampson, of South Leverton, in Nottinghamshire, and nephew to those two eminent linguists Mr. John and Mr. Samuel Vicars, the joint authors of the Decapla on the Psalms. In his minority he was first under the government of his most virtuous mother; upon her remarriage, of his father-in-law, the very Rev. Dr. Obadiah Grew of Coventry, by whom he was committed, at the age of fifteen, to the tutorage of Mr. William Moses, then Fellow, and some time after the learned and worthy Master of Pembroke Hall in Cambridge; under whom his proficiency was such as preferred him to be the moderator of his year. So soon as he was of sufficient standing he was chosen Fellow of the same Hall; and not long after had one of the best livings in the gift of the college bestowed upon him, viz. that of Framlingham, in Suffolk. Here he was when he published that correct edition of the learned Theses of Mr. Thomas Parker, entitled ‘*Methodus Divinæ Gratiaë*,’ &c., a golden book with a golden epistle of his own prefixed to it, both of them having a great deal of weight in a little room. While he continued here he made several visits to Coventry, where he often preached for the Doctor, his father-in-law, with great acceptance, as well as among his own people; in both which places his name is as a precious ointment, and his memory had in honour unto this day.

“Upon the restoration of King Charles, being obliged to leave his people, he resolved, as well because he was never ordained, as for some other reasons, to qualify himself for the practice of physic; in order whereunto having visited several universities famed for medicine abroad, he stayed first at Padua and then at Leyden for some time. In the latter of which he became very well acquainted with that

eminent person the Lord Chief Justice St. John, who bore a singular respect to him as long as he lived. Having here taken his degree, he returned home and settled in this city, where, also for order's sake, he entered himself for the College of Physicians as an honorary fellow; among the members whereof he justly obtained the repute of being substantially learned in all the parts of his profession. Besides other improvements he aimed at, he laid up a considerable treasure of observations made of diseased bodies dissected with his own hand; nor did he lose any of his spare hours, as appears by many historical papers relating to theology left behind him; all which, though they have been long suppressed, partly through his own great modesty, and partly the infirmities of his latter years, which permitted him to finish but few, if any of them; yet it is hoped that some of both kinds may ere long see the light. His reading and speculation were ever in order unto action. By which means, as he became, under all relations, in every station of his life, desirable and exemplary unto others; so he enjoyed the happiness of continued peace within. And as he lived, he died; his last hours being very composed, and concluding with that 'euthanasia' for which he had often prayed."<sup>†</sup>

The following passage may be appropriately inserted here, as an interesting addition, to what has been offered in note XIV. above, concerning the celebrated HALLER.—  
"He eagerly seized the numberless opportunities which his profession of a physician gave him, of convincing those with whom he conversed of the truth, and of converting them to the practice of the Christian religion. He was charitable to the poor, sympathized in the tenderest manner with the distressed; and was humane and just in his dealings with all."—Preface to the Letters to his Daughter, p. 9.

\* HOWE'S Works, I. 696—7, Fol. Edit.

— In connexion with these facts, the writer takes occasion to express for himself and others, the hope that his esteemed friend, Dr. T. H. Burder, will publish, in a separate and enlarged form, those “Suggestions to Medical Practitioners on the importance of promoting the Religious Welfare of their Patients, &c. &c.” which have appeared in a popular journal, and are known to be from his pen. They have been already useful: they might be rendered much more so: and the qualifications of their author, in all the essential respects, are known to many.

NOTE XLVIII.—Page 117.

(*So Wilmot the good prelate heard*)

John Wilmot, Earl of Rochester, died July 26, 1680. If Dr. Sampson had died before him (which I think was not the case) there would still be no positive anachronism in this remark; for I have supposed in the above piece that separated spirits are not wholly unacquainted with what has passed on earth since their decease.—‘Angels rejoice over one sinner that repenteth,’ and it would be strange to conclude that the ‘spirits of just men’ never partake in the same kind of joy.

It is right to state that the character whose conversion is above described by Timanthes is an *imagined* one. But (we thank God) there have not been (and are not) wanting, real instances among the ‘mighty’ and the ‘noble,’ of quite as striking a kind. Lord Rochester, had his life been spared, we trust would have been so. Struensee also might be named,——The particular passage which heads this note will be understood by the readers of BISHOP BURNET’S *Passages in the Life and Death of John, Earl of Rochester*, (see p. 51, &c. Edit. 1680,) a little book of great value.

## Note XLIX.—Page 121.

*Few verily with holier transport came  
To welcome rest than he.*

Dr. Prichard, after describing in a letter to a professional gentleman, the nature of Mr. Hall's disorders, as ascertained "post mortem," observes: "Probably no man ever went through more physical suffering than Mr. Hall: he was a fine example of the triumph of the higher powers of mind, exalted by religion, over the infirmities of the body.—Quoted in Dr. O. GREGORY's Memoir, HALL's Works, Vol. v. p. 134

His disease "had become," as his esteemed friend Mr. Addington termed it, "an internal apparatus of torture;" yet such was the peculiar structure of his mind, doubtless fortified and prepared for patient endurance by an energy imparted from above, that though his appointment by day and by night was incessant pain, yet high enjoyment was, notwithstanding, the law of his existence."—*IBID.* pp. 97—8.

This is not very conceivable by minds differently constituted; and we may, I think, thus interpret it, that 'high enjoyment' must have chiefly belonged to those periods when the *severity* of pain was intermitted or abated. Further particulars of Mr. Hall's intense sufferings, the nature of their causes, and the Christian triumph of his "last illness and death" are contained in the very interesting "Account," by J. M. Chandler. Esq. (Bristol 1831.)

## Note L.—Page 131.

—*a Mauritanian troop  
Of kingly lions.*

"A combat of many lions was first given at Rome by L. Scævola. But the first who gave a combat of a hundred

maned lions, (jubatorum) was L. Sylla (who was afterwards dictator) in his prætorship. After him, Pompey the Great exhibited six hundred in the Circus, of which three hundred and fifteen were maned. Cæsar, when dictator, four hundred.”—PLIN. Hist. Nat. lib. viii. c. 16.

It may be mentioned here, as having a near connexion with this subject, that the expression “inbent the thumb,” (p. 129,) refers to a custom of the gladiatorial shows, with which some readers may be unacquainted. “When the spectators wished a vanquished gladiator to be put to death, they made a signal by clenching the hand, with the thumb erect and turned towards the breast, to represent the act of stabbing; this was called *vertere pollicem*.”—Notes on Juvenal.

Note LI.—Page 132.

——him that chas'd  
The mythic hydra, &c.

Among heathen testimonies to the prevalence of Christianity against heathenism in the first ages, a remarkable one is that of Porphyry. Writing of the plague, he observes: “But now they wonder if the disease has for so many years infected the city, when there has been no longer any converse or sojourning [*επιδημίας*] of Æsculapius and of the other gods. For *Jesus being honoured*, no one has experienced any public benefit from the gods. So Porphyry in those very words;” [cited in Euseb. Præp. Evang. lib. v. c. 1.] On which Eusebius puts the forcible inquiry: “If Jesus were a mere mortal man, and as they pretend, a deceiver, how came all these saviours and gods to take flight in a mass, with Æsculapius himself, turning their backs to the mortal, and delivering up the whole human race in subjection to him, who, as they would say, is no longer in being? He who is but one, and as they ima-

gine, alone, expels the multitude of gods throughout the inhabited world."—Heathenism indeed subsisted, and retained its wonted spirit; but, like a 'wounded dragon,' in that weakened and mutilated state, which might well call forth the indignant sorrows of its patrons and the exultation of its foes."—(From the writer's "Divine Origin of Christianity," Whittaker, 1829. Vol. i. pp. 353—5.)

Note LII.—Page 132.

*With one right eye so clearly.*

To a valued friend who kindly perused my manuscript, the style of this passage appeared confused or obscure. I fear it may still be rather so, *with* the following explanation of the above phrase; much more so without it, since the allusion there made is to a subject which has been named to few.——In the writer's first voyage, he met with tribes on a certain island, said to be also numerous on the neighbouring continent, who are accustomed from infancy to have one eye bandaged; the right, of course, being that which remains uncovered. This is practised by all sects and parties among them, and is said to be for the prevention of "seeing double" or "on both sides." In the bandaged eye the visive power becomes extinct, and even where (from a love of free and unshackled observation) the bandage is early slipped off—still the sight on one side is found to be at least impaired.

Those people however allege that not only is the perplexity of seeing "on both sides," prevented,—but that the right view of an object is much more clear and strong with the 'single eye,' nay, sometimes "with half an eye." There is this incidental inconvenience, that, when standing in differing positions, they see things almost as differently as the knights who viewed contrary sides of the shield; which leads to unhappy errors and disputes. But I could not per-

suade them that they are wrong on the whole, or that if so, it would be possible to give up their habit. I have wished that some voyager, possessing powers like Dean Swift's, but better principles, would give a full account of these Unoculi. Their history would be more instructive than that of the Amazons, and more easily credible than the account once published of a race "without souls." Would that the lamented author of *that* narrative could have undertaken the task. He knew these singular tribes, and was every way qualified to give a graphic account of them.—The style of his little work referred to, may be my apology for that of the present note, which some will feel not accordant with the very serious topics to which it is appended.

## NOTE LIII.—Page 135.

— *blest accord*

*Reciprocal, unfeign'd, unchangeable—*

I have alluded to sentiments which Howe strongly felt and expressed, and which may be illustrated by the following passages from his Life by Dr. Calamy.

"He had a large soul, and could not bear the thoughts of being cramped and pinioned. He was for the Union and Communion of all visible Christians, and for making nothing necessary to Christian communion, but what Christ hath made necessary, or what is indeed necessary to one's being a Christian. And he was convinced that such a union must be effected, not by mere human endeavour, but by an Almighty Spirit poured forth, which (says he) after we have suffered awhile, shall [*καταπρίσαι*,] *put us into joint*, and make every joint know its place in the body; (1 Pet. v. 10,) shall conquer private interests and inclinations, and overawe men's hearts by the authority of the Divine law, which now, how express soever it is, little availeth against



such prepossessions. Till then, (he says,) Christianity will be among us a languishing withering thing. When the season comes of such an effusion of the Spirit from on high, there will be no more parties. And amidst the wilderness [of] desolation that cannot but be till that season comes, it matters little, and signifies to me (says he) scarce one straw, what party of us is uppermost. The most righteous, as they may be vogue, will be but as briars and scratching thorns; and it is better to suffer by such than be of them."—Funeral sermon for Mr. Mede, quoted in CALAMY's Life, prefixed to HOWE's Works, p. 12.

Again he writes: "If we did but endeavour to have our souls possessed with a more clear, efficacious, practical faith of the gospel, and our hearts so overcome as practically and vitally to receive it, we should apprehend the things to be truly great wherein we are to unite, and should, in comparison, apprehend all things else to be little; and so should be more strongly inclined to hold together by the things wherein we agree, than to contend with one another about the things wherein we differ. And if we, in our several particular stations, are but herein careful, if we but do our own part, we may be able to say, it was not our fault but Christians had been combined and entirely one with each other, but they had been more thoroughly Christian and more entirely united with God in Christ, and that Christianity had been a more lively, powerful, useful, amiable thing. If the Christian community moulder, decay, be enfeebled, broken, dispirited, ruined in great part, this ruin shall not rest under our hands."—p. 27, CALAMY.

Again: "My heart tells me I desire not the least hurt to them that would do me the greatest; and that I feel within myself an unfeigned love and high estimation of divers, accounting them pious, worthy persons, and hoping to meet them in the all-reconciling world, that are yet

(through some mistake) too harsh towards us who dissent from them; and in things of this nature, I pray that you and I may abound more and more."—*IBID.* p. 40, (Letter to his People.)

"How common has it been to say,—such an one conforms; he hath nothing of God in him! such an one conforms not; it is not conscience but humour!—God forgive both. Had they blotted Rom. xiv. out of their Bibles?"

"Why then should it be strange to me, that I cannot convey my thought into another's mind? It is unchristian to censure, as before, and say, such an one has not my conscience, therefore he has no conscience at all. And it is also unreasonable and rude to say, such an one sees not with my eyes, therefore he is stark blind."—*IBID.* p. 55, 56.

Again: "We have had a greater mind to dispute than to love; and to contend about what we know not, than to practice the far greater things we know, and which more directly tend to nourish and maintain the divine life."—*IBID.* p. 15. Preface to Blessedness of the Righteous.

"Howe," observes Dr. Calamy, "seems to have been born into this world to support generous principles, a truly Catholic spirit, and an extensive charity."—*IBID.* p. 78.

The topics of the above citations have been excellently treated by a clergyman of the Church of England, my valued friend, the Rev. James Joyce, in the Second Appendix to his valuable treatise on love to God; entitled "Remarks on the Common Errors of Theological Controversy, &c." One passage I must quote.

"Shall those who would not dare to say, or desire to think, that such varieties of opinion or expression would exclude from heaven, still allow them to be the ground of estrangement and asperity on earth? Must the least jar of opinion grate on the heart, and a slight hallucination of the understanding poison our kindly emotions, and a dis-

puted word interrupt the harmony of Christian intercourse, and worship, and love?"—JOYCE, on Love to God, Second Edition, p. 334.

NOTE LIV.—Page 135.

—Our gentle Hughes

And venerable Bridges.

Of the catholic and peace-making spirit of the Rev. Joseph Hughes,—well known to so wide a circle,—my heartfelt admiration has been recorded ("Discourse," pp. 26—27, 1833, Holdsworth,) and more ample testimonies in his "Life by the Rev. J. LEIFCHILD" are before the public.

With the Rev. N. Bridges, D.D. it was my privilege, in the last years of his prolonged course as a zealous and useful clergyman of the Church of England, to enjoy not unfrequent and very pleasant intercourse. He was a man of 'the same Spirit.' He loved all whom he believed to 'love the Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity,' contributed to all Christian missions, and many other benevolent institutions, without respect of persons or parties; was 'in labours abundant,' in manners cheerful and vivacious, exercising in his efforts and benefactions the charity which 'hopeth all things.'—The following epitaph (placed, I believe, in his church in Warwickshire,) with which I have been favoured by one of his relations, conveys an interesting view of Dr. Bridges's Christian and pastoral character. "By nature a man of talent—By education a man of learning—By grace a man of God—He was faithful in showing the lost state of man as a sinner, faithful in declaring the love and all-sufficiency of the Saviour, earnest in his exhortations, unwearied in his labours. For more than fifty years he preached and followed Christ, and now he sees Him as He is."—

Dr. Bridges departed this life, July 17, 1834, aged 84.

Two other monuments were erected in the churches where he had preached in Bristol, on one of which it is well and truly recorded, "Firmly attached to the established Church of England, he yet rose superior to party prejudices, and loved all who loved his Master."

NOTE LV.—Page 138.

——— *thither shall these hosts*

*And countless more ascend.*

"There may be, consistently with the divine Omnipresence, some particular place of the Universe, where the Creator of all things is more especially present, by some peculiar and visible manifestation of his glory; some place in the superior regions, which may not unfitly be considered as the palace of the King of kings, or presence-chamber of the Almighty; where the angels, his ministers, attend, to receive his high commands, and where the saints, together with the angels, will hereafter enjoy the Beatific Vision or sight of God. Which last circumstance evinces the reality of such a place, it being impossible otherwise, that any of God's creatures should *behold* or have a sight of their great and glorious Creator. This glorious place, the peculiar residence of God and of Christ, of the holy angels and of good men, we may venture to place—beyond the uttermost limits of the visible creation, deep in the bosom of infinite space, where no shadow of a revolving body intervenes, at any time, to eclipse the glories, or diminish the splendours, with which it is invested."—BROUGHTON on Futurity, p. 377.

With regard to the state and employment of happy spirits, (whether in the intermediate "vehicle" or the 'spiritual body,') as referred to in the present passage and elsewhere,—I find, since this volume was written, some beautiful expressions, mingled with much

that is superstitious and exceptionable, in Dr. H. More's book on the Soul. "If virtue and vice can ever be seen with outward eyes, it must be in these aerial vehicles, which yield so to the will and idea of good and pure affections, that the soul in a manner becomes perfectly transparent through them.—Not that I mean that there is any necessity that their vehicle should be as a statue of fluid crystal; but that these impresses of beauty will be so faithfully and lively represented, according to the dictates of her inward sense, that, if we could see the soul herself, we could know no more than she thus exhibits; which personal figuration in the extimate parts thereof may be attempered to so fine an opacity, that it may reflect the light in more perfect colours than it is from any earthly body."

—"Of all pleasures [in that state] there are none comparable to those that proceed from their joint exercise of devotion. For their bodies so much surpassing ours in tenuity and purity, must needs be a fitter soil for the divinest thoughts and most enravishing affections towards their Maker. Which being heightened by sacred hymns and songs, sung by voices perfectly imitating the sweet passionate sense of their devout minds, must even melt their souls into divine love."—On the Soul, pp. 411—12, 417—8, (abridged.)

#### NOTE LVI.—Page 144.

— *The semblance of a throne, &c.*

"The clouds seem to be materials ready at hand, for composing the Throne or Judgment-seat of Christ, which, illumined by the transcendent radiancy of his glorious body, sitting or reclining on it, will be (what the Evangelist calls it) 'the Throne of his glory,' or his glorious Throne. And we shall the more readily admit of such a

throne, when we consider, that all [many of] the visible appearances of the Lord, recorded in the Old Testament, were in a cloud."—Exod. xvi. 10.—xxiv. 15, 16.—xxxiv. 5.—BROUGHTON on Futurity, p. 327.

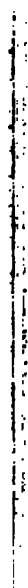
It will be very apparent, to readers who are familiar with the Bible, that the description here ventured on is founded on the language of Ezekiel, Daniel, and the Apocalypse.

NOTE LVII—Page 145.

—or the reverent Polycarp

*Hard by his "King and Saviour."*

The revered martyr Polycarp, "when the proconsul urged him saying—Swear [by the genius of Cæsar] and I will set thee at liberty: reproach Christ;—replied,—Eighty and six years have I now served Christ, and he has never done me the least wrong: how can I then blaspheme my King and my Saviour?"—This martyr's testimony is also remarkable, to that doctrine of the consciousness of separate spirits which will be considered in the first appendix subjoined. In the beginning of that prayer which preceded his martyrdom, he thus expressed himself, "Oh God of the whole race of just men who live in thy presence!" And having particularly mentioned the martyrs, he added, "among whom may I be received before thee this day." Relation of his martyrdom by the church of Smyrna, cited in EUSEB. E. H. l. iv. c. xv.—See ARCHBISHOP WAKE's Apostol. Epistles, pp. 147—8, and BISHOP BULL, in Huntingford, p. 249, who gives the original Greek.



# APPENDIX I.

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## COLLECTIONS

ON THE

CONSCIOUS STATE OF THE SEPARATE  
SPIRITS OF THE SAVED; AS A HAPPY BUT  
EXPECTANT STATE.



11

12

13

14

## APPENDIX I.

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It will perhaps be remarked, by those who impugn the doctrine which the following extracts support, that the opinions cited are mostly of old date, and that a more recent and enlightened theology has discarded several notions which were in former ages supposed to have a foundation in Scripture.—The maxim which some Christians of an opposite school have advanced—that there can be no new discoveries in theology,—is not, in its full and literal sense, subscribed to by the present writer. He hopes and believes, that by a humble, impartial, judicious investigation of the Scriptures, some truths may yet be elicited and some errors dispelled.—But it would be very strange that divines of different countries and communions, all or most of them eminent for capacity, and several distinguished for independent habits of thought, should have agreed to discover in the Bible so important a doctrine as the distinct subsistence and consciousness of the soul after the death of the body, if that doctrine were really not taught by our sacred books. The reader should be influenced, however, by the reasons adduced rather than by the names affixed to them; even the few passages cited may convince the candid that the scriptural arguments are not feeble, or

easy, by fair means, to be disposed of. It will be observed that these citations are selected also with a view to the secondary doctrine, (on which some modern divines and many private Christians seem to have departed from the older theology;)—that the intermediate or separate state is but a *reposing and preliminary* state; much less exalted, and less glorious, than that which shall follow the general resurrection.

With regard to the *locality* of that state, the most judicious divines have confessed their ignorance. The supposition chosen in the foregoing piece, of its being in a planetary world of our system, is not at all to be regarded as a settled opinion of the writer. It has been adopted as at once the most clearly conceivable, and not in itself the least probable; as being also more suited than perhaps any other hypothesis for describing a first “step” toward “heaven;” or a “transitive world,” not dissimilar to this.\* The reader may rather choose to think of those ‘blessed dead, who die in the Lord,’ as in a more remote and celestial dwelling; or on the contrary, some one, it is possible, may prefer the conjecture of an ingenious living writer, that—“man is destined to pass through three stages of life—the second (if we do not mistake the apostolic words) ‘under the earth,’ and in a transition-form, of attenuated and inactive corporeity.”† This hypothesis (grounded on Phil. ii. 10, Rev. v. 3, 13, and Rom. xiv. 9) of the separate state being “subterrene,”‡—in “the dim cavern,”§—is indeed, at first view, very unwelcome to our imagination. But the idea of an “inner sun”—a central lamp for that unexplored region, on which Klop-

\* See p. 47, above.

† *Physical Theory of another Life*, p. 220.

‡ *Ibid.* p. 212.

stock long since ventured, would in a measure dispel, at least, the *gloominess* of the thought. And the 'far better' presence of the Uncreated Sun, we are certain, would dispel it gloriously.\* But whatever supposition, as to locality, may commend itself most to the reader's mind, the scenes and intercourses described in the preceding piece, will not, it is hoped, be by that change rendered wholly inappropriate.

## BISHOP BULL.

"St Paul, who had been caught up into the third heaven, and also into Paradise, which the Scripture tells us is the receptacle of the spirits of good men separated from their bodies, and therefore was best able to give us an account of the state of souls dwelling there, assures us that those souls live and operate, and have a perception of excellent things. Nay, in the very same text where he speaks of that rapture of his, (2 Cor. xii. 2—4,) he plainly enough confirms this hypothesis. For, first, when he there declares himself uncertain whether he received those admirable visions he speaks of, in or out of the body, he manifestly supposeth it possible for the soul, when out of the body, not only to subsist, but also to perceive and know, and even things beyond the natural apprehension of mortal men. And then when he tells us that he received in Paradise visions and revelations, and heard there [*ἀρρήτα ῥήματα*] *unspeakable words, not lawful* (or rather not possible) *for man to utter*, he directly teacheth, that Paradise is so far from being a place of darkness and ob-

\* This, however, though it coincides with both Jewish and Gentile notions of Hades, does not appear to have been the *prevailing* opinion of the ancient Christian church.—See BISHOP BULL, in Huntingford, pp. 280—4.

surety, silence and oblivion, where the good spirits, its proper inhabitants, are all in a profound sleep, like bats in their dark winter quarters, (as some have vainly imagined,) that on the contrary it is a most glorious place, full of light and ravishing vision, a place where mysteries may be heard and learned, far surpassing the reach of frail mortals. Lastly, the glories of the third heaven and of Paradise too, seem by an extraordinary revelation opened and discovered to St. Paul; not only for his own support under the heavy pressure of his afflictions, but also that he might be able to speak of them with greater assurance to others. And the order is observable:—first he had represented to him the most perfect joys of the third or highest heaven, of which we hope to be partakers after the resurrection; and then, lest so long an expectation should discourage us, he saw also the intermediate joys of Paradise, wherewith the souls of the faithful are refreshed until the resurrection: and for our comfort he tells us, that even these also are inexpressible.”—BISHOP BULL, quoted in *Huntingford's Testimonies*, pp. 265—7.

“Irenæus teaches—that it is the divine ordination and disposition that those that are saved should, *per gradus proficere*, “proceed by degrees” to their perfect beatitude;—that is, that they should, as St. Ambrose speaks, “through the refreshments of Paradise, arrive to the full glories of the heavenly kingdom.” *IBID.* p. 283.

#### BISHOP JEREMY TAYLOR.

“The holy Jesus promised to the blessed thief, that he should that day be with him in Paradise; which therefore was certainly a place or state of blessedness, because it was

a promise ; and in the society of Jesus, whose penal and afflictive part of his work of redemption was finished upon the cross. Our blessed Lord did not promise he should that day be with him in his kingdom, for that day it was not opened, and the everlasting doors of those interior recesses were to be shut till after the resurrection, that himself was to ascend thither, and make way for all his servants to enter in the same method in which he went before us. Our blessed Lord descended into hell [hades] saith the creed of the Apostles, from the sermon of St. Peter, as he from the words of David ; that is, into the state of separation and common receptacle of spirits ; according to the style of Scripture. But the name of hell [hades] is nowhere in Scripture an appellative of the kingdom of CHRIST, of the place of final and supreme glory. But concerning the verification of our Lord's promise to the beatified thief, and his own state of separation, we must take what light we can from Scripture, and what we can from the doctrine of the primitive church.—St. Paul had two great revelations ; he was rapt up into Paradise, and he was rapt up into the third heaven ; and these he calls visions and revelations, not one but divers ; for *Paradise* is distinguished from the *heaven* of the blessed, being itself a receptacle of holy souls, made illustrious with visitation of angels, and happy by being a repository for such spirits who at the day of judgment shall go forth into eternal glory. In the interim CHRIST hath trod all the paths before us, and this also we must pass through to arrive at the courts of heaven. Justin Martyr said, it was the doctrine of heretical persons to say that the souls of the blessed instantly upon the separation from their bodies enter into the highest heaven. And Irenæus

makes heaven and the intermediate receptacle of souls to be distinct places; both blessed, but hugely differing in degrees.

Tertullian is dogmatical in the assertion, that till the voice of the great archangel be heard, and as long as Christ sits at the right hand of his Father, making intercession for the Church, so long blessed souls must expect [await] the assembling of their brethren, the great congregation of the church, that they may all pass from their outer courts into the inward tabernacle, the Holy of Holies, to the throne of God.—Sufficient is it to us that all holy souls departing go into the hands, that is into the custody, of their Lord; that they rest from their labours, that their works shall follow them, and overtake them too, at the day of judgment; that they are happy presently, that they are visited by angels, that God sends as he pleases excellent emanations and types of glory to entertain them in their mansions; that their condition is secured.”—Br. JER. TAYLOR, *Great Exemplar*, Part III. pp. 170—1.

“It is a plain recession from antiquity, which was determined by the council of Florence,—‘that the souls of the saints are received immediately in heaven, and clearly behold God himself, three in one;’ as who please to try may see it dogmatically resolved to the contrary by Justin Martyr, Irenæus, Origen, St. Chrysostom, Theodoret, Athanasius Cæsariensis, Euthymius, who may answer for the Greek church. And for the Latin church, Tertullian, St. Ambrose, St. Austin, St. Hilary, Prudentius, Lactantius, Victorinus Martyr and St. Bernard, are known to be of opinion that the souls of the saints are in *abditis receptaculis, et exterioribus atriis*, ‘in secret receptacles and outer courts,’ where they expect the resurrection of their bodies

and the glorification of their souls; and though they all believe them to be happy, yet they enjoy not the beatific vision before the resurrection." TAYLOR, *Liberty of Prophecy*, ("Sacred Classics," pp. 214—15.)

## REV. T. BROUGHTON.

"This plain recession from antiquity, as Bishop Taylor calls it, was evidently made to support the very lucrative doctrine of purgatory. For it being thought absurd to suppose that souls relieved from the pains of purgatory by the prayers of the living, should continue any longer in an intermediate state, there was a necessity of sending them, so released, directly to heaven, and to the enjoyment of the beatific vision."—REV. THOS. BROUGHTON ON FUTURETY, pp. 99–100.

Mr. Broughton then assigns further reasons, in a citation from Ludovicus Capellus, why this ancient doctrine of the intermediate state was departed from; namely by Papists, "to support their erroneous doctrine of invoking the saints;" and by Protestants "rather than expose themselves to the subtleties of the Papists in supporting their purgatory, by granting such third or middle state." "But," (adds Mr. Broughton) "I cannot see the necessity the Protestants were under of joining with the Papists in this 'recession from antiquity.' The doctrine of purgatory is so far from being a consequence of, or any way connected with that ancient doctrine, that it is effectually shut out by it. For, according to the Church of Rome, they that die in venial sins are punished for a time in purgatory till God's justice be satisfied. But according to the ancient doctrine, the intermediate state is a state of neither actual



reward nor actual punishment, but (as Capellus expresses it) of expectation only, or a *prospect* of reward or punishment."—*IBID.* p. 103.

### BISHOP BULL.

"The doctrine of the distinction of the joys of paradise (the portion of good souls in their state of separation,) from that yet fuller and most complete beatitude of the kingdom of heaven after the resurrection, is far from being Popery, as some have ignorantly censured it, for we see it was the current doctrine of the first and purest ages of the church. I add, that it is so far from being Popery that it is directly the contrary. For it was the Popish convention at Florence that first boldly defined against the sense of the primitive Christians." (Quoted above by Bp. Taylor.) "And this decree they made, partly to establish their superstition of praying to the saints deceased, whom they would needs make us believe to see and know all our necessities and concerns 'in the glass of the Trinity,' as they call it, and so to be fit objects for our religious invocation; but chiefly to introduce their purgatory, &c." —BISHOP BULL, cited in Huntingford's *Testimonies*, pp. 284-5.

### WITSIIUS.

"There can be no doubt but the things we have thus mentioned," [i.e. the attainments and enjoyments of departed saints,] "are most excellent; yet they are not the complete fulness of that state; nor do they fully contain that abundance of happiness and glory, which the Gospel

commands us to hope for. And for this reason the frequent reference to the consummation of our happiness at the glorious coming of our Lord, as 2 Tim. i. 12; iv. 8; v. 18; 1 Pet. i. 5; v. 4; add Col. iii. 4, and 1 John, iii. 2. —From these testimonies we are [however] by no means to conclude that the souls of the righteous shall be, till then, without all sense of happiness; but only that what they have till then been favoured with is but a kind of prelibation, till the work of salvation shall be in every respect completed. For certainly it cannot be denied that there is a great difference between that measure of happiness which the souls of believers enjoy while they are separated from the body, and that consummation of glory which is to be revealed at the last day. Hence also the ancients said that the souls of believers have indeed a joy, but it is only enjoyed in part.”—*Economy of the Covenants*, Vol. ii. p. 101.

#### WATTS.

Dr. Watts's "Essay on the Separate State," should be carefully examined by those readers who would investigate the whole argument, which in this Appendix it is not at all possible to do. He observes, on Luke, xvi. 22, "It is very strange that our Saviour should so particularly speak of angels carrying the soul of a man whose body was just dead into heaven or paradise, which he calls Abraham's bosom; if there were no such state or place as a heaven for separate souls, if Abraham's soul had no residence there, no existence in that state, if angels had never any thing to do in such an office. What would the Jews have said or thought of a prophet come from God, who had

taught his doctrines to the people in such parables as had scarce any sort of foundation in the reality or nature of things?"

"But you will say, the Jews had such an opinion, though it was a very false one; and this was enough to support a parable. I answer, what could Christ (who is truth itself) have said more or plainer to confirm the Jews in this gross error of a separate state of souls, than to form a parable which supposes the doctrine in the very design and moral of it, as well as in the foundation and matter of it?"—(Cited in Huntingford, pp. 327-8.)

"Doubtless there are pleasures to be enjoyed by complete human nature, by embodied souls, which a mere separate spirit is not capable of.—Is it not the happiness of the saints in heaven to see their glorified Saviour? But even this sight is and must be incomplete, till they are endued with bodily organs again. What converse soever the spirits of the just have with the glorified man Jesus, while they are absent from the body, yet I am persuaded it is not, nor can it be so full and perfect in all respects as it shall be at the general resurrection. They cannot now see Him face to face in the literal sense; and they wait for this exalted pleasure, this *immediate* and *beatific* sight."\*—(Works, 4to. Vol. ii. p. 183.)

It is not to be inferred from these remarks, that Dr. Watts denied any "vehicle" of the separate spirit: he seems undecided on that question. "If they are provided with any subtile ethereal bodies, which are called vehicles," &c. &c.—*IBID.* p. 190. See also a citation, p. 247, below.

\* See Note XXV. above, (p. 184,) which might form part of this appendix.

## JOHN HOWE.

“ Yea, and most evident is it [from texts before cited] not only that holy souls sleep not, in that state of separation ; but that they are awaked by it (as out of a former sleep) into a much more lively and vigorous activity than they enjoyed before ; and translated into a state, as much better than their former, as the tortures of a cross are more ungrateful than the pleasures of a paradise.\*——But, it must be acknowledged, the further and more eminent season of this blessedness will be the general resurrection day, which is more expressly signified in Scripture by this term of awaking. What addition shall then be made to the saints’ blessedness, is more remote from our apprehension ; inasmuch as Scripture states not the *degree* of that blessedness which shall intervene.——But that there will be great additions, is plain enough. And divers things there are obviously enough to be reflected on, which cannot but be understood to contribute much to the increase and improvement of this inchoate blessedness.——That there is a real desire and expectation of this [further] change, seems plainly intimated in those words of Job ; ‘All the days of my appointed time will I wait till my change come ; (ch. xiv. 14,) where he must rather be understood to speak of the resurrection than of death, as will appear by the context from verse 7 ; and surely that waiting is not the act of his inanimate sleeping dust ; but though it be spoken of the person totally gone into hades, into the invisible state, it is to be understood of that part that should be capable of such an action : q. d. I, in that part that shall be still alive, shall patiently wait thy ap-

\* He refers, I conclude, to the pains of sickness and death.

pointed time of reviving me in that part also, which death and the grave shall insult over in the meantime.——And then that this waiting carries in it a desirous expectation of some additional good, is evident at first sight : which therefore must needs add to the satisfaction and blessedness of the expecting soul. And wherein it may do so, is not altogether unapprehensible. Admit, that a spirit, had it never been embodied, might be as well without a body, or that it might be as well provided of a body out of other materials ; it is no unreasonable supposition, that a *connate aptitude to a body*, should render human souls more happy in a body sufficiently attempered to their most noble operations. And how much doth relation and propriety endear things otherwise mean and inconsiderable ? Or why should it be thought strange, that a soul *connaturalized to matter* should be more particularly inclined to a particular portion thereof?——Nor is it hence necessary the soul should covet a reunion with every effluvious particle of its former body. A desire implanted by God in a reasonable soul will aim at what is convenient ; not what shall be cumbersome or monstrous!—HOWE, Works, Vol. i. pp. 518—21. Folio ed.

#### CALVIN.

Calvin, after describing the peace enjoyed by the saints on earth, goes on to say, “ This peace is augmented and exalted by death, which conveys them, released and discharged from this world’s warfare, to the true abode of peace, where, while with mind and aim they wholly adhere to God, nothing else averts their view or distracts their desire. Somewhat, however, is still wanting, which they wish

to behold ; namely, that *supreme* and *perfect* glory of God, to which they are ever aspiring. This desire is wholly free from impatience, yet the rest or satisfaction is not full and consummate.—Their desire is not wholly accomplished till the glory of God be fully revealed ; to which there is an accession at the day of judgment.”—Psychopannychia, in HUNTINGFORD’s Testimonies, pp. 427–28.

“They expect what they possess not as yet, nor have attained their ultimate felicity. Why then are they nevertheless happy ? Because they both know that God is propitious to them, and see from far the coming reward, and rest in the certain expectancy of a blessed resurrection.”—*IBID.* p. 468.

In the third book of his “Institutions,” he writes,—“Since the Scripture everywhere bids us depend on the expectation of Christ’s coming, and defers our crown of glory till then, let us be content with these limits appointed of God ; namely, that the souls of the godly having ended the labour of their warfare, go into a blessed rest, where with happy joyfulness they look for their enjoying the promised glory ; and that so, all things are held in suspense till Christ the Redeemer shall appear.”—Cited in HUNTINGFORD’s Testimonies, p. 75.

Calvin did not look on this as a minor question. He writes, “Those who profess that the soul lives, but deprive it of all sense, truly feign a soul which is no soul, (*nihil animæ habeat*,) or sever the soul from its very self : since its nature (without which it cannot be) is to move, to feel, to be active, to understand ; and as Tertullian says, sense (or perception) is the soul of the soul.”—Psychopannychia, in HUNTINGFORD, p. 416.

## BISHOP HORSLEY.

“The invisible mansion of departed spirits, is—a place of unfinished happiness, consisting in rest, security, and hope, more than enjoyment.——It is to the righteous a place of safe keeping, where they are preserved under the shadow of God’s right hand, as their condition sometimes is described in Scripture, till the season shall arrive for their advancement to future glory.”—Cited in BLOOMFIELD’S Greek Testament, note on 1. Pet. iii. 19, (abridged.)

# APPENDIX II.

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## COLLECTIONS

ON THE

QUESTION, WHETHER SEPARATE SOULS BE  
WHOLLY DISEMBODIED.





## APPENDIX II.

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### CUDWORTH.

“HITHERTO have we seen the agreement that is betwixt Christianity and the old philosophic cabala, concerning the soul, in these two things: First, that the highest happiness and perfection of the human soul consisteth not in a state of pure separation from all body; and secondly, that it does not consist neither in an eternal union with such gross terrestrial bodies as these unchanged;—but that at last the souls of good men shall arrive at glorious, spiritual, heavenly, and immortal bodies. But now, as to that point, whether human souls be always united to some body or other, and consequently when by death they put off this gross terrestrial body, they are not thereby quite divested of all body, but have a certain subtle and spirituous body, still adhering to and accompanying them? or else, whether all souls that have departed out of this life have ever since continued in a state of separation from all body, and shall so continue forwards till the day of judgment or general resurrection? we must confess that this is a thing not so expressly decided in Christianity

either way. Nevertheless it is first of all certain from Scripture, that souls departed out of these terrestrial bodies are therefore neither dead nor asleep, but still alive and awake, our Saviour Christ affirming that they all live unto God.—From whence it is evident, that they who are said to live to God, are not therefore supposed to be less alive, than they were, when they lived unto men. Now it seemeth to be a privilege or prerogative proper to the Deity only, to live and act alone, without vital union or conjunction with any body.—Indeed if this were most natural to the human soul, and most perfective of it, to continue separate from all body, then doubtless, (as Origen implied) should the souls of good men, rather, after the day of judgment, continue in such a state of separation to all eternity. But, on the contrary, if it be natural to souls to enliven and inform some body or other, (though not always a terrestrial one) as our inward sense inclines us to think, then can it not seem so probable, that they should, by a kind of violence, be kept so long in an unnatural or preternatural state of separation from all body, some of them even from Adam till the day of judgment.”—CUDWORTH, *Int. Syst.* Vol. iv. pp. 11-14.

“Again there are sundry places of Scripture, which affirm, that the regenerate and renewed have here in this life a certain earnest of their future inheritance: which is their spiritual or heavenly body; as also the quickening of their mortal bodies is therein attributed to the efficiency of the spirit dwelling in them.—Novatian writes, “the Holy Spirit doth this in us, to lead on our bodies to eternity and the resurrection of immortality, while it accustometh them in itself to be mingled with the celestial virtue.”—Moreover, there are some places

also, which seem to imply, that good men shall after death have a further inchoation of their heavenly body, the full completion whereof is not to be expected before the resurrection or day of judgment. 2 Cor. v. 1. 'We know that if our earthly house,' &c. And v. 5. 'He that hath wrought us for the self-same thing is God, who also hath given us the earnest of the Spirit.' Now how these preludiums and prelibations of an immortal body can consist with the soul's continuance after death in a perfect separation from all manner of body, till the day of judgment, is not so easily conceivable.

"Lastly, it is not at all to be doubted, but that Irenæus, Origen, and those other ancients who entertained that opinion of souls being clothed after death with a certain thin and subtile body, suspected it not in the least to be inconsistent with that of the future resurrection.—— Which will also seem the less strange if it be considered, that even here in this life our body is as it were twofold, exterior and interior; we having, besides the grossly tangible bulk of our outward body, another interior spiritual body, the soul's immediate instrument both of sense and motion, which latter is not put into the grave with the other, nor imprisoned under the cold sods.—Notwithstanding all that which hath been here suggested by us, we shall not ourselves venture to determine any thing in so great a point."—*IBID.* pp. 24-6.

#### DR. GREW.\*

"We are therefore to believe that our minds, in passing

\* Nehemiah Grew, a physician, Fellow and Secretary of the Royal Society.—His principal Works are, the *Anatomy of Plants*, and *Cosmologia Sacra*.—Dr.

from their present state of being, to that above, carry the embryo of their own body along with them. The body which we leave behind, in this visible world, being as the womb or slough, from whence we issue and are born into the other.”——“And since the body we shall then have, will be finer: the operations also of the phancy, may then be clearer and more strong. If then we can now see and hear, in a dream, without light or sound,—why, in the estate above, may we not be able to see without eyes, and to hear without ears? that is, have such perceptions as are analogous to seeing and hearing, and other sensations, without the organs belonging to them in our present estate?”—GREW, *Cosmol. Sac.*—B. iii. c. iv. p. 117.

## GALE. WATTS.

Dr. Gale on 2 Cor. v. 2. 4. “Not for that we would be unclothed, but clothed upon.”

“The probability is very small that the apostle in the former part of this 5th chapter, in any one sentence, has reference to the time of the resurrection. That building of God and house not made with hands, which is said to be eternal in the heavens, ver. 1, does not mean our body immortalized at the resurrection, but is something we shall put on, even while the earthly house of this tabernacle is dissolved.”—*Sermons*, Vol. iii. p. 107.

This criticism (which agrees with Dr. Cudworth’s above

John Barclay thus writes of him, “A physician, anatomist, naturalist, and physiologist, not more distinguished by the variety of his information than by his comprehensive and original views.”—(*Inquiry on Life*, &c. p. 511.) The name and character of Dr. Grew have appeared above, (pp. 209. 211.) in connexion with Dr. Henry Sampson’s.

cited, p. 245.) may be doubtful, but is not unworthy of consideration. Doddridge (in loc.) observes: "Whether we consider this divine building as particularly signifying the body after the resurrection, or any *vehicle* in which the soul may be clothed during the intermediate state, considerable difficulties will arise."

Dr. Watts appears to have had a similar view of it to Dr. Gale's.—The apostle "plainly means—such a clothing which may come upon the soul immediately as soon as the earthly house or tabernacle of his body is dissolved. And how dubious soever this may appear, yet the 8th verse determines the sense of it, &c. Perhaps it is hard to determine whether the superinduced *clothing* be like the visible glory in which Christ, Moses, and Elias appeared at the transfiguration, or whether it signify only a state of happy immortality brought in upon the departing soul at death, &c." (WATTS, quoted in Huntingford, pp. 316-17.) This last supposition seems very inadequate.

#### ROBERT HALL.

"Whether there is in the universe any being purely spiritual, any perfectly detached from matter, except the Great Supreme, is a question perhaps not easy to solve.—God is a Spirit, and we cannot conceive of any modification of matter as entering into his Essence, without being betrayed into contradiction and absurdity. In regard to every other class of being, it is, by many, conjectured that the thinking principle is united to some corporeal vehicle, through which it derives its perceptions and by which it operates; while perfect spirituality, utterly

separate from matter in any possible state, is the exclusive attribute of Deity. When angels are spoken of as spirits, this mode of expression may possibly denote no more, than that the material vehicle with which they are united is of a nature highly subtle and refined, at a great remove from the flesh and blood which compose our bodily frame. Who will presume to set limits to the creative power in the organization of matter, or affirm that it is not, in the hand of its Author, susceptible of a refinement which shall completely exclude it from the notice of our senses? He who compares the subtlety and velocity of light with grosser substances which are found in the material system, will be reluctant to assign any bounds to the possible modifications of matter, much more to affirm there can be none beyond the comprehension of our corporeal organs.”  
—ROBERT HALL, Works, Vol. v. p. 59.

#### DR. BARCLAY.

“It is strange to observe how many so fondly cherish the fancy, that a soul such as ours may in a future state, like the Deity, be able to operate and exercise its various faculties independently of *any thing like* corporeal organs. The sacred Scriptures afford no encouragement to entertain any such hypothesis. They explicitly inform us that the human soul, after its departure from the present body, shall inhabit another, which is to be immortal, a species of body which, for aught we know, may be as different from the present body, as is the loathsome and the crawling caterpillar from the winged, the active, and the splendid butterfly; two species of forms which, in the progress of expanding faculties, are constructed by the same animating

principle. What the form and the structure of the new and immortal body are to be, we neither know nor have any means of knowing ; but that the same animating principle may, in different circumstances, construct new bodies, and successively pass from one into another, is what we know from daily observation. Even Plato, amidst all his refinements and abstractions, never imagined that the soul could be at any time without a body, or *something equivalent*, which he called a *vehicle*.—Its immediate vehicle, whether it was formed of æther or of light, or of the essence of the stars, was, according to Proclus, [the Platonician,] *physically* indivisible ;—while the *νοῦς* itself, or the intellective principle within, was supposed to be an essence without magnitude."—BARCLAY, Inquiry into Opinions on Life, pp. 434-6.

## WOLLASTON.

"If we should suppose the soul to be a being by nature made to inform some body, and that it cannot exist and act in a state of total separation from all body, it would not follow from hence, that what we call death, must therefore reduce it to a state of absolute insensibility and inactivity, which to it would be equal to non-existence. For that body, which is so necessary to it, may be some fine vehicle, that dwells with it in the brain, and goes off with it at death.—We are sensible of many impressions made on us by material causes, or bodies. Therefore there must be some matter within us, which being moved and pressed upon, the soul apprehends it immediately. And therefore, again, there must be some matter to which it is immediately and intimately united, and related in such a man-



ner, as it is not related to any other. Let us now suppose this said matter to be some refined and spirituous vehicle,\* which the soul doth immediately inform, with which it sympathizes, by which it acts and is acted upon, and to which it is vitally and inseparably united."†—Rel. of Nat. p. 197.

### REV. THOMAS BROUGHTON.

"Why may not the soul retain its ideas, or part of them, when the knot is quite untied, and the body lies asleep in death?—We shall the more readily acquiesce in this, if we admit the (not improbable) hypothesis of the soul's material vehicle, as it is called: by which is to be understood, that the soul, even during her residence in the body, is clothed with another body (if I may so speak) composed of most exquisitely fine particles of matter. For, if we suppose, that the soul, confined within the body, receives her intelligence or ideas of things by means of impressions made on her material vehicle, and that this vehicle or clothing, with which she is inseparably united, departs with her out of the body, and accompanies her into

\* "So Hierocles distinguishes Το αυγοειδες ἡμῶν σῶμα ὁ καὶ ψυχῆς λεπτὸν ὄχημα, (our splendid body, which is the fine vehicle of the soul,) from that which he calls το θνητὸν ἡμῶν σῶμα (our mortal body,) and to which the former communicates life. This fine body he also calls ψυχικὸν σῶμα and πνευματικὸν ὄχημα.—In Nishm-bhaiv, there is much concerning that fine body, in which the soul is clothed, and from which it is never to be separated, according to an old tradition."

† Dr. Hartley seems to favour this opinion of a fine vehicle. "If we suppose an infinitesimal elementary body to be intermediate between the soul and gross body, which appears to be no improbable supposition, then the changes in our sensations, ideas, and motions, may correspond to the changes made in the medullary substance, only as far as these correspond to the changes made in the elementary body."—Observ. on Man, Vol. I. p. 35.

hades ; we can easily conceive how she carries ideas with her into that world of spirits ; namely, by impressions remaining on that fine material substance she is clothed withal.”—BROUGHTON on Futurity, p. 120—2.

He elsewhere speaks of “those exquisitely fine æthereal bodies, with which, it is highly probable, all created spirit is naturally clothed.”—IBID. pp. 405-6.

And he quotes on this subject the second Council of Nice ;—“The opinion of the Catholic church concerning angels and archangels is this ; that they are intelligent beings, but not altogether void of body and invisible, as the Gentiles pretend ; but endowed with a fine body of air or fire : according as it is written : ‘He maketh his angels spirits,’ &c. This we know to have been the opinion of the holy fathers, as Basil the Great, Athanasius, Methodius, and others.”—IBID. p. 220.

I would observe, in concluding the citations on this particular question, that some have thus objected :—If the soul at death be invested with a “vehicle,” which may in some sense be termed a ‘spiritual body,’ and if in this vehicle it have consciousness, happiness, and activity, what need then of the resurrection ? Do you not thus abate or excuse the heresy of those who said there is no (literal) ‘resurrection of the dead ?’—But it appears to me very plain, that such consequences, if they were real, could no other way be met, than by supposing (as some do) not the mere absence of a “vehicle,” but the absolute *incapacity* of the disembodied soul for consciousness, happiness, and activity. How far this supposition differs from a denial of its existence, I do not here inquire. But it is manifest, that, were the hypothesis of a vehicle entirely dropped, still, if the ‘spirits of just men’ are allowed as far capable of thinking

and being happy, as we suppose them to be *with* and *by* a vehicle—it may then just *as* fitly be asked,—what need of the resurrection?—Whatever *other* reasons there are for the resurrection, (and I conceive that there are others, both apparent and hidden,) *they* would be equal on either hypothesis. Further it may be remarked, that any who should imagine the state of un-embodied spirits preferable, as agreeing with the pure spirituality of the blessed God, —might the more plausibly, although presumptuously, conceive of the resurrection as a *dis*-advantage.

I shall merely *name* some other apparent reasons which evince, to my apprehension, the sublime fitness of a final bodily resurrection of the just—such as, their entire conformity to their ‘risen’ Lord; the completeness of the triumph over death, which destroyed ‘the body;’ the manifestation of divine power and omniscience; (all which have been glanced at above; pp. 29. 50-1. 95, &c.)

But, (with regard to the objection before us,) there surely cannot arise, from our adopting the doctrine of an intermediate vehicle, any real difficulty in expecting a *large* accession of enjoyment, and of glory, and of capability at the resurrection. Let the “shadowy waiting time” be as happy, and the vehicle as “ethereal” as we have attempted to describe them,—nay, much more so;—what reason can be alleged why the true ‘spiritual body’ should not be, as it is above represented, far *more* spiritual and perfect,—far more capable of ministering diversified enjoyments, far more adapted for active and exalted services?

# APPENDIX III.

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COLLECTIONS

ON THE

IMMATERIALITY OF MIND.



## APPENDIX. III.

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It may be advantageous to preface the collections offered in this and the subsequent Appendix, on the immateriality of mind, by citing a very few remarks as to the *vital importance* of the question.\*

Dr. Henry More, referring to the attempt of Hobbes to disprove the possibility of "substance immaterial," thus comments:—"From whence are insinuated no better consequences than these; that it is impossible there should be any God, or soul, or angel, good or bad, or any immortality, or life to come; that there is no religion, no piety or impiety, no virtue nor vice, justice nor injustice, but what it pleases him that has the longest sword to call so; that there is no freedom of will, nor consequently any rational remorse of conscience, but that all that is, is nothing but matter and corporeal motion; and that therefore

\* Others will be found incidentally in this volume; as that in the following Appendix, from Dr. Cudworth, beginning,—“But if there be any,” &c.—that from Sir Matthew Hale, p. 285-6, below;—and that from Howe, p. 167, above;—which state the usual results of denying immateriality, and we may, I think, add without a breach of charity, frequent *motives* for denying it; whether known and felt by the ‘disputers’ or not.—Cudworth shrewdly observes, “As the physicians speak of hydrophobia, &c. a monstrous antipathy to water, so all atheists are possessed with a kind of madness that may be called pneumatophobia, that makes them have an irrational but desperate abhorrence from spirits or incorporeal substances, they being acted also at the same time with a hylomania, whereby they madly dote upon matter, and devoutly worship it as the only Numen.”—(Vol. i. p. 293. Ed. Birch.)

It is observable, however, that Hobbes had also a sort of *hylophobia*; since “he was particularly fearful of ghosts,” which, according to his philosophy, could be no spirits.

every trace of every man's life is as necessary as the tracts of lightning and the fallings of thunder."—(On the Soul, 8vo. 1658, pp. 55, 56.)

When adverting to Hobbes's pretended argument for Necessity from the Decrees and Prescience of God, Dr. More justly remarks, "If there be nothing but body or *matter* in the whole comprehension of things, it will be very hard to find out any such Deity as has the knowledge or foreknowledge of any thing; and, therefore, I suspect that this is only cast in to puzzle such as have not dived to so profound a depth of natural knowledge, as to fancy they have discovered there is no God in the world."—*IBID.* pp. 150-1.

Cudworth styles the doctrine of Hobbes, "*vox pecudis*; the philosophy of brute animals;"—which is unjust to those animals; for they do, although unconsciously, proclaim their Maker's attributes; and signally help in many ways to confute the deniers of mind.

To these observations of a former age, I add the recent ones of Lord Brougham:—"The belief that mind exists is essential to the whole argument by which we infer that the Deity exists. This belief we have shown to be perfectly well grounded, and further occasions of confirming the truth of it will occur. But at any rate it is the foundation of Natural Theology in all its branches; and upon the scheme of materialism no rational, indeed no intelligible, account can be given of a first cause, or of the creation or government of the universe."—*Disc. of Nat. Theol.* p. 79. Edit. 4.

The author of that original and remarkable book, "The Physical Theory of another Life," states the same truth. "The doctrine of the materialist, if it were followed out

to its extreme consequences, and consistently held, is plainly atheistic." p. 16. But he adds, "if the materialist is ready to admit, as he usually does [?], the Divine existence, and the pure spirituality of the Divine nature, and if he professes to mean nothing more than that created minds are *in fact* always embodied, and that apart from some material structure or animal organization, there is no consciousness or activity, then, and in this sense understood, materialism becomes a doctrine of little or no importance to our faith as Christians." (IBID.)

True: but then also, (as it appears to me,) "in this sense understood," "materialism" is *not* opposed to the immateriality of mind; and the word is used in an improper and arbitrary sense. For in this sense, or very nearly so, as the preceding Appendix shows, every *Platonist* held the doctrine; and many Christians, utterly averse to real materialism, have been quite inclined to hold it.

I am well aware that there have been acute or subtle thinkers, who, professing Christianity, have also professed themselves *real* materialists; that is, have professed to hold that man consists of only matter, (which "has in fact no properties but those of attraction and repulsion," \*) which is dissolved at death, and re-organized, with identity, at the resurrection. It is here endeavoured to use the terms in which I conceive they would state their own tenets; but I have not acuteness to comprehend this creed, either philosophically or theologically considered; (although it has been adopted by some who deprecate mystery;) nor to perceive how its apprehended consequences, as to religion and morals, are obviated. Further, I shall confess that in reading, some years ago, Dr. Priestley on "Matter

\* Priestley, as cited by Daubeny, in ("Atomic Theory.")



and Stewart. I could not satisfy myself whether his theory really meant that there was no such thing as *spirit*, or, no such thing as *matter*. This may be, in the estimation of his followers, a confession of one's own obtuseness; but Dr. Price, if my memory fail not, regarded his opponent as making *matter* the nonentity; and Dr. Daubeny, in a recent work on the Atomic Theory, observes, that Priestley "has been led to push Bosovich's doctrine so far, as almost to deny the materiality of body."—(p. 22.)

### DUGALD STEWART.

"Mind is that which feels, which thinks, which has the power of beginning motion; and, therefore, the proposition, that sensation, thought, and the power of beginning motion are attributes of mind, is not a fact resting on experience, but a truth involved in the only notion of mind we possess."—DUGALD STEWART, *Act. and Mor. Powers*, Vol. I. p. 401.

"It seems evident that a power of beginning motion implies a power of thinking, for without thought how could the direction or the velocity of the motion be determined."—*IBID.* p. 402.—(Compare at p. 176, above, what is said of the Chortodon.)

"When we discover that a motion is produced by an animal we enquire no further; for we know from experience that animals have a power of beginning motion." (This is said in reference to Kepler's theory of the minds of the planets.)—*IBID.* p. 403.

"Of all the truths we know, the existence of mind is the most certain. Even the system of Berkeley, concerning the non-existence of matter, is far more conceivable than

that matter is the *only* substance existing in the universe."

—*IBID.* Vol. ii. p. 174.

"I will grant you that an external world may exist, and I believe that it does exist; but this very belief, with the argument that sustains it, are still only elements of my mental consciousness, and can never nullify or annihilate that of which they are parts.—The very ground of the assumption, (if granted,) that the existence of an external world ought to be admitted as certain, without reasoning, is nothing else but a consideration of the laws or constitution of the mind. Mind, therefore, stands first in logical order, and the existence of matter follows, as a truth to be affirmed after another has been granted."—*Physic. Theor.* pp. 14, 15, abridged.

#### LORD BROUGHAM.

Lord Brougham has put this in a different form, with at least equal force.—"We cannot draw the inference of the existence of matter, without at the same time exhibiting a proof of the existence of mind; for we are, by the supposition, reasoning, inferring, drawing a conclusion, forming a belief; therefore there exists somebody, [some one?] or something, to reason, to infer, to conclude, to believe; that is, *we*—not any fraction of matter, but a reasoning, inferring, believing being—in other words, a mind. In this sense the celebrated argument of Descartes,—*cogito, ergo sum*\*—had a correct and profound meaning."—*Discourse*, p. 241. And elsewhere; "that mind, that the sentient principle, that the thing or the being which we call '*I*' and '*we*,' and which thinks, feels, reasons,—should have no existence, is a contradiction in terms."—*IBID.* p. 57.

\* "I think, therefore I am."

Cudworth (to whom Lord Brougham has paid merited honour) long since wrote, "Nor is it conceivable, how a whole quantity of extended substance should be one thing, and have one personality, one *I myself*, in it all, were there not one indivisible thing presiding over it.——And thus do we see how this whole in the whole and in every part (do men what they can) will, like a ghost, still haunt them and follow them everywhere." Int. Syst. Vol. iv. 78, Edit. Birch.

"A thinker is a monad, or one single substance, and not a heap of substances."—IBID. p. 76.

"If *whatsoever is unextended be nothing*, thoughts must either be mere *non-entities*, or else extended too into length, breadth, and thickness; divisible into parts and measurable; and also (where finite) of a certain figure. And consequently all verities in us (they being but complex axiomatical thoughts) must of necessity be long, broad, and thick, and either spherically or angularly figurate. And the same must be affirmed of volitions likewise, and appetites or passions, as fear and hope, love and hatred, grief and joy; and of all other things belonging to cogitative beings, (souls and minds) as knowledge and ignorance, wisdom and folly, virtue and vice, justice and injustice, &c., that these are either all of them *absolute non-entities*, or else extended into three divisions of length, breadth, and profundity, and measurable not only by inches and feet, but also by solid measures, as pints and quarts, and last of all, (where they are finite, as in men) figurate."—Int. Syst. Vol. iv. 71-2. Edit. Birch.

#### JOHNSON.

"Some have indeed said that the soul is material, but I can scarcely believe that any man has thought it, who

knew how to think ; for all the conclusions of reason enforce the immateriality of mind, and all the notices of sense and investigations of science concur to prove the unconsciousness of matter——To be round or square, solid or fluid, great or little, to be moved slowly or swiftly one way or another, are modes of material existence, all equally alien from the nature of cogitation.——All that we know of matter is, that matter is inert, senseless, and lifeless ; and if this conviction cannot be opposed but by referring us to something that we know not, we have all the evidence that human intellect can admit. If that which is known may be overruled by that which is unknown, no being, not omniscient, can arrive at certainty.”——As to the question of substance without extension. “An ideal form is no less real than material bulk. Yet an ideal form has no extension. It is no less certain, when you think on a pyramid, that your mind possesses the idea of a pyramid, than that the pyramid itself is standing. What space does the idea of a pyramid occupy more than the idea of a grain of corn ; or how can either idea suffer laceration ? As is the effect, such is the cause ; as thought, such is the power that thinks : a power impassive and indiscernible.”—Dr. S. JOHNSON, in *Rasselas*, c. 48.

## DR. ROGET.

“Of *mind*, our knowledge is more extensive and more precise, [than of matter,] because we are conscious of its existence, and of many of its operations, which are comprised in the general term, *thought*. To assert that thought can be a property of matter, is to extend the meaning of the term *matter* to that with which we cannot perceive it has any

relation. All that we know of matter has regard to space, nothing that we know of the properties and affections of mind, has any relation whatever to space.

"A similar incongruity is contained in the proposition that thought is a *function* of the brain. It is not the brain which thinks, any more than it is the eye which sees; though each of these material organs is necessary for the production of their respective effects. That which sees and which thinks is exclusively the mind; although it is by the instrumentality of its bodily organs, that these changes take place."—ROGET, Bridgw. Treatise, Vol. ii. 516-17.

#### DR. J. C. PRICHARD.

"The whole universe displays the most striking marks of the existence and operation of mind or intellect, in a state separate from organization, and under conditions which preclude all reference to organization. If the phenomena of mind can be discovered, in one instance, in a state absolutely separate from organized matter, it is philosophical to conclude, when we find these phenomena connected with organized matter, with the properties of which they have nothing in common, that the connexion is accidental, or owing to some particular and temporary circumstances, and that it is not natural and essential."—PRICHARD on the Vital Principle, p. 51-52.

"Sensation is an attribute of mind, and the possession of mind certainly extends as far as its phenomena. Whatever beings have conscious feeling, have, unless the preceding arguments amount to nothing, souls or immaterial minds, distinct from the substance of which they appear to

us to be composed. If all animals feel, all animals have souls.”\*

### DR. THOMAS BROWN.

“Though we may not know any reason for which the Deity has been pleased, at least during our mortal state, to render sensations of our mind dependent on affections of our nervous system, there is no more absurdity in the affirmation of such a dependence, than in the assertion of any other physical connexion of events; of material phenomena with material phenomena, or of mental phenomena with other phenomena of mind. If the presence of the moon, at the immense distance of its orbit, can affect the tendencies of the particles of water in our ocean, it may be supposed with equal readiness, to produce a change in the state of any other existing substance, whether divisible into parts, that is to say, material, or indivisible, that is to say, mind. But when thought is affirmed to be a quality of a system of particles, or to be one result of many co-existing states of particles, which separately, are not thought, some-

\* “By ascribing a sentient principle of an immaterial nature to the lower animals I do not establish any thing from which it may be inferred that animals are destined to a future and immortal existence.—Christian divines have always maintained that the souls of men were created. What has begun may cease to exist. There is then nothing in the nature of souls, abstractedly considered, which precludes the supposition, that if some survive the body others perish with it; and this may be, if any one prefers to think so, the lot of the brute creation. The celebrated Bishop Butler has, however, suggested some reasons, which appeared to him to favour the opposite opinion.”—PRICHARD on Vit. Princ. pp. 62—3.

“It is extremely improbable, as Baron Cuvier observes, that sensation exists in any class of beings which are entirely destitute of the power of self-motion, because there would be no conceivable object or utility in such an endowment.”—IBID. p. 65.

“The considerations now adverted to, afford a convincing proof, to my own mind at least, that plants, and likewise those animals which are not capable of locomotion, are devoid of sensation.”—IBID. pp. 66—67.

thing more is affirmed than that of which we are merely ignorant of the reason. A whole is said to be different from all the separate and independent parts of a whole : this is one absurdity : and that which is felt by us, as, in its very nature, simple and indivisible, is affirmed to be only a form of that which is by its nature infinitely divisible. It is no daring limitation of the Divine power to suppose, that even the Omnipotent himself cannot confound the mathematical properties of squares and hexagons ; and it would be no act of irreverence to his power, though it were capable of doing every thing which is not contradictory, to suppose that He cannot give to a system of organs a quality wholly distinct from the qualities of all the separate parts ; since the organ itself is only a name which we give to those parts, that are all which truly exist as the organ, and have all an existence and qualities that are at every moment independent of the existence and qualities of every other atom, near or remote.

Our sensations we know directly ; matter we know only indirectly—if we can be said to know its nature at all—as the cause of our sensations. It is that, which in certain circumstances, affects us in a certain manner. When we have said this, we have said all that can be considered as truly known by us with respect to it ; and in saying this, it is to our own feelings that the reference is made. Of the two systems, therefore, the system which rejects all matter, and the system which rejects all mind, there can be no question which is the more philosophic.

The materialist must take for granted every feeling for which the follower of Berkeley contends ; he must admit, that it is impossible for us to know the absolute nature of matter, and that all which we know of it is relative to our-

selves, as sentient beings, capable of being affected by external objects; that our sensations are known to us directly, the causes of our sensations only indirectly; and his system therefore, even though we omit every other objection, may be reduced to this single proposition—that our feelings; which we know, are the same in nature with that, of which the absolute nature, as it exists independently of our feelings, is, and must always be, completely unknown to us.”  
—DR. T. BROWN, *Lectures on Mind*, Lect. 96. (pp. 647-8.)

“If, instead of asserting thought to be the result of the affection of many particles, (in which case it must evidently partake the divisibility of the organ itself, and be not one but innumerable separate feelings,) the materialist assert it to be the affection of a single particle, a monade,—he must remember that if what he chooses to term a single particle, be a particle of matter, it too must still admit of division; it must have a top and a bottom, a right side and a left; it must, as is demonstrable in geometry, admit of being cut in different points, by an infinite number of straight lines; and all the difficulty of the composition of thought, therefore, remains precisely as before.\* If it be supposed so completely divested of all the qualities of matter, as not to be extended, nor consequently divisible, it is then

\* Dr. Cudworth has some acute remarks on this subject.—“If souls be extended substances, consisting of more points [than one] one without another, all concurring in every sensation, then must every one of those points, *either* perceive a point and part of the object only, or *else* the whole. Now if every point of the extended soul perceive only a point of the object, then there is no *one* thing in us that perceives the whole, or which can compare one part with another. But if every point of the extended soul perceive the whole object at once, consisting of many parts, then would there be innumerable perceptions of the same object in every sensation: as many as there are points in the extended soul. And from both those suppositions it would alike follow, that no man is one single percipient or person, but that there are innumerable distinct percipients and persons in every man.”—*Int. Syst.* Vol. iv. pp. 66-7.



mind, which is asserted under another name, and every thing which is at all important in the controversy is conceded ; since all which can philosophically be meant by the immaterialist, when the existence of mind is asserted by him, is the existence of an indivisible subject of all those affections which constitute the variety of our thoughts and feelings. If the materialist be unwilling to admit the word mind, in allowing the reality of a simple, unextended, and consequently indivisible subject of our various feelings, he may be allowed any other word which may appear to him preferable ; even the word atom or particle if he choose still to retain it. But he must admit, at least, that in this case, in the dissolution of the body there is no evidence, from the analogy of this very bodily dissolution itself, of the destruction of any such simple particle as that which he finds to be necessary for the explanation of the phenomena of thought.”—Dr. T. BROWN, Lectures on Mind, Lect. xcvi. p. 646.

“It is vain to say, [that is for the materialist to say]—in the hope of obviating this irresistible objection from the felt unity of the being which we term self,—that our thoughts and feelings are not qualities of the particles as they exist simply, but of the whole congeries of particles as existing in one beautiful piece of living mechanism ; for this is only to repeat the very difficulty itself, and to assign the insuperable difficulty as a deliverance from the insuperable difficulty. The whole of which materialists speak, whether they term it a congeries, an organ, or a system of organs, is truly nothing in itself. It is, as I have said, a mere word invented by ourselves, a name which we give to a plurality of coexisting objects, not a

new object to be distinguished from the heap. A thousand atoms near to each other or remote, are only a thousand atoms near or remote.——There is no principle of unity in them : it is the mind considering them that gives to them all the unity which they have, or can have.

“In considering the result of a combination of parts, we are too apt to confound the multitude of separate effects with that single great result to which we give a particular name. Thus melody is the result of a few impulses, which a bow gives to the strings of a violin ; and we consider this melody as one effect, when in truth it is one only as a *feeling of our mind* that is simple and indivisible, not as a state of compound and divisible matter. All that is not mental, is a multitude of effects, a multitude of particles of the sounding body, of the interposed air, of the vibratory organ, alternately approaching and receding.

——The properties of the coexisting atoms in this whole are the properties of the parts ; and if the qualities, states or affections of the parts were laid out of estimation, nothing would remain to be estimated as a quality, state, or affection of the whole.

“The distinction which I have now made is one with which it seems to me peculiarly important, that your minds should be fully impressed ; because it is to indistinct analogies of this sort, that the materialist, when he has no other retreat, is accustomed to fly for shelter. The very analogy of melody to which I have now alluded is a favourite example. It is one effect, though resulting from the state of a number of particles ; and if music flow from a material organ, it is said, why may not thought ? If, indeed, what alone is properly termed music, the sen-

sation or series of sensations that follow certain affections of the sensorial organ, that which is felt every moment as *one and indivisible*, were itself one organic result, a state of the divisible organ, and not of a substance that is by nature indivisible, then indeed every thought might likewise be material. But in asserting this, the materialist begs the very point in question, assuming without proof what he yet professes to attempt to prove. It is evident, as we have seen, that what alone is one, in all that multitude of effects from which melody results, the musical delight itself, is not the state of the musical instrument, nor of the vibrating air, and as little is it proved to be a state of any number of particles of the brain. It is one result indeed, but it is one only because it is an affection of that which is in its own nature simple ; and till we arrive at the *sentient principle* itself, there is no unity whatever ; but a multitude of states of a multitude of vibrating particles. When the materialist then adduces this, or any other example of resulting unity, as illustrative of organic thought, all which you will find to be necessary, is simply to consider *what it is* which is truly one, in the result that is adduced as one, and you will find in every instance, that the point in dispute has been taken for granted in the example adduced to prove it ; that there is no real unity in all the material part of the process, and that the unity asserted is truly a mental unity, the unity of a mental feeling, or the unity of a mere name for expressing briefly the many coexisting states of many separate and independent particles which we have chosen to denominate a single mass."—DR. THOMAS BROWN'S Lectures on the Mind, Lect. xcvi. pp. 644—5.

## BISHOP BUTLER.

“All presumption of death’s being the destruction of living beings, must go upon supposition that they are compounded ; and so, discernible. But since consciousness is a single and indivisible power, it should seem that the subject in which it resides, must be so too. For were the motion of any particle of matter absolutely one and indivisible, so as that it should imply a contradiction to suppose part of this motion to exist, and part not to exist, i. e. part of this matter to move, and part to be at rest ; then its power of motion would be indivisible ; and so also would the subject in which the motion inheres, namely, the particle of matter : for if this could be divided into two, one part might be moved and the other at rest, which is contrary to the supposition. In like manner it has been argued, and, for any thing appearing to the contrary, justly, that since the perception or consciousness, which we have of our own existence, is indivisible, so as that it is a contradiction to suppose one part of it should be here and the other there ; the perceptive power, or the power of consciousness, is indivisible too ; and consequently the subject in which it resides ; i. e. the conscious Being. Now, upon supposition that living agent each man calls himself, is thus a single being, which there is at least no more difficulty in conceiving than in conceiving it to be a compound, and of which there is the proof now mentioned ; it follows, that our organized bodies are no more ourselves or part of ourselves, than any other matter around us.”—BUTLER’S *Analogy*, pp. 21, 22.

“We have no way of determining by experience, what

is the certain bulk of the living being each man calls himself;" (he means, on the *supposition* that it were material;) "and yet, till it be determined that it is larger in bulk than the solid elementary particles of matter, which there is no ground to think any natural power can dissolve, there is no sort of reason to think death to be the dissolution of it, of the living being, even though it should not be absolutely indiscernible."—*IBID.* p. 24.

"Strange perplexities have been raised about the meaning of that identity or sameness of person, which is implied in the notion of our living now and hereafter.—The notion of some amounts, I think, to this,—that Personality is a transient thing:—whence it must follow, that it is a fallacy to suppose that our present self will be interested in what will befall us to-morrow. For if the self or person of to-day, and that of to-morrow, are not the same, but only like persons, the person of to-day is really no more interested in what will befall the person of to-morrow, than in what will befall any other person.—The bare unfolding this notion, seems the best confutation of it. However, I add; this notion is absolutely contradictory to that certain conviction, which necessarily and every moment rises within us.—All imagination of a daily change of that living agent, which each man calls *himself*, for another, or of any such change throughout our whole present life, is entirely borne down by our natural sense of things. Nor is it possible, for a person in his wits, to alter his conduct, with regard to his health or affairs, from a suspicion, that though he should live to-morrow, [or, it might be added, live for ten years to come] he should not, however, be the same person he is to-day. And yet, if it be reasonable to act, with respect to a future life, upon

this notion that personality is transient, it is reasonable to act upon it, with respect to the present.

“But though we are thus certain that we are the same agents, living beings, or substances, now, which we were as far back as our remembrance reaches, yet it is asked, whether we may not possibly be deceived in it? And this question may be asked at the end of any demonstration whatever: because it is a question concerning the truth of perception by memory. And he who can doubt, whether perception by memory can in this case be depended upon, may doubt also, whether perception by deduction and reasoning, which also include memory, or indeed whether intuitive perception can. Here then we can go no further. For it is ridiculous to attempt to prove the truth of our faculties, which can no otherwise be proved, than by the use or means of those very suspected faculties themselves.”—BUTLER on Personal Identity, pp. 357—66, appended to Analogy. (abridged.)

DR. T. BROWN.

“If there be, as it has been already shown that there must be, intuitive truths, and if we are not to reject, but only to weigh cautiously, the belief which seems to us intuitive, it will be difficult to find any which has a better claim to this distinction, than the faith which we have in our identity, as one permanent being, capable of many varieties of sensation and thought.—It is universal, irresistible, immediate. Indeed so truly prior and paramount is it to mere reasoning that the very notion of reasoning necessarily involves the belief of our identity as admitted. To reason is to draw a conclusion from some former pro-

position ; and how can one truth be inferred from another truth, unless the mind which admits the one be the mind which admitted the other? In its order, as much as in its importance, it may be truly considered as the first of those truths which do not depend on reasoning, and is itself necessarily implied, perhaps in all, certainly in the greater number, of our other intuitions. I believe, for example, without being able to infer it by any process of reasoning, that the course of nature in future will resemble the past ; and since all mankind have the same irresistible tendency, I have no scruple in referring it to an original principle of our nature. In taking for granted this similarity, however, in the order of succession of two distinct sets of phenomena, I must previously have believed, that *I*, the same sentient being who expect a certain order in the future phenomena of nature, have already observed a certain order in the past.

“The knowledge of our mind as a substance, and the belief of our identity during successive feelings, may be considered as the same notion, expressed in different words.

The knowledge of mind then as a substance, implying the belief of identity during changes of state, cannot be involved in any one of these separate states ; and if our feelings merely succeeded each other, in the same manner as the moving bodies of a long procession are reflected from a mirror, without any vestige of them as past, or consequently any remembrance of their successions, we should be as incapable of forming a notion of the sentient substance, mind, abstracted from the momentary sensation, as the mirror itself ; though we should indeed differ from the mirror, in having what mind only can

have, the sensations themselves, thus rapidly existing and perishing.

If it be manifest that there is an universal, immediate, and irresistible impression of our identity,—an impression which cannot be traced to any law of thought more simple,—its truth is established by a species of evidence which must be allowed to be valid, before the very objections can be put in which it is professedly denied; every objection, however sceptical, involving, as we have seen, and necessarily involving, the assertion of some such intuitive proposition, from which alone its authority, if it have any authority, is derived.

“It is objected, that diversity of any kind is inconsistent with absolute identity. We may, however, safely assert that, not in mind only, but in matter also, some sort of diversity is so far from being inconsistent with absolute identity, that there is scarcely a single moment, if indeed there be a single moment, in which every atom in the universe is not constantly changing the tendencies that form its physical character, without the slightest alteration of its own absolute identity; so that the variety of states or tendencies of the same identical mind, in joy and sorrow, ignorance and knowledge, instead of being opposed by the general analogy of nature, is in exact harmony with that general analogy.”—Dr. T. BROWN, Lectures on Mind, Lect. xiv. 80—3.

#### BYRON.—ROCHESTER.

“They who accuse Byron of being an unbeliever are wrong; he is *sceptical*, but not unbelieving: and it appears not unlikely to me that a time may come when his waver-



ing faith in many of the tenets of religion may be as firmly fixed as is now his conviction of the immortality of the soul,—a conviction that he declares every fine and noble impulse of his nature renders more decided. He is a sworn foe to materialism, tracing every defect to which we are subject, to the infirmities entailed on us by the prison of clay in which the heavenly spark is confined. '*Conscience*,' he says, 'is to him another proof of the divine origin of man; as is also his natural tendency to the love of good.'"—COUNTESS BLESSINGTON'S CONVERSATIONS OF BYRON, p. 105.

There are some remarkable coincidences between the views of the late unhappy Lord Byron and those of the well-known Earl of Rochester. Some sentiments expressed by the former, (in a letter to the present writer which is before the public,) are parallel to those which Bishop Burnet records of the latter. He, also, often confessed, that he thought consistent believers in religion, "the happiest men in the world," and said, "he would give all that he was master of, to be under those persuasions." (Passages of the life and death, &c., 1680, pp. 68-9.) After mentioning some remarkable 'presages' which Lord Rochester had observed, the bishop adds, "These things, he said, made him inclined to believe the soul was a substance distinct from matter; and this often returned into his thoughts. But that which perfected his persuasion about it, was, that in the sickness which brought him so near to death before I first knew him, when his spirits were so low and spent that he could not move nor stir, and he did not think to live an hour; he said his reason and judgment were so clear and strong, that from thence he was fully persuaded that death was not the spending or disso-

lution of the soul; but only the separation of it from matter."—*IBID.* pp. 20, 21. (Compare the statement of Boerhaave, mentioned above, p. 186, and the fuller account in *Encyc. Brit.* art. Boerhaave.)



# APPENDIX IV.

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## COLLECTIONS

RESPECTING

THE MIND OF THE LOWER ANIMALS,

AND

THE QUESTION OF ITS FUTURE EXISTENCE;

WITH A

DISSERTATION ON THE OPINIONS CITED.

1. The first part of the document is a list of names and titles, including "The Hon. Mr. Justice" and "The Hon. Mr. Justice".

2. The second part of the document is a list of names and titles, including "The Hon. Mr. Justice" and "The Hon. Mr. Justice".

3.

## APPENDIX IV

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### BENTLEY.

“If brutes have immaterial souls, they’ll say, then they must be either annihilated, or immortal. This objection supposeth the being of God; and God can as easily annihilate as create. Or, if they be immortal, what need we be concerned about it? ’tis only by the good pleasure of their Maker, who doth all things for the best. And if they be bare engines and machines, I admire and adore the Divine artifice and skill in such a wonderful contrivance. But I shall deny then, that they have any reason or sense, if they be nothing but matter. Omnipotence itself cannot create cogitative body. And ’tis not any imperfection in the power of God, but an incapacity in the subject; the ideas of matter and thought are absolutely incompatible. And this the Cartesians do themselves allow. Do but convince them that brutes have the least participation of thought, or will, or appetite, or sensation, or fancy, and they’ll readily retract their opinion. For none but besotted atheists do join the two notions together, and believe brutes to be rational or sensitive machines.”—BENTLEY, at Boyle’s Lecture, Sermon. ii. p. 29–30.

## DR. GREW.

“Of a man, that he is *animal rationale*,” [a rational or reasoning animal,] “is so far from being a definition, that ’tis hardly a good mark. In that brutes have a sort of phantastick reason. Upon which account ’twere a better title to say he is *animal intellectuale*.”—Cosm. Sacra. Bk. ii. c. 5. p. 54.

An eminent and Christian physician observed some months since, in conversation with the writer, who was consulting him as a patient, “Dogs have a brilliant *imagination*, but no judgment.” This may perhaps be equivalent to the “phantastick reason” assigned to brutes by Dr. Grew; but it is remarkable how *all*, or almost all, the terms given to the human mind and its actings, are in turn assigned to them in different writers.

“The vital principle, which we call mind, is that which hath the power of thought.—The two general species of mind are phantastick and intellectual: the organ of phancy is the brain.—The images of phancy [are] according to the nature of the organical parts of the brain. The acts of phancy are vital; and therefore altogether distinct from the figure, position, or motion of the said images, or any thing else hereunto belonging; but imply a power both of using and making these images; as will hereafter appear. The power and use of phancy is great, even in brute animals, in which it is the chief faculty. Most of them have a good memory, and withal some kind of foresight.”—“They work not electively or upon proposing to themselves an end of their operations. And men themselves do many things, which though materially the means to a certain

end, yet formally, that is, in the intent of the doer, they are not.——Their operations are without disquisition. A bird never tries by way of essay, to make or mend her nest."

"We see mad people, in whom phancy reigns, to run upon some one action, as reading, or knitting of straws, without variation. And that which depends upon a diseased phancy in men, may be the effect of a natural one, in other creatures."—GREW, *Cosmolog. Sacr.* Bk. ii. c. 3. pp. 41-2.

"We must of necessity have recourse to something superior to the brain or any organism; and that is unto phancy. The power of memory and foresight, or the thought of past and to-come, proves the same. Without which (that is, the vital principle called phancy,) body, howsoever qualified, could no more produce one single thought, than make a world."—IBID, p. 46-7.

The above limitation of the ingenious physician, "A bird never tries by way of essay," &c. seems quite contradicted by the subjoined account of the swallow;\* and also by the following observations of Locke.

\* "A nobleman of great accuracy and good sense informed me that a pair of swallows built their nest under the arch of a lime-kiln. At the time the nest was constructing, the heat of the kiln was great; the nest, however, was nearly completed, when the heat caused it to crumble, and fall to the ground. A second and third were built in the same spot, both of which shared the same fate; a fourth was then built, which stood perfectly well, although the heat of the kiln had by no means abated; and in this nest the swallows hatched and brought up their young. The following year another nest was built on the same spot, and stood the same heat of the kiln, in which they also reared their brood; and so in the third year. The fourth year they did not appear, and had probably been destroyed." The author's chief comments are these, "The swallows must have discovered and worked up a sort of clay that would stand heat; in the second and third years they must have kept in recollection not only the fact that the earth they commonly used would not stand heat, but also the sort of earth or clay that was requisite, and the necessity of their making use of it in that particular place."—JESSE'S *Gleanings*, Second Series, pp. 97, 98, abridged.——"I have since met with a passage in Aristotle's *His-*



## LOCKE.

"Birds learning of tunes, and the endeavours one may observe in them to hit the notes right, put it past doubt with me, that they have perception, and retain ideas in their memories, and use them for patterns. For it seems to me impossible, that they should endeavour to conform their voices to notes (as it is plain they do) of which they had no *ideas*. For though I should grant sound may mechanically cause a certain motion of the animal spirits, in the brains of those birds, whilst the tune is actually playing, and that motion may be continued on to the muscles of the wings, and so the bird mechanically be driven away by certain noises, because this may tend to the bird's preservation; yet that can never be supposed a reason why it should cause mechanically, either whilst the tune was playing, much less after it has ceased, such a motion in the organs of the bird's voice, as should conform it to the notes of a foreign sound, which imitation can be of no use to the bird's preservation. But, which is more, it cannot with any appearance of reason be supposed (much less proved) that birds, without sense and memory, can approach their notes nearer and nearer by degrees to a tune played yesterday; which, if they have no idea of in their memory, is now no-

tory of Animals, which shows how the skill of the swallow had been observed, (though not to the same extent,) by that extraordinary man. After saying that the proceedings of animals resemble human art, he adds, "One may see even more in the smaller than in the greater [animals] the exactness of intelligence; as, for example, among birds, in the tent-making or hut-building, [*σκηνοπηγία*] of the swallow. For she has the same process (as man) in mixing straw with mud; she interweaves the mud with straw-motes, and if mud be wanting, she wets herself and rolls with her wings upon the dust. She proceeds also like men in laying the harder materials undermost, and of making the dwelling of a size fitly proportioned to her own."—ARIST. Hist. Anim. T. I. p. 552. Ed. Camus.

where, nor can be a pattern for them to imitate, or which any repeated essays can bring them nearer to. Since there is no reason why the sound of a pipe should leave traces in their brains, which not at first, but by their after endeavours, should produce the like sounds; and why the sounds they make themselves should not make traces which they should follow, as well as those of the pipe, is impossible to conceive.”\*—LOCKE, *Essay*, Book ii. c. x. s. 10. p. 73, Folio ed.

Locke proposes a limitation of the mental acts of animals in a different and perhaps more distinct form.

“If it may be doubted, whether beasts compound and enlarge their ideas to any degree, this I think I may be positive in, that the power of *abstracting* is not at all in them; therefore I think we may suppose, that it is in this that the species of brutes are discriminated from man. For if they have any ideas at all, and are not bare machines (as some would have them,) we cannot deny them to have some reason. It seems as evident to me that they do reason, as that they have sense; but it is only in particular ideas, just as they received them from their senses. They are the best of them tied up within those narrow bounds, and have not, (as I think) the faculty to enlarge them by any kind of abstraction.”—LOCKE, *Essay*, Book ii. c. 11. s. 11. pp. 76-7. Folio ed.

\* Several instances of a kind not dissimilar, in the dog and the elephant, and even in fish, have been adduced at pp. 171-6. Had it been my object to show the multiplicity of such instances, and to entertain the reader,—rather than to seek the general conclusion which should be deduced,—I might have offered many others; and some, perhaps, more amusing than convincing. As when Porphyry tells us, “At Carthage we nurtured a tame partridge, which in process of time not only caressed and sported with us, but uttered a sound corresponding to the sound of our voice; and, as far as it was capable, answered us.” He mentions also, “a lamprey which used to come to the Roman Crassus when he called it by name; so that Crassus exceedingly lamented its death.”—*De Abstinentiâ*, p. 98. Taylor’s Transl. (Comp. p. 176, above.)

## DR. THOMAS BROWN.

"That man can reason without language of any kind, and consequently without general terms (though the opposite opinion is maintained by many very eminent philosophers) seems to me not to admit of any reasonable doubt; or if it required any proof, to be sufficiently shown by the very invention of the language which involves these general terms, and still more sensibly by the conduct of the uninstructed deaf and dumb, to which, also, the evident marks of reasoning in the other animals—of reasoning which I cannot but think as unquestionable as the instincts that mingle with it, may be said to furnish a very striking additional argument from analogy."—Lectures on the Mind, Lect. 45.

"Dr. Brown considered the duties which we owe to the brute creation, as a very important branch of ethics, and, had he lived, he would have published an essay upon the subject. He believed that many of the lower animals have the sense of right and wrong, and that the metaphysical argument which proves the immortality of man, extends with equal force to the other orders of earthly existence."—Life by the Rev. Dr. Welsh, p. 460.

## CROUSAZ.

A foreign author of some note appears to have had views somewhat similar, but also to have underrated the *difficulties* of this question, when he says, "I think all the actions of animals are easily explained, by supposing they have a *soul* capable of *some ideas* of material things, of sensations

and passions, without reflection.\* They do not improve themselves by reasoning. Being wholly taken up with one idea, they follow it immediately, for they cannot be diverted from it. A bee, a beaver, are necessitated to follow a small number of ideas, with which they are entirely taken up.”—CROUSAZ, *Art of Thinking*, Vol. i. p. 400-1, Translation. (Compare Grew, p. 281, above.)

## SIR MATTHEW HALE.

“Touching the sensitive natures, there have been two extreme opinions.

The opinion that depresseth the natures of sensible creatures below their just value, rendering them no more but barely mechanisms, began by Descartes; but this supposition as it gives not at all a tolerable explication of the phenomena, so if it did, it would easily administer to a little more confidence and boldness, a temptation to resolve all the motions of the reasonable soul into the like supposition, only by advancing the engine or *automaton humanum*, into a more curious and complicated constitu-

\* I do not adopt or prefer the word ‘soul’ in speaking of the immaterial principle or mind of the lower animals. We shall see it indeed, frequently employed by Christian writers; (merely as a synonyme of mind;) but it would seem very preferable to reserve it as appropriated to the human mind, and to theological or religious uses. This is said not in forgetfulness of the remarkable fact, that the words נִשְׁמָה וְנֶפֶשׁ and ψυχή are applied in Scripture, (Gen. i. 20. 24. 30; comp. ii. 7. Rev. viii. 9; xvi. 3,) to the lower animals, and that Rev. viii. 9, might have been in our version rendered, “the creatures which were in the sea, that had souls,” as literally as xvi. 3, is rendered “every living soul died in the sea.” This fact (we may observe in passing) has surely as much weight in favour of an immaterial principle in all living creatures, (comp. Matt. x. 28.) as any thing alleged from Scripture can have against it.

Nevertheless, the appropriation of words to special uses, is one of the privileges of copious and exact language: and though it may sometimes favour error, it appears on the whole very advantageous to truth.

tion ; for he that can once suppose that the various modifications of matter and motion, and the due organization of the bodies of brutes can produce the admirable operations of sense, phantasie, memory, appetite, and all those instincts which we find in brutes, is in a fair way of resolving the operation of the reasonable nature into the like supposition, only by supposing the organization of the latter somewhat more curiously and exactly disposed and ordered, as much above that of brutes, as theirs is above that of vegetables. It is true, the organization of the human and animal body, is certainly fitted with the most curious and exact mechanism imaginable. But that the principle that sets on work these organs, and worketh by them, is nothing else but the modification of matter, or the natural motion thereof thus or thus posited or disposed, or the bare conformation of the organs, or the inclusion or expansion of any natural inanimate particles of elementary fire, is *most apparently false*, even to the view of any that observes or considers impartially. It is impossible to resolve perception, phantasie, memory, the sagacities and instincts of brutes, the spontaneousness of many of their animal motions, into those principles, nor are they explicable without supposing some active determinate power, force, or virtue, connexed to, and inherent in their spirits or more subtle parts, of a higher extraction than the bare natural modification or texture of matter, or disposition of organs. No man therefore that hath not abjured his reason, can undertake the defence of such a supposition, if he have but the patience impartially to consider.

“ — The other extreme opinion seems to advance the animal nature too high, at least, without a due allay of their general expression ; namely, those who attribute rea-

son and a reasoning faculty or power to animals as well as to men."—SIR MATTHEW HALE, *Prim. Orig. Sect. i. c. 2.* pp. 48—50, abridged.

"As the vegetable nature hath a kind of shadow of the sensible nature, so the sensitive nature hath a kind of shadow of the truly rational nature; their reason is but a low, obscure, and imperfect shadow thereof, as the water-gall is of the rainbow; and proportionable to their imaginative reason is their animal language."—*IBID.* p. 52.

"The actings of the mind or imagination itself, by way of reflection or introspection of themselves, are discernible by man distinctly, but at least not distinctly by brutes."—*IBID.* p. 55.

"The dog hath been beaten for taking the meat out of the dish, and the next time he sees it there, though he be hungry, yet he dares not venture, for his imaginative memory makes the past strokes as present to him as if he felt them."—*IBID.* p. 56.

"As we see in brutes, besides the exercise of their faculties of sensitive perception and imagination, there are lodged in them certain sensible instincts antecedent to their imaginative faculty, whereby they are predetermined to the good and convenience of the sensible life, so there are lodged in the very *crasis* and constitution of the soul [of man] certain rational instincts, &c."—*IBID.* p. 61.

"Though, as before is said, these little animals [insects] have faculties conformable to the sensitive life, so that we may plainly discover, at least in many of them, the faculties as well as the organs of sense, phantasy, memory, common sense, appetite, passion, local motion, yet the more perfect and univocal animals have greater strength

and perfection in their faculties, their phantasie and memory more exact, their appetite more perfect and free ; if I may so call it, they are capable of discipline, which those smaller animals are not : there is greater variety, complication and curiosity in the state, frame and order of their faculties. ——— So that for the constitution of their souls, (the principle of their faculties and motions) there is required a more curious, elaborate and elevated composition and fabric than in these minute animals.”—*IBID.* Sect. iii. c. 6. p. 281.

“The fowls and fishes are not of an equal perfection in their natures to the brutes or terrestrial animals : for these have certainly a more digested constitution, greater variety and curiosity in their bodily texture, and a higher spirit and soul, of nobler instincts, and more capable of discipline than the fowl or fishes.”—*IBID.* p. 303.

“The animal faculties of the brutal soul are far more perfect than those of others ; their phantasies and memories refined ; they have greater and more lively images of reason ; and more capable of discipline than either fowls or fishes.”—*IBID.* p. 304.

But he states, even concerning “perfect brutes,”——  
“their souls are not of a self-subsisting nature ; they cannot exist out of them, but begin with them, and die with them.”—*IBID.* p. 321.

## BONNET.

"If the lower animals have souls, their soul is as indivisible, as indestructible by second causes, as the soul of man : a simple substance can neither be divided nor decomposed. The soul of the animal therefore can perish only by annihilation ; and I do not see that religion announces in express terms that annihilation ; but I do see that it celebrates the immense treasures of the Divine Goodness."—BONNET, *Palingenesie Philosophique*, T. ii. p. 77.

"I shall here again lay down a principle which will not be contested by those who have meditated much on the perfections of the Deity : it is this—that his will tends essentially to good, and to the greatest good.——From this principle, so consoling and so fruitful, my heart rejoices to deduce a consequence, which appears to flow naturally from it ; namely, that animals in a future economy will be divested of their mischievous qualities, and will only retain those qualities of their anterior state which may be perfected in accordance with that higher condition for which they were originally created. I believe that in the design of that Immense Goodness which manifests itself to us by displays so various, so numerous, so affecting, the ultimate destination of the tiger was not to thirst for blood and live by carnage. His cruelty is, so to speak, foreign to that which constitutes properly the basis of his being : it is derived only from his actual temperament, or that gross structure of which he is to be divested, and which has a direct relation only to the present state of our globe. But the soul of the tiger has



powers or faculties which approach very nearly to intelligence, and which are not indissolubly linked with his mischievous qualities. His instinct is much developed; his senses give him a multitude of perceptions and divers sensations, which he more or less compares.

“The future evolution of that minute *organic* body, to which I suppose that his soul is united, will unfold all those powers which are at present as if concentrated or enveloped, and will elevate the tiger to the rank of thinking beings. The formidable animal, after this metamorphosis, will appear a new creature, having less resemblance to the former than the butterfly has to the caterpillar.”—*IBID.* T. ii. p. 74—6.

#### HARTLEY.

“These creatures” (the larger animals) “resemble us greatly in the make of the body;——also in the formation of their intellects, memories, and passions, &c. And if there be any glimmering of hope of an hereafter for them, if they should prove to be our brethren and sisters in this higher sense, in immortality as well as mortality, in the permanent principle of our minds as well as the frail dust of our bodies, if they should be partakers of the same redemption as well as of our fall, and be members of the same mystical body, this would have a particular tendency to increase our tenderness for them.”—*Obs. on Man*, Vol. ii. p. 231.

——“It may be objected to some of the arguments here alleged for a future state, that they are applicable to brutes; and therefore that they prove too much. To this we may answer, that the future existence of brutes cannot

be disproved by any arguments, as far as yet appears: let therefore those which favour it be allowed their due weight, and only that. There are, besides those common to all animals, many which are peculiar to man, and those very forcible ones. We have therefore much stronger evidence for our own future existence than for that of brutes; which again is a thing very analogous to our circumstances.—It is something more than mere curiosity, that makes benevolent persons concerned for the future welfare of the brute creation; and yet they have so much to do nearer home, by way of preparation for a future state, that it would be a great misuse of time to dwell upon such speculations.”\*

“The doctrine of transmigration may be considered as an argument for the future existence of all animals in one view; though a most pernicious corruption of the practical doctrine of a future state in another.”—HARTLEY on *Man*, Vol. ii. p. 404.

#### DR. CUDWORTH.

“But as for that supposed possibility of their awakening again afterwards in some other terrestrial bodies, this seemeth to be no more than what is found by daily experience, in the course of nature, when the silkworm, and other worms, dying, are transformed into butterflies. For there is little reason to doubt, but that the same soul, which before acted the body of the silkworm, doth afterward act that of the butterfly, upon which account it is, that this hath been made by Christian theologers an emblem of the resurrection.”—CUDWORTH, *Int. Syst.* Vol. iv. p. 151. And see BARCLAY, p. 248 above.

\* *For their own sake, or for amusement, doubtless it would be so.*

## DR. BARCLAY.

"Though a presentiment of immortality be deeply interwoven in the human constitution, and [the truth of it] most clearly revealed in the New Testament, yet this testament affords not a hint that the animating principles of plants and animals are to be dissolved along with their bodies. As to animals particularly, several visions of St. John in the apocalypse would imply the contrary. But if reserved for a future state, and destined, like man, in a new heaven or a new earth, to animate new bodies, and of different materials, who will presume to say to the Omniscient and the Almighty, that after fulfilling his purposes here, they can answer no other purpose hereafter? — May they not be reserved as forming many of the customary links in the chain of being, and by preserving the chain entire, contribute there, as they do here, to the general beauty and variety of the universe? Besides,— though some individuals of the human species, in that blessed state, may no longer feel any interest in them, yet to others of more contemplative minds, may they not be a source not only of sublime but of perpetual delight? &c."

—BARCLAY's History of Opinions on Life, pp. 398—9.

## WARBURTON.

"I think it may be strictly demonstrated that man has an *immaterial* soul; but then the same arguments which prove *that*, prove likewise that the souls of all living animals are immaterial; and this too without the least in-

jury to religion.\* An *immaterial* soul therefore being *common* to the whole animated creation, and it being something *peculiar* to man, in which the Image of God consists, I conclude the historian [Moses, Gen. i. 27] did not here teach any thing concerning an *immaterial soul*.—This preeminence [of man] consisted not in his having an immaterial soul, for that is *common* to the whole animal creation. Now *reason* is *peculiar* to man; it consisted therefore in reason.”—Divine Legat. Vol. iii. p. 555, Book vi. § 3. (“Reason” is here used in the *highest* sense.)

#### BISHOP BUTLER.

“But it is said these observations are equally applicable to brutes: and it is thought an insuperable difficulty that they should be immortal, and by consequence capable of everlasting happiness. Now this manner of expression is both invidious and weak: but the thing intended by it is really no difficulty at all, either in the way of natural or moral consideration. For, first, suppose the invidious thing, designed in such a manner of expression, were really implied, as it is not in the least, in the natural immortality of brutes; namely, that they must arrive at great attainments, and become rational and moral agents; even this would be no difficulty: since we know not what latent powers and capacities they may be endued with. There was once, prior to experience, as great presumption against human creatures, as there is against the brute creatures, arriving at that degree of understanding which we have in mature age. For we can trace up our own existence

\* “See DR. CLARKE against MR. COLLINS, on the Soul; and the Enquiry into the Nature of the Human Soul.”

to the same original with theirs. And we find it to be a general law of nature, that creatures endued with capacities of virtue and religion, should be placed in a condition of being, in which they are altogether without the use of them, for a considerable length of their duration; as in infancy and childhood. And great part of the human species go out of the present world before they come to the exercise of these capacities in any degree at all.\* But then, secondly, the natural immortality of brutes, does not in the least imply, that they are endued with any latent capacities of a rational or moral nature. And the economy of the universe might require, that there should be living creatures without any capacities of this kind. And all difficulties as to the manner how they are to be disposed of, are so apparently and wholly founded in our ignorance, that it is wonderful they should be insisted upon by any, but such as are weak enough to think they are acquainted with the whole system of things."—BUTLER'S Analogy, pp. 29—30.

### EULER.

"The perception of sensations is an act of the soul's spirituality; for a body can never acquire ideas."—Letters, Vol. i. p. 368.

\* The good bishop's inspired remonstrance with those who are 'offended' [scandalised] at such a possibility, may be seconded by a hint of SIR THOMAS MORE. After sharply condemning, in his Utopia, the doctrine of materialists, he says, "there are many among them, that run far to the other extreme: though it is neither thought an ill nor unreasonable opinion, and therefore is not at all discouraged. They think that the souls of brutes are immortal; though far inferior to the dignity of the human soul, and not capable of so great a happiness." (p. 185, Bp. Burnet's translation.)—If I seem by this citation to brand the opinion as "Utopian," I would observe, that this can make little against it; for who has not heard the term applied to just opinions, important designs, useful and benevolent endeavours,—quite as freely as to notions and schemes which are really chimerical?

"Other events depend on the soul, united to the body of men and animals, and are no longer necessary, as the preceding, but result from the liberty, as from the will, of these spiritual beings."—*IBID.* p. 334.

"The dog that barks when he sees me, is certainly convinced that I exist; for my presence excites in him the idea of my person." "Even the meanest insects are assured that bodies exist, out of them, and they could not have this conviction but by the sensation excited in their souls."—*IBID.* p. 375.

#### REV. JOHN WESLEY.

"But will 'the creature,' will even the brute creation, always remain in this deplorable condition? God forbid that we should affirm this; yea, or even entertain such a thought! While 'the whole creation groaneth together,' (whether men attend or not,) their groans are not dispersed in idle air, but enter into the ears of Him that made them. While his creatures 'travail together in pain,' he knoweth all their pain, and is bringing them nearer and nearer to the birth, which shall be accomplished in its season. He seeth 'the earnest expectation' wherewith the whole animated creation 'waiteth for' that 'final manifestation of the sons of God;' in which 'they themselves also shall be delivered (not by annihilation; annihilation is not deliverance:) from the (present) bondage of corruption, into (a measure of) the glorious liberty of the children of God.'

"Nothing can be more express. Away with vulgar prejudices, and let the plain word of God take place. 'They shall be delivered from the bondage of

corruption into glorious liberty;’ even a measure, according as they are capable, of ‘the liberty of the children of God.’ A general view of this is given us in the twenty-first chapter of the Revelation. When He that ‘sitteth on the great white throne’ hath pronounced, ‘Behold I make all things new;’ when the word is fulfilled, ‘the tabernacle of God is with men,’ and ‘they shall be his people, and God himself shall be with them and be their God’—then the following blessing shall take place (not only on the children of men; there is no such restriction in the text; but) on every creature according to its capacity: ‘God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes. And there shall be no more death, neither sorrow nor crying. Neither shall there be any more pain: for the former things are passed away.’

“To descend to a few particulars:—the whole brute creation will then, undoubtedly, be restored, not only to the vigour, strength, and swiftness, which they had at their creation, but to a far higher degree of each than they ever enjoyed. They will be restored not only to that measure of understanding which they had in Paradise, but to a degree of it as much higher than that as the understanding of an elephant is beyond that of a worm. And whatever affections they had in the garden of God will be restored with vast increase; being exalted and refined in a manner which we ourselves are not now able to comprehend. The liberty they then had will be completely restored, and they will be free in all their motions. They will be delivered from all irregular appetites, from all unruly passions, from every disposition that is either evil in itself, or has any tendency to evil. No rage will be found in any creature, no fierceness, no cruelty, or thirst for

blood. So far from it, that 'the wolf shall dwell with the lamb, the leopard shall lie down with the kid: the calf and the young lion together; and a little child shall lead them. The cow and the bear shall feed together; and the lion shall eat straw like the ox. They shall not hurt or destroy in all my holy mountain.'—Isaiah, xi. 6, &c.

"Thus in that day all the vanity to which they are now helplessly subject will be abolished; they will suffer no more, either from within or without; the days of their 'groaning' are ended. At the same time there can be no reasonable doubt but all the horridness of their appearance, and all the deformity of their aspect will vanish away, and be exchanged for their primeval beauty.\* And with their beauty their happiness will return, to which there can be no obstruction. As there will be nothing within, so there will be nothing without, to give them any uneasiness; no heat or cold, no storm or tempest, but one perennial spring. In the new earth, as well as the new heavens, there will be nothing to give pain, but every thing that the wisdom and goodness of God can create to give happiness. As a recompense for what they once suffered, while under the 'bondage of corruption,' when God has 'renewed the face of the earth,' and their corruptible body has put on incorruption, they shall enjoy happiness suited to their state, without alloy, without interruption, and without end.

"May I be permitted to mention here a conjecture concerning the brute creation? What if it should then please the all-wise, the all-gracious Creator, to raise them higher in the scale of beings? What if it should please Him, when he makes us 'equal to the angels,' to make them what we are now,—creatures capable of God; capable of

\* Compare BOWSER, pp. 289—90, above.



knowing, and loving, and enjoying the Author of their being? If it should be so, ought our eye to be evil because He is good? However this be, He will certainly do what will be most for his own glory."

"If it be objected to all this (as very probably it will,)—'But of what use will those creatures be in that future state?' I answer this by another question,—what use are they of now? If there be (as has commonly been supposed,) eight thousand species of insects, who is able to inform us of what use seven thousand of them are? If there are four thousand species of fishes, who can tell us of what use are more than three thousand of them? If there are six hundred sorts of birds, who can tell of what use five hundred of those species are? If there be four hundred sorts of beasts, to what use do three hundred of them serve? Consider this; consider how little we know of even the present designs of God; and then you will not wonder that we know still less of what He designs to do in the new heaven, and the new earth."\*—*Sermons* Vol. ii. pp. 128—131. Quoted in *Wesleyana*.

Whether this pious writer had at all in his view the following passage of Cudworth, I know not; but his opinion may certainly derive support from that learned man's arguments which follow: and I think Dr. C., though he offers them in the character of a Pythagorean, appears

\* Dr. Southey states, "He entertained some interesting opinions concerning the brute creation;" and after quoting parts of the above passage, adds, "Some teacher of materialism had asserted, that if man had an immaterial soul, so had the brutes; as if this conclusion reduced that opinion to a manifest absurdity. 'I will not quarrel,' said Wesley, 'with any that think they have. Nay, I wish he could prove it; and surely I would rather allow them souls, than I would give up my own.' He cherished this opinion because it furnished a full answer to a plausible objection against the justice of God."—*SOUTHEY'S Life of Wesley*, Vol. II. pp. 189—192.

to have a strong leaning to the expectation here contended for.

DR. CUDWORTH.

“Now how extravagant soever this hypothesis *seem* to be [i. e. the hypothesis stated in the citation p. 177 above,] yet is there no question, but that a Pythagorean would endeavour to find some countenance and shelter for it in the Scripture; especially that place which hath so puzzled and non-plussed interpreters; Rom. viii. 19—23. —Where it is first of all evident, that the [κτίσις] creature, or creation, spoken of, is not the very same with the τέκνα or υἱοὶ τοῦ θεοῦ, the children or sons of God, but something distinct from them. Wherefore, (the Pythagorean will add,) it must of necessity be understood either of the inanimate nature only, or of the lower animal creation, or else of both these together. Now though it be readily acknowledged that there is a *prosopopoeia* here, yet cannot all those expressions, for all that, without difficulty and violence be understood of the inanimate creation only, viz. that this hath ‘earnest expectation,’ that it is now made subject to ‘vanity,’ frustration and disappointment of desire, and to ‘corruption’ and death, and that ‘not willingly,’ and yet ‘in hope,’—and that it doth in the mean time ‘groan and travail,’ &c. till it be delivered. In the generations and *corruptions* of senseless bodies—there is no hurt done to any thing, nor any real entity destroyed, all the substance of matter still remaining entirely the same.—And they who would have the meaning of this place to be, that all such mutations in inanimate bodies shall at length quite cease,—these groaning in the mean time to be de-

livered from such restless motion, and to be at ease and quiet,—by taking away all motion, would thus, *ipso facto*, petrify the whole corporeal universe.

“—— Neither indeed can those words ‘for the creature itself shall be delivered,’ &c. be understood of any other than animals; forasmuch as this liberty of the children of God here meant, is their being clothed, instead of mortal, with immortal bodies; of which no other creatures are capable, but only such as consist of soul and body. Wherefore the Pythagorean would interpret this place, that in the manifestation of the sons of God, then shall the creature, (the lower animal creation,) have its certain share in the felicity of that glorious time, and partake in some measure of such a liberty, by being freed in like manner from these their gross terrestrial bodies, and now living only in thin ærial and immortal ones; and so a period put to all their miseries and calamities by Him who made not death, neither hath pleasure in the destruction of the living, but created whatsoever liveth to this end, that it might have its being and enjoy itself.

“But, however, this much is certain, that brute animals, in this place, cannot be quite excluded; because the *παρα κτίσις*, the whole creation, will not suffer that; and therefore a Pythagorist would conclude it a warrantable inference from this text, that that whole rank in the creation, of irrational and brutish animals below men, shall not be utterly annihilated in the consummation of things, or future renovation of the world, quite stripped of all this furniture, men being then left alone in it; but that there shall be a continuation of this species or rank of being. And also that the individuals themselves shall continue the same, forasmuch as otherwise there would be none at

all delivered from the bondage of corruption. And, lastly, that these very souls of brutes, which at this time groan and travail in pain, shall themselves be made partakers of that liberty of the children of God ; since otherwise they should be parturient of nothing ; groaning not for themselves but others.——

“There is, indeed, no *absolute necessity* that these souls of brutes, because substantial, should therefore have a permanent subsistence after death to all eternity ; because though it be true that no substance once created by God will of itself ever vanish into nothing, yet it is true also, that whatsoever was created by God out of nothing, may possibly by him be annihilated. Wherefore when it is said that the immortality of the human soul is demonstrable by natural reason, the meaning hereof is no more than this, that its substantiality is so demonstrable ; from whence it follows that it will naturally no more perish or vanish into nothing, than the substance of matter itself : and not that it is impossible either for it, or matter, by the Divine power to be annihilated. Wherefore the assurance that we have of our own souls’ immortality must depend upon something else besides their substantiality, namely a faith also in the Divine goodness, that He will conserve in being, or not annihilate, all such substances created by him, whose permanent subsistence is neither inconsistent with his own attributes nor the good of the universe, as this of rational souls unquestionably is not ; they having both morality and liberty of will, and thereby being capable of rewards and punishments, and consequently fit objects for the Divine justice to display itself upon. But, for aught we can be certain, the case may be otherwise as to the souls of brute animals, devoid both of morality and liberty of

will, and therefore incapable of reward and punishment ; that though they will not of themselves naturally vanish into nothing, yet having been created by God in the generations of the respective animals, and had some enjoyment of themselves for a time, they may by Him again be as well annihilated in their deaths and corruptions ; and if *this be absolutely* the best, then doubtless it is so.”—CUDWORTH, *Int. Syst.* Vol. iv. pp. 146—50. 152-3. (abridged)

The passage thus commented on by Wesley and Cudworth has received a variety of other interpretations : but none of them appears altogether satisfactory. The Rev. R. Anderson, in a recent exposition of the Epistle to the Romans, observes—“ In the interpretation of such a passage as this, there is place for what Tertullian calls ‘ a learned ignorance.’ ” (p. 212.)——And again, on the words ‘ it shall be *delivered* from the bondage of corruption, &c.’ “ This language seems to convey the mysterious truth, that the restitution of the creature shall be like the resurrection of the dead. And here, as I have said, there is place for *a learned ignorance*. ”—(p. 215.)

DR. CUDWORTH elsewhere writes—“ But if there be any such, who, rather than they would allow a future immortality or post-existence to all souls, and therefore to those of brutes, which consequently must have their successive transmigrations, would conclude the souls of all brutes, as likewise the sensitive soul in man, to be corporeal, and only allow the rational soul to be distinct from matter ; to these we have only thus much to say, that they who will attribute life, sense, cogitation, consciousness, and self-enjoyment, not without some footsteps of reason many times, to mere organized bodies in brutes, will never be able clearly to defend the incorporeity and immortality of human souls,

as most probably they do not intend any such thing. For either all conscious and cogitative beings are incorporeal, or else nothing can be proved to be incorporeal. From whence it would follow also, that there is no Deity distinct from the corporeal world. But though there seem to be no very great reason, why it should be thought absurd, to grant perpetuity of duration to the souls of brutes, any more than to every atom of matter, or particle of dust that is in the whole world, yet we shall endeavour to suggest something towards the easing the minds of those, who are so much burdened with this difficulty; viz. that they may, if they please, suppose the souls of brutes, being but so many particular emanations or effluxes from that source of life above, whensoever and wheresoever there is any fitly prepared matter capable to receive them and to be actuated by them, to have a sense and fruition of themselves in it, so long as it continues such; but as soon as ever those organized bodies of theirs, by reason of their indisposition, become incapable of being further acted upon by them, then to be resumed again and retracted back to their original head and fountain.”\*—CUDWORTH, *Int. Syst.* Vol. i. p. 153.

“But let those ærial vehicles of the souls of brutes go for a whimsey, or mere figment; nor let them be allowed to act or

\* DR. HENRY MORE leaves, in like manner, the question of their future life undetermined. “It is objected—that, by this manner of reasoning, the souls of brutes will not only subsist,—but also live and enjoy themselves after death. To which I dare boldly answer, that it is a thousand times more reasonable that they do, than that the souls of men do not.—But this controversy is not so easily decided. For though it be plain that the souls of beasts be substances really separable from their bodies, yet if they have but one vital congruity, namely the terrestrial one, they cannot recover life, &c.—We will briefly therefore conclude, that from the mere light of reason it cannot be infallibly demonstrated, that the souls of brutes do not live after death, nor that it is any incongruity in nature to say they do.”—*On the Soul*, pp. 302—7.

enliven any other than terrestrial bodies only, by means whereof they must needs be immediately after death quite destitute of all body ; they subsisting nevertheless, and not vanishing into nothing, because they are not mere accidents but substantial things ; we say, that in this case, though the substances of them remain, yet must they needs continue in a state of insensibility and inactivity, *unless perhaps they be again afterwards united to some other terrestrial bodies.* Because though intellection be the energy of the rational soul alone, without the concurrence of body, yet is the energy of the sensitive always conjoined with it, sense being, as Aristotle hath rightly determined, a complication of soul and body together, as weaving is of the weaver and weaving instruments. Wherefore we say that if the irrational and sensitive souls in brutes, being substantial things also, be after death quite destitute of all body, then can they neither have sense of any thing, nor act upon any thing, but must continue for so long a time in a state of insensibility and inactivity. Which is a thing therefore to be thought the less impossible, because no man can be certain that his own soul in sleep, lethargies and apoplexies, &c. hath always an uninterrupted consciousness of itself.——There is little reason to doubt but that the sensitive souls of such animals as lie dead or asleep all the winter, and revive or awake again at the approaching warmth of summer, do for that time continue in a state of inactivity and insensibility. Upon which accounts, though those souls of brutes may be said in one sense to be immortal, because the substance of them and the root of life in them still remains ; yet may they in another sense be said also to be mortal, as having the exercise of that life, for a time at least, quite *suspended*.

From whence it appears that there is no reason at all for that fear and suspicion of some, that if the souls of brutes be substantial and continue in being after death, they must therefore needs go either to heaven or hell."—CUDWORTH, *Int. Syst.* Vol. iv. 150—1.

## LEIBNITZ.

"Sennert and Sperling have not ventured to admit the continued existence and indestructibility of the souls of the lower animals, although they acknowledge them to be indivisible and immaterial. But this was because they confounded indestructibility with immortality, by which latter we understand, in man, not only that the *soul*, but also that the *personality* subsists: that is to say, in affirming that the soul of man is immortal, we mean to affirm that to subsist, which constitutes him the same person, retaining its moral qualities, preserving the consciousness or internal reflective sentiment of what it is; which is what renders him capable of punishment and of reward. But this continuation of personality, does not take place in the souls of the lower animals. Therefore I would rather say, they are imperishable, than term them immortal. This mistake, however, appears to have been the cause of a great inconsistency in the doctrine of the Thomists and other good philosophers, who acknowledged the immateriality or indivisibility of all souls, without avowing the indestructibility of all; to the great prejudice of the doctrine that the human soul is immortal. John Scotus, that is, the Scot, (which was meant by his name of Hibernian—Eri-gena,) a celebrated writer of the times of Louis le Debonnaire, and of his sons, was for the preservation (perma-



nency) of all souls; and I see not why there should be less inconvenience in attributing permanency to the atoms of Epicurus or of Gassendi, than to all substances truly simple and indivisible, which are the only and true atoms in nature.”—LEIBNITZ, *Theodicée*, T. i. p. 137, Amst. 1734.

“It is on account of the supposed injustice of the sufferings of the lower animals, that many Cartesians have wished to prove them to be only machines—“*quoniam sub Deo justo nemo innocens miser est:*” because no innocent being can be miserable under a ruler such as God. The principle is good: but I do not think that it can be inferred from it, that the lower animals have no feeling; because I believe, that properly speaking, perception does not suffice to cause misery, if it is not accompanied by reflection. It is the same as to happiness. Without reflection there can be none.

*O fortunatos nimium sua qui bona norint.*

“It would be quite unreasonable to doubt that those animals suffer pain: but it appears that their pleasures and pains are not so lively as those of man: for as they do not reflect, they are not susceptible either of the chagrin which accompanies pain, nor of the joy which accompanies pleasure. Men are sometimes in a state which brings them near to the animals, where they act by instinct only, and by the mere impression of sensitive experience; and in this state, their pleasures and their pains are very slight.”—*IBID.* Tom. ii. p. 135.

DR. SAMUEL CLARKE.

“Though all sensible creatures have certainly in them, something that is immaterial, yet it does not at all follow

either that they must needs be annihilated upon the dissolution of their bodies, or else that they must be capable of eternal happiness as well as man. This is just such an argument as if a man should conclude, that whatsoever is not exactly like himself can therefore have no being at all.—Certainly the Omnipotent and infinitely wise God may, without any very great difficulty, be supposed to have more ways of disposing of his creatures than we are at present let into the secret of. He may indeed, if he please, annihilate them at the dissolution of their bodies (and so He might if he thought fit, annihilate the souls of men; and yet it would be nevertheless true that they are *in their own nature immortal*.) Or he may, if he pleases, without either annihilating them or suffering them to fall into a state of entire inactivity, dispose of them into *numberless* states, concerning the particular nature of which, we are not now able to make the least conjecture.”—(First Defence; Vol. iii. 763. Folio. 1738.) To his opponent who commented on the above, he thus defends it: “Your disjunction is still imperfect, when you say, they must either necessarily be annihilated some time or other, or else be capable of eternal happiness as well as man. For though they should never be annihilated, yet why must they needs be capable of eternal happiness as well as man; any more than their present subsisting implies that they must needs be capable of the *expectations* and *conditions* of eternal happiness, as well as man? But what is all this to our purpose? Cannot God, if he pleases, cause them to perish at the dissolution of their bodies? Or cannot he, if he pleases, annihilate them at any other time, when he shall so think fit? Or cannot he, if he pleases, without ever annihilating them at all, dispose of them into states suitable to their parti-

cular natures; which yet may, in no propriety of speech, be styled a capacity of eternal happiness, as that of man is?"—(Second Defence.)—*IBID.* p. 795.

—In his Fourth Defence, he writes, "Where you have repeated the same things again, (as for instance, in that poor objection drawn from our ignorance of the manner how God will dispose of the souls of brutes,) instead of repeating my answers, I have only referred to them as they stood in my former Defences; which is ultimately appealing to the judgment of the intelligent reader."—*IBID.* p. 889.

#### DR. WARDLAW.

On Eccles. iii. 21. "'Who knoweth the spirit of man, that goeth upward, and the spirit of the beast that goeth downward to the earth?'

"My own opinion is (and it seems amongst other grounds to have some support from the passage before us, in which the same term is used for the spirit of the beast, and for the spirit of man) that the immaterial thinking substance in man and brute, is in its essential properties the same; that all created existence, spiritual and corporeal, being alike dependent for its continuance on the power which imparted it, it arises entirely from the will of the Creator, (and not from any difference between spirit and matter, as if the former were in its own nature indestructible;) that the soul or thinking principle in man is destined to immortality, whilst that of the brute terminates its distinct and conscious existence when the spark of animal life has been extinguished. To draw with precision the boundaries between the operation of instinct and the exercise of reason,

has many a time been attempted, but never with any success; and often on this subject (a subject in many respects highly curious and interesting) have men deluded themselves by words and names; ascribing to instinct in brutes, actions which evidently possess all the distinctive attributes of rationality, and which, without hesitation, they impute to reason in men.

“Now as all created existence of every possible description, must be dependent, entirely and unceasingly dependent, on the life-giving God, I can perceive no heresy in the belief, that the same kind of spiritual essence should in brutes be destined to cessation, and in man to a continuance of existence; any more than in the belief (which we know to have the direct countenance of revelation, and which is immediately connected with the other) that the corporeal part of the man and of the brute, though alike doomed to the dust, is in the former destined to restoration, and in the latter to permanent corruption.”—Lect. on Eccl. Vol. i. p. 166.



# DISSERTATION

ON THE OPINIONS CITED CONCERNING THE MIND OF  
THE LOWER ANIMALS.

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AFTER thus presenting the views of eminent writers, it seems but ingenuous that I state the real inferences, to which, by the comparison of their opinions, my own mind has been conducted. We have seen Bentley, Hale, Grew, Cudworth, Butler, Euler, Clarke, Warburton, Leibnitz, Stewart,\* and others,—men obviously of quite different schools, professions, and habits of thought,—all concurring in the firm assurance that the self-moving vitality of animals cannot be material or compounded. From this I think follows clearly,—what only some of those writers have explicitly inferred, and one appears to deny†—that this vitality may and will *subsist* after the bodies of the creatures die, *unless* the Creator, determining that it shall not, withdraw the support on which its subsistence depends : in other words, that it is not, as the order and condition of its being, dissoluble and mortal.‡ It has indeed been sometimes argued—this does not at all prove that it

\* STEWART. See Appendix III. p. 258 above ; where also the same opinion is expressed in an extract from a distinguished living writer, DR. J. C. PRICHARD. pp. 262—3.

† SIR MATTHEW HALE, p. 288 above.

‡ No more than this—so far as I know,—is generally affirmed concerning the *human* soul, by those modern theists

will or can subsist *as vitality*, as a sentient vital principle ; for, in like manner, all the bodily parts of the creature subsist ; yet not its bodily life.—But the argument assumes the very fact which we dispute, that life *was* a *bodily* property or function. We contend that the body never had life in any other sense than that it was *possessed, used, actuated*, by the living, vital (immaterial) principle. Its compounded parts were the *instruments* of vitality. True, they subsist. They are not destroyed ; but they were dissoluble, and they are dissolved. The vitality or spirit was *not* compounded, therefore not dissoluble. It subsists *as vitality* ; *unless* God has annihilated it. Give it, if you

who urge its unity, indissolubility, and self-consciousness, as *among* the arguments for immortality.\* Only one of the authors above cited,† and by no means the most considerable, (the late Samuel Drew,) contends in some part of his metaphysical essays, that thought and consciousness *cannot* be annihilated ; and even he, afterwards, nullifies, by some reservation, that very untenable opinion. The able author of a recent work cannot, therefore, at least, be contending with *all* those who have adduced the above metaphysical argument, when he so represents, and on that ground objects to it. (Physic. Theory, p. 254.) Whether he be himself right or wrong in his decided judgment against the survivance of the vital principle in the lower animals, (IBID. pp. 254. 315) he seems to adopt the above-named argument, in the same sense as Butler, Cudworth, &c. &c. urged it,—when he writes, —“the principle of life—that is to say, Mind, is not dissoluble by any other principle ; nor can it give way before any intensity of a merely material energy ; and although doubtless dependent upon the pleasure of the Creator, and immortal only by His will, who sustains that which he has produced ; yet must it be thoroughly independent of all co-existent and inferior forces or powers.”—pp. 278—9.

\* See pp. 301 and 307 above ; and other passages.

† Unless Leibnitz is to be so understood.

please, the name of an atom ; (meaning by that word *something* really one and indivisible;) it is not the less vitality or spirit. If there be essentially vital, sentient, cogitating, individual atoms, these are so many *mental* atoms or minds.\*

Their individuality and essential qualities are not lost by the dissolution of the bodies which they animated. Were we certain that they can in no way feel or act, apart from all matter,—it is impossible for us to know that all matter is detached or disunited from them by the dissolution of the exterior body.† An interior and invisible particle, or assemblage of material particles, may remain essentially combined with them. And other corporeal accessions may take place, or corporeal systems be

\* Cudworth, when stating “reasons for something unextended in us,” observes, “to suppose every soul to be but one physical minimum, or smallest extensum, is to imply such an essential difference in matter or extension, as that some of the points thereof should be naturally devoid of all life, sense, and understanding, and others again naturally sensitive and rational.”—Vol. iv. p. 66.

But would not this, in fact, be merely affirming spirit or mind, under a name which cannot belong to matter, which consists of incompatible terms,—*indivisible extension*, i. e. *non-extension*,—and may stand *for* mind; but only as *x*, or *y*, may for something unknown.

Cudworth indeed has a remark to that effect soon after,—“In very truth, to say, that the whole soul perceiveth all, and no part of it any thing, is to acknowledge it not to be extended, but to be indivisible; which is the thing that Plotinus contends for.”—Vol. iv. p. 67. And see Dr. T. Brown, Lect. 96, cited p. 266 above.

† We “can find no difficulty in allowing that a particle as small as a particle of light, may just as easily be the depository, the organ, and the vehicle of consciousness, as the congeries of animal substance which forms a human body or brain,” &c.—PALEY, *Evidences of Christianity*, sub. fin. abridged.



provided, in which a new order of acts and perceptions shall ensue.

It is not however at all necessary to infer, that in all these changes of the living principle (supposing the Deity to ordain or permit them) reminiscence of the former state, consciousness of identity, is possessed. We can by no means conclude, that this consciousness is so inherent and essential a quality of spirit, (even of the *human* spirit,) as to be inseparable from it; not capable of suspension. For in trances, in sleep, in idiocy, in alienation or fatuity, in the earliest days of infancy, appearances indicate the reverse. The *consciousness* of a human spirit, as well as the *existence* of such a spirit, must be the result of continued divine agency. We can conceive that a human spirit might exist, and yet, by the omission of a divine act, its consciousness not be called forth: or that it might be gifted with consciousness, and then by the suspension of a divine act its consciousness be interrupted or cease, while its existence remained. This indeed is what we conceive (whether correctly or not) to occur, in the first days of infancy, and in the lowest state of imbecility.—That which has been said of consciousness, might also be said of moral accountableness.

Let it be next observed, that with regard to living creatures beneath us, it is doubtful whether the lowest classes of them do *at all* possess consciousness; and whether even the highest have a *clear self*-consciousness, or consciousness of identity. This point has been little touched on (as far as I can discover) by the writers above cited. Sir Matthew Hale dubiously glances at it, when he says, “The actings of the mind or imagination itself, by way of reflection or introspection of themselves, are discernible by man dis-

tinctly, but at least not distinctly by brutes.”—(p. 287, above.) Cudworth seems to admit it, cursorily, (p. 302.) Some hints of Dr. Grew and of Leibnitz appear to lead, though not decisively, nor I think designedly, towards the same conclusion, (pp. 281. 305, above.) It is indeed very difficult to deny to the more sagacious animals a certain *kind or degree* of self-consciousness. Many of their acts appear strongly to imply it.\* In short that may be said of the elephant, the ant,† the bee,‡ which has been said of

\* Dr. Brown has described, (in a way of supposition,) what mind would be without self-consciousness; (p. 272—3 above;) but to *that* description the state of brutes does not at all correspond, for it excludes memory, which they, or some of them, certainly possess.

† Plutarch has elegantly (if extravagantly) said of the ant,—“Nature has no mirror so minute, of the greater and the fairer; in which, as in one pure drop, we find the representation (*εμφασις*) of all virtue; for there is friendliness, the social quality;—and there the image of manly fortitude, the love of labour;—and there many traces (*σπειρματα*) of temperance, and many of prudence and justice.”—Opp. T. ii. p. 967, Fo. Lut. Par. 1624.

Origen, in commenting on Agur’s words, Prov. xxx. 24, —“There be four things little upon the earth but *exceeding wise*,” (of whom the ants are first named) which he renders, with exactness, “*wiser than the wise*,”—as does also the Vulgate,—after generously suggesting that passage as an argument that might help his opponent Celsus in exalting the brutes, disposes of it by allegorizing; and says, “not the ants which we perceive are ‘wiser than the wise,’ but those persons whom the proverb signifies; and so of the other animals.”—Orig. cont. Cels. p. 221, Ed. Spence.

‡ Virgil writes of the bee—“*ingentes animos angusto in pectore versant*,” (Geor. iv. 83) which Milton transfers to the ant. “—in small room large heart enclos’d.”—P. L. Bk. vii. l. 485.

the dog ;—it is “a great mystery.”\* Still there seems to me no proof, even in these, of a *clear continuous* self-consciousness, or consciousness of identity ; but the appearance rather of a semi-consciousness, obscure or by glimpses. It seems that their life (like that of infants) is more like a dream or trance than a waking self-reflective life ;† that the action of their mental faculty is not introspective.

Let us then assume (till the contrary be shown) that in which the common impression of mankind will probably agree with us ; namely, the absence in animals of a clear continuous consciousness of identity, or self-consciousness ; (which if it be granted of the most sagacious, will much more be allowed of those lower in the scale,) and let it be considered how this bears on the inquiry, *in what manner* their vital principle may be conceived to survive death. ‘The spirit of a beast,’ we shall suppose, ‘goeth downward to the earth ;’ (whether endued or not with some material vehicle it is not now needful to inquire ;) and, unless the Creator see fit to annihilate it, it is caused, at his pleasure, and at his time, to animate the form of a new creature ; be

\* Mr. Coleridge observes in the dog “the dawning of a moral nature.” “We not only *value* the faithful brute : we attribute *worth* to him. This, I admit, is a problem of which I have no solution to offer.”—(*Aids to Reflection*, p. 239.) See also Dr. Welsh, on the opinions of Professor Brown, p. 284, above.

† The well-known poetical description by the Greek chorus, of superannuated age or second infancy,

“no better than a child,  
The living day-dream wanders”—(*Æschyl. Agam. v. 80.*)

may perhaps apply much more literally to the state of

—those “that in waters glide” and those “that walk”  
“The earth, and stately tread, or lowly creep.”

Compare Grew, p. 281, above.

it of the same or of a different kind. And thus it may successively animate organized bodies,—perhaps each of a higher and more perfect kind than the former,—while it pleases the Divine Being to sustain its existence. It is not naturally perishable: and as vitality is its essence, the not perishing means a continuance of vitality. But this “spirit of a beast,” we suppose, even though it belonged to the most sagacious sort of animals, never had a clear continuous consciousness of its being and identity. Therefore although it has truly survived, it has not consciously survived. It was not clearly conscious of identity in its former life: still less can it be reminiscent of identity, in its new life.—This view nearly coincides with that of Leibnitz.\* Whether it comes up to the views of Bonnet, Hartley, or Wesley, or that rather darkly intimated by Bishop Butler, I cannot tell. Probably not. They do not appear to have explained themselves on those parts of the question. But *this* view suffices, if I mistake not, to obviate the dangerous inferences deducible from the vague popular notion, that animals, which are seen to know, to learn, to feel, to act, and to suffer, have no vital principle that is not *naturally* extinguished in death.

It suffices, first, to obviate the dangerous inference involved and loosely stated in that popular notion;—namely, that there may be mental action and emotion in a living being, and yet the whole being be naturally dissoluble, and all its capacities naturally destructible.

For on our supposition, ‘the spirit of a beast’ subsists as truly after death as before, except the Divine power destroy it. It is *vitality*, and is still capable of perceiving and acting by means of a material vehicle; possibly, even

\* See p. 305, above.

without one.\* It will probably animate, either immediately or at such time as the Creator shall ordain, a new body. Or, if He be pleased to suspend his upholding energy, it will cease, or does cease, to *be*. Full consciousness of identity it never had; and therefore, although in a new state it will be the same spirit, it cannot be consciously so, unless in any stage of future being, God be pleased to *add* self-consciousness to its other qualities; which seems not improbable.

Secondly, this view of things suffices to obviate the perplexing conclusion, that there may occur, in the whole sentient being of an innocent creature, an excess of suffering.† We do not dwell on the consideration, which Leibnitz apparently suggests, that suffering, when unaccompanied by consciousness of identity, must be comparatively light. The fact probably is so, and the probability is consolatory: but we have no means to estimate the degree of alleviation; and to conjecture it to be very great, would tend to blunt compassion by a most questionable theory. It would be only better than the speculations of the Cartesians. Besides, *let* suffering with an imperfect self-consciousness be comparatively light: still it may happen in certain instances far to exceed enjoyment, which is (by the supposition) proportionably imperfect. Take the too familiar case of a *very* young bird or mouse, long tormented before it is killed, by its enemy the cat.

\* This last is altogether unlikely, but that it is impossible, seems rather assumed than proved by Dr. Cudworth, p. 304 above.

† That such a conclusion has been painfully “perplexing” to some minds,—however others may overlook or evade the fact, or be insensible to what it involves,—cannot be doubted.—See p. 170 above, and p. 298 (note.)

But if we grant a continuation of vitality after death, wherever the divine wisdom and justice shall ordain,—(‘and one of them shall not fall on the ground without your Father’)—then, whatever the excess of suffering, there is no difficulty in conceiving it amply compensated and overbalanced. Nor is there any need, in order to this compensation, of that kind of enjoyment which is accompanied by consciousness of identity. Enjoyment not so accompanied, but of the same indistinct and imperfect nature with the precedent suffering, would of course overbalance it “in kind,” and that immeasurably as to degree, in a state or states of being indefinitely prolonged. The creature, by our supposition, had not a clear self-consciousness in suffering. It suffered really, but yet as in a sort of dream and somnambulism; (if any simile can give us an impression of such a mode of subsistence.)—And the dream of enjoyment, though without reminiscence, in a subsequent life or lives, may reduce the prior one of suffering to a vanishing fraction. There would be no force in objecting—that the compensation avails nothing, either in the first state or in the subsequent states, because it could neither be prospectively reckoned on, nor subsequently understood and realized. This would be reasoning against the value of the arrangement, from a defect essential to the mind or vitality which is the subject of it; and would in effect be to arraign the Creator for *forming* any spirit unendued with a consciousness of identity. There can be no *conscious* compensation, none either desired, hoped for, or realized as such, where there is no consciousness of identity in the mind or spirit; but there may be nevertheless a real compensation, in an excess of enjoyment of the *same* character with the antecedent suffering, which is all that the mind or vi-

tality is susceptible of—the only compensation possible to the sentient being, while it is what it is, and no more.

Several objections to these views may be anticipated, even from those who are disposed to treat them with candour. One will probably be grounded on the great difficulty we have in believing or admitting the existence of *spirit*, as actuating the most minute and meanest animate organization of matter. The supposition may be (and has been) put in a ludicrous form, so as to excite repugnance to it as a notion both absurd and degrading. But even when this is avoided or overcome, I am far from being insensible to the difficulty of steadily regarding it as a fact: a difficulty, I suppose, not altogether superable; for (as Paley has remarked)—“Imagination is the mere slave of habit.”—Yet when this difficulty or reluctance is examined and confronted, what solid ground for it remains? Why should it be more wonderful that there is one individual *somewhat*, not material, actuating the frame of each microscopic animal, than that there are a vast number of cohering organized *somewhats* which *are* material, composing every such animal? Why *more* wonderful that there is a multitude of indivisible immaterial substances just *equal* to the multitude of co-existing microscopic living creatures, than that there is an *unspeakably greater* multitude of material particles adjusted to frame those same creatures? Why is the subsistence of a single and simple *somewhat*, called vitality or mind, in such an insect, far less readily admitted than the combination and accurate structure of innumerable parts, in the same insect?

The reasons appear to me to be these; first, an illusion about magnitude and parvitude: which makes it more dif-

difficult to believe that minute animals are actuated by an immaterial principle, than that the greater are so. But let us suppose our own sun inhabited,—an orb (according to some) of 888,000 miles in diameter; which would therefore much more than fill the whole *orbit* of the *moon*; that being only 480,000 miles.\* It cannot be absurd to suppose, that the size of those who dwelt on it might be proportionate to its own; and if so, *man* would be, in their view, minute. We have only to suppose a still greater and not improbable excess of bulk in some other orb and its inhabitants, in order to reduce him, in *their* view, to *microscopic* dimensions: and—if they were liable to the same deceptions of the imagination,—they might find it as difficult as we do in another case, to overcome the fallacy which would make it scarcely credible, that creatures so minute as *we* should have a spiritual nature.†

\* Professor HALL's Exercises in Astronomy, p. 31.

† The following passage from the work of a distinguished foreign mathematician illustrates this point in a stronger form; though its direct subject is different, namely, infinite divisibility.—“To remove the difficulty which we experience in conceiving so great a multitude of parts in any very minute quantity,—let us conceive of a man of such enormous magnitude, that his bulk should as many times exceed our own, as the whole globe of the earth exceeds that very minute quantity. Such a man would have the same difficulty in conceiving a vast multitude of parts in the whole earth, that we have in conceiving it in that minute quantity.

“The small and the great are so in respect to each other; [*magnum et parvum respectiva sunt*] and we might augment, by the same rule or process, the series of yet greater men to immensity above us, or diminish their size beneath us; and the same objects which should be to the senses of the former utterly indivisible, would, on the



But the second reason is, I apprehend, still more deeply seated. It consists in some notion of the *uniformity* or *parity* of spirit, derived from our similar views concerning matter. Matter is the general and inclusive name for substances and combinations the most diverse; for all which is not spirit. And perhaps common opinion as well as abstruse theory, may account all matter to be of the same original or ultimate quality; its differences being the results of composition or organization merely. Thus we have no repugnance to speak of a particle of dust, a globule of air, a diamond or emerald, a human eye, or brain, or figure, under one and the same name of Matter. And the less so, because we feel that mere matter, even in its most precious combinations, is of low intrinsic value, as being passive and dissoluble.

But the consequence of all this has been, that we insensibly transfer to our notion of spirit (the inclusive name for all which is *not* matter) the attribute of parity or sameness, or at least of great similitude. Then, as it is a first principle (the essential distinction between matter and spirit) that spirit cannot be compounded as matter can, this idea that all spirit is a *uniform* or *like* thing, as all matter is held to be, makes us averse to ascribe it to lower creatures, and especially to the lowest; since this would imply a near similitude, if not parity, in the most essential

contrary, appear to the latter to contain an immense extension and multitude of parts." (BOSCOVICH *De continuitatis lege*.—Romæ, 1754.) This citation supplies me with an unexpected comment on what has been said of magnitude at p. 39 above;—and another very brief one may be offered from Cudworth, who denominates 'mere extension or magnitude.'—'the lowest of all beings, and next to nothing.'—Vol. iv. p. 75.

respect, with all beings above them. But this indistinct notion, of there being parity or similitude in all spirit or vitality, can have no real ground. Why should not spirit, in its simplicity and indivisibility, have as many *kinds* (and not mere degrees) of inferiority and excellency, as matter has in its varied combinations? Why may not the spirit of a microscopic insect differ much more, and far more essentially, from the *spirit* of a man,—though each is *spirit*,—than a mote of dust or a pebble, differ from the noblest mountain, or most magnificent cathedral, or statue, or gem,—though each is *matter*; and each a congeries of matter? We are sure, moreover, of an infinite difference between created spirits and the divine. And we find in this great fact a peculiar, and as it appears to me, conclusive ground, for presuming that there are immense, although finite differences, among themselves. I have said peculiar, because in relation to original differences in matter, it is evident, that no such analogical argument could be alleged.

A second objection to the views here offered, may be this: that by speculations concerning self-consciousness, which suppose the existence of inferior spiritual natures unendued with it, we may shake the doctrine of the conscious identity of the human spirit in a future state; and also that of moral accountableness. But I observe, that, even apart from the decisive statements of Scripture, nothing can be more clear and undeniable, than that a consciousness of its being, and of its identity, is the most intimate attribute of the human mind,\* the strongest, deepest, and most uniform of intuitive truths. The opinion that lower animals have, and will have no proper self-con-

\* See pp. 259 and 270-2 above.

sciousness, can no more affect our belief that we do, and shall possess it, than our knowledge that they have no proper faculty of speech can unsettle our assurance that we *have that* faculty. No one who admits the being of his spirit, and that it possesses self-consciousness now, can have the least shadow of reason for so inferring, that it will be deprived of this quality in any state of existence. The same may be said of moral responsibility.

It may be objected, thirdly : the *Scriptures* are generally understood to affirm or imply that the vitality of the lower animals is extinct at death. If such were the fact, it would be strange that this should have escaped the notice of the writers above cited, most of whom held the *Scriptures* in high veneration ; and all of whom would have seen it necessary to obviate such an objection. I conclude, however that it was this impression which led the excellent Sir Matthew Hale, after contending for the mind of brutes, to *assert* its extinction. (Comp. pp. 286, and 288, above.) But I know not where, in the bible, such a statement or implication is to be really found.—Eccles. iii. 19-21, must either be meant to declare the common *mortality* of men and beasts, with respect to *this* life ; and the unknown *local* destination of their spirits ; or else it must be intended as the record of a past sceptical thought of the writer, doubting *alike* of the future existence of man and beast, and of their destinations, if they had any.\* In either case it ap-

\* The Vulgate rendering is more indefinite than that of our English version : 'Quis novit si spiritus filiorum Adam ascendat sursum, et si spiritus jumentorum descendat deorsum ?' Who knoweth if (or whether) the spirit of the sons of Adam ascend upward, and if the spirit of the beasts descend downward ? So Luther, 'wer weiss,

pears to me that no stress at all can be laid on the expression, 'goeth downward to the earth;' especially since the Hebrews,\* as well as many of the Gentiles, looked on *hades*, the receptacle of all souls, as subterranean.†——With regard to the language twice used in the 49th Psalm, vv. 12–20; 'He is like the beasts that *perish*,'—although I believe, from its falling in with the common notion, the word is usually here understood to mean destruction,—all readers, even of the English version only, must know that similar terms are often applied to the death of man; (See Exod. xix. 21; Numb. xvii. 12; 1 Sam. xxvi. 10; Ps. lxxviii. 2,) nay, in this Psalm itself, v. 10.—And who, even from the verses in question, infers the annihilation or destruction of the human soul? But in reality, these words concerning brutes, (vv. 12 and 20) do not clearly bear the version given.‡

ob der geist der menschen aufwärts fahre, und der odem des viehes unterwärts unter die erde fahre?' Who knoweth whether the spirit of man goeth upwards, and the breath of the beast goeth downwards under the earth?—He has chosen to render the one word רוּחַ by the two words spirit and breath.

\* Vid. Lowth, De Sacr. Poes. Heb. Præl. vii.—and p. 228 above.

† Dr. Wardlaw, in his comment on that text, holds the phraseology of Solomon to declare, "that the spirit of the brutes, instead of outliving their bodies, is destined to perish with them." [On Eccles. Vol. i. p. 165.] which he also decidedly infers in the passage cited above, p. 308. With deference for that respected writer, I cannot perceive ground for such a conclusion: although I perfectly concur in his belief, that "the immaterial thinking substance" is "unceasingly dependent on the life-giving God:" and therefore most readily admit that it *may* "in brutes be destined to cessation."

‡ The Septuagint reads,—*παρασυνεβληθη τοῖς κτηνεσι τοις ανοητοις και ὡμοιωθη αυτοῖς*. The Vulgate in the same

A fourth objection may possibly be offered, by some persons both devout and learned, not to these remarks merely, but to many parts of the present volume. They may censure it as mingling Pythagorean and Platonic notions with 'the gospel;'—judging all this to savour of 'philosophy and vain deceit,' or 'of science falsely so called.' But if those warnings were really applicable to the use and investigation of such fragments of truth as are found among heathens and unbelievers, one would wonder to find St. Paul himself who wrote them, using, in a sermon, the words of the heathen poet Aratus, and the stoic poet Cleanthes. By the form of his reference it would seem that he had both in view. Acts xvii. 28. 'As certain also of your own *poets* have said, "For we are also his offspring."—That there are valuable fragments of theological and moral (as well as philosophic) truth, in the writings of heathen antiquity—whether struck out by reason, or drawn from traditional revelation,—cannot be questioned.\* It is sometimes profitable to select "from the mass of error the portions of truth," or even of probable opinion, "which are disguised by and confounded with it;"† and those seem incautious advocates and servants of revealed religion, who would reject that part of its foundations which is laid in natural theology, and even in Heathen supports of it, however imperfect, and however misapplied, those structures might be. The "Abbey church" of Bath is not the less firm or the less sacred, if it stand

manner; "*comparatus est jumentis insipientibus, et similis factus est illis.*"—Luther, v. 12. "sondern müssen davon wie ein vieh." v. 20, "so fährt er davon, wie ein vieh."

\* See HORSLEY, p. 177-8 and CUDWORTH, p. 243 above.

† DAUBENY.

partly,—as is supposed,—on the ancient foundations of a temple of the sun. It would be the less firm if those stones were undermined and cast away ; stones good and solid, though laid down by builders full of error.—A judicious and pious writer observes—“I have noticed with concern, in some excellent Christians, indications of a sentiment almost akin to a morbid feeling, when they have witnessed any attempts to establish moral and religious obligations upon the basis of reason ; as if all such endeavours were prompted by a wish to diminish the supreme authority of revelation.”—And he appositely quotes Locke :—“He that takes away reason to make way for revelation puts out the light of both.”\*—But my general motives for the previous collections, as well as for remarks on this branch of the argument against materialism, and on the whole argument itself, appear in the Introduction, and in the pages to which I have there referred. It is hoped, that when candidly and justly weighed, they will not by thoughtful Christians be accounted slight or insufficient.

\* WALFORD on “the Manner of Prayer.”

THE END.

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